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COLLECTION

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN

ENGLISH AUTHORS.

VOL. CCXII.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. II.

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MINSTRELSY

OF

THE SCOTTISH BORDER,

CONSISTING OF

HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC BALLADS,

COLLECTED IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND; WITH A FEW OF MODERN DATE, FOUNDED UPON LOCAL TRADITION.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear,
Ere polity, sedate and sage,
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage.
WARTON.

VOL. II.

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THE POETICAL WORKS

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YOUNG BENJIE.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

In this ballad the reader will find traces of a singular superstition, not yet altogether discredited in the wilder parts of Scotland. The lykewake, or watching a dead body, in itself a melancholy office, is rendered, in the idea of the assistants, more dismally awful, by the mysterious horrors of superstition. In the interval betwixt death and interment, the disembodied spirit is supposed to hover around its mortal habitation, and, if invoked by certain rites, retains the power of communicating, through its organs, the cause of its dissolution. Such enquiries, however, are always dangerous, and never to be resorted to, unless the deceased is suspected to have suffered *foul play,* as it is called. It is the more unsafe to tamper with this charm in an unauthorized manner, because the inhabitants of the infernal regions are, at such periods, peculiarly active. One of the most potent ceremonies in the charm, for causing the dead body to speak, is, setting the door ajar, or half open. On this account, the peasants of Scotland sedulously avoid leaving the door ajar, while a corpse lies in the house. The door must either be left wide open, or quite shut; but the first is always preferred, on account of the exercise of hospitality usual on such occasions. The attendants must be likewise careful never to leave the corpse for a moment alone, or, if it is left alone, to avoid, with a degree of superstitious horror, the first sight of it.

The following story, which is frequently related by the peasants of Scotland, will illustrate the imaginary danger of leaving the door ajar. In former times, a man and his wife lived in a solitary cottage, on one of the extensive Border fells. One day the husband died suddenly; and his

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wife, who was equally afraid of staying alone by the corpse, or leaving the dead body by itself, repeatedly went to the door, and looked anxiously over the lonely moor for the sight of some person approaching. In her confusion and alarm she accidentally left the door ajar, when the corpse suddenly started up. and sat in the bed, frowning and grinning at her frightfully. She sat alone, crying bitterly, unable to avoid the fascination of the dead man's eye, and too much terrified to break the sullen silence, till a Catholic priest, passing over the wild, entered the cottage. He first set the door quite open, then put his little finger in his mouth, and said the paternoster backwards; when the horrid look of the corpse relaxed, it fell back on the bed, and behaved itself as a dead man ought to do.

The ballad is given from tradition. I have been informed by a lady,[1] of the highest literary eminence, that she has heard a ballad on the same subject, in which the scene was laid upon the banks of the Clyde. The chorus was,

"O Bothwell banks bloom bonny."

and the watching of the dead corpse was said to have taken place in Bothwell church.

YOUNG BENJIE.

Of a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
  The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true love,
  And a dear true love was he.

And wow but they were lovers dear,
  And loved fu' constantlie;
But aye the mair when they fell out,
  The sairer was their plea.[2]

And they hae quarrell'd on a day,
  Till Marjorie's heart grew wae;
And she said she'd chuse another luve,
  And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout,[3] and proud-hearted,
  And thought o't bitterlie;
And he's gane by the wan moonlight,
  To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true love,
  O open, and let me in!"—
"I darena open, young Benjie,
  My three brothers are within."—

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
  Sae loud's I hear ye lie;

---

[1] [Miss Joanna Baillie—who was born at Long-Calderwood near Bothwell.—Ed.]
[2] *Plea*—Used obliquely for *dispute*.
[3] *Stout*, through this whole ballad, except in one instance, (stanza 10,) signifies *haughty*.

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As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I have loved sae lang!
It sets ye[1] chuse another love,
And let young Benjie gang."—

Then Marjorie turn'd her round about,
The tear blinding her ee,—
"I darena, darena let thee in,
But I'll come down to thee."—

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill hae I done?"—
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her o'er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith laith to be dang,[2]
But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak her eldest brother,
"O see na ye what I see?"—
And out then spak her second brother,
"It's our sister Marjorie!"—

Out then spak her eldest brother,
"O how shall we her ken?"—
And out then spak her youngest brother,
"There's a honey mark on her chin."—

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the ground—
"O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found?

"The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say."—

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear,
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night,
The cocks began to craw;

---

[1] *Sets ye*—Becomes you—ironical.

[2] *Dang*—Defeated.

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And at the dead hour o' the night,
  The corpse began to thraw.

"O whae has done the wrang, sister,
  Or dared the deadly sin?
Whae was sae stout, and fear'd nae dout,
  As thraw ye o'er the linn?"—

"Young Benjie was the first ae man
  I laid my love upon;
He was sae stout, and proud-hearted,
  He threw me o'er the linn."—

"Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
  Sall we young Benjie hang,
Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,
  And punish him ere he gang?"—

"Ye maunna Benjie head, brothers,
  Ye maunna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
  And punish him ere he gang.

"Tie a green gravat round his neck,
  And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house
  To wait young Benjie on.

"And aye, at every seven years' end,
  Ye'll tak him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun dree,
  To scug[1] his deadly sin."

LADY ANNE.

This ballad was communicated to me by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharp of Hoddom, who mentions having copied it from an old magazine. Although it has probably received some modern corrections, the general turn seems to be ancient, and corresponds with that of a fragment, containing the following verses, which I have often heard sung in my childhood:—

"She set her back against a thorn,
And there she has her young son born;
'O smile nae sae, my bonny babe!
An ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead.'—
* * * * *
An' when that lady went to the church,
She spied a naked boy in the porch.

---

[1] *Scug*—Shelter, or expiate.

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"'O bonny boy, an ye were mine,
I'd clead ye in the silks sae fine.'—
'O mother dear, when I was thine,
To me ye were na half sae kind.'"[1]

Stories of this nature are very common in the annals of popular superstition. It is, for example, currently believed in Ettrick Forest, that a libertine, who had destroyed fifty-six inhabited houses, in order to throw the possessions of the cottagers into his estate, and who added, to this injury, that of seducing their daughters, was wont to commit to a carrier in the neighbourhood the care of his illegitimate children, shortly after they were born. His emissary regularly carried them away, but they were never again heard of. The unjust and cruel gains of the profligate laird were dissipated by his extravagance, and the ruins of his house seem to bear witness to the truth of the rhythmical prophecies denounced against it, and still current among the peasantry. He himself died an untimely death; but the agent of his amours and crimes survived to extreme old age. When on his death-bed, he seemed much oppressed in mind, and sent for a clergyman to speak peace to his departing spirit: but, before the messenger returned, the man was in his last agony; and the terrified assistants had fled from his cottage, unanimously averring, that the wailing of murdered infants had ascended from behind his couch, and mingled with the groans of the departing sinner.

LADY ANNE.

Fair Lady Anne sate in her bower,
  Down by the greenwood side,
And the flowers did spring, and the birds did sing,
  'Twas the pleasant May-day tide.

But fair Lady Anne on Sir William call'd,
  With the tear grit in her ee,
"O though thou be fause, may Heaven thee guard,
  In the wars ayont the sea!"—

---

[1] [Mr. Motherwell has received, from recitation in the west of Scotland, a fuller, and less poetical, copy of this piece—

"She leaned her back unto a thorn,
And there she has her two babes born.
She took frae 'bout her ribbon belt,
And there she bound them hand and foot.
She has ta'en out her wee penknife,
And there she ended baith their life," etc.
Minstrelsy, 1826, p. 464.

But Mr. Buchan produces what he considers as a perfect edition. See his second volume, p. 222, "The Cruel Mother." One verse will show how the burden is introduced:

"She's howkit a hole anent the meen, Edinbro', Edinbro',
She's howkit a hole anent the meen, Stirling for aye;
She's howkit a hole anent the meen,
There laid her sweet baby in;
So proper Saint Johnstown stands fair upon Tay."—Ed.]

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Out of the wood came three bonnie boys,
  Upon the simmer's morn,
And they did sing and play at the ba',
  As naked as they were born.

"O seven lang years wad I sit here,
  Amang the frost and snaw,
A' to hae but ane o' these bonnie boys,
  A playing at the ba'."—

Then up and spake the eldest boy,
  "Now listen, thou fair ladie,
And ponder well the rede that I tell,
  Then make ye a choice of the three.

"'Tis I am Peter, and this is Paul,
  And that ane, sae fair to see,
But a twelve-month sinsyne to paradise came,
  To join with our companie."—

"O I will hae the snaw-white boy,
  The bonniest of the three."—
"And if I were thine, and in thy propine,[1]
  O what wad ye do to me?"—

"'Tis I wad clead thee in silk and gowd,
  And nourice thee on my knee."—
"O mither! mither! when I was thine,
  Sic kindness I couldna see.

"Beneath the turf, where now I stand,
  The fause nurse buried me;
The cruel penknife sticks still in my heart,
  And I come not back to thee."—
* * * * * * *

LORD WILLIAM.

This ballad was communicated to me by Mr. James Hogg; and, although it bears a strong resemblance to that of *Earl Richard*,[2] so strong, indeed, as to warrant a supposition that the one has been derived from the other, yet its intrinsic merit seems to warrant its insertion. Mr. Hogg has added the following note, which, in the course of my enquiries, I have found amply corroborated :—

"I am fully convinced of the antiquity of this song; for, although much of the language seems somewhat modernized, this must be attributed to its currency, being much liked, and very much sung in this neighbour-

[1] *Propine*—Usually gift, but here the power of giving or bestowing.
[2] [See this ballad, *post*.]

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hood. I can trace it back several generations, but cannot hear of its ever having been in print. I have never heard it with any considerable variation, save that one reciter called the dwelling of the feigned sweetheart, *Castleswa*."

LORD WILLIAM.

Lord William was the bravest knight
  That dwalt in fair Scotland,
And though renown'd in France and Spain,
  Fell by a ladie's hand.

As she was walking maid alone,
  Down by yon shady wood,
She heard a smit [1] o' bridle reins,
  She wish'd might be for good.

"Come to my arms, my dear Willie,
  You're welcome hame to me;
To best o' cheer and charcoal red,[2]
  And candle burning free."—

"I winna light, I darena light,
  Nor come to your arms at a';
A fairer maid than ten o' you
  I'll meet at Castle-law."—

"A fairer maid than me, Willie!
  A fairer maid than me!
A fairer maid than ten o' me
  Your eyes did never see."—

He louted[3] ower his saddle lap,
  To kiss her ere they part,
And wi' a little keen bodkin,
  She pierced him to the heart.

"Ride on, ride on, Lord William now,
  As fast as ye can dree!
Your bonny lass at Castle-law
  Will weary you to see."—

Out up then spake a bonny bird,
  Sat high upon a tree,—
"How could you kill that noble lord?
  He came to marry thee."—

---

[1] *Smit*—Clashing noise, from smite—hence also (*perhaps*) Smith and Smithy.
[2] *Charcoal red*—This circumstance marks the antiquity of the poem. While wood was plenty in Scotland, charcoal was the usual fuel in the chambers of the wealthy.
[3] *Louted*—Stooped.

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"Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
And eat bread aff my hand!
Your cage shall be of wiry goud,
Whar now it's but the wand."—

"Keep ye your cage o' goud, lady,
And I will keep my tree;
As ye hae done to Lord William,
Sae wad ye do to me."—

She set her foot on her door step,
A bonny marble stane;
And carried him to her chamber,
O'er him to make her mane.

And she has kept that good lord's corpse
Three quarters of a year,
Until that word began to spread,
Then she began to fear.

Then she cried on her waiting maid,
Aye ready at her ca';
"There is a knight into my bower,
'Tis time he were awa."—

The ane has ta'en him by the head,
The ither by the feet,
And thrown him in the wan water,
That ran baith wide and deep.

"Look back, look back, now, lady fair,
On him that lo'ed ye weel!
A better man than that blue corpse
Ne'er drew a sword of steel."

THE BROOMFIELD HILL.

The concluding verses of this ballad were inserted in the copy of *Tamlane,* given to the public in the first edition of this work. They are now restored to their proper place. Considering how very apt the most accurate reciters are to patch up one ballad with verses from another, the utmost caution cannot always avoid such errors.

A more sanguine antiquary than the Editor might perhaps endeavour to identify this poem, which is of undoubted antiquity, with the "*Broom Broom on Hill,*" mentioned by Lane, in his *Progress of Queen Elizabeth into Warwickshire,* as forming part of Captain Cox's collection, so much envied by the black-letter antiquaries of the present day.—DUGDALE'S *Warwickshire,* p. 166. The same ballad is quoted by one of the personages, in a "very merry and pythie comedie," called, "*The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art.*" See Ritson's Dissertation prefixed to *Ancient Songs,* p. lx. "Brume brume on hill" is also mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland.* See Leyden's edition, p. 100.

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THE BROOMFIELD HILL.

There was a knight and a lady bright
  Had a true tryst [1] at the broom;
The ane ga'ed early in the morning,
  The other in the afternoon.

And aye she sat in her mother's bower door,
  And aye she made her mane,
"O whether should I gang to the Broomfield hill,
  Or should I stay at hame?

"For if I gang to the Broomfield hill,
  My maidenhead is gone;
And if I chance to stay at hame,
  My love will ca' me mansworn."—

Up then spake a witch woman,
  Aye from the room aboon;
"O, ye may gang to Broomfield hill,
  And yet come maiden hame.

"For when ye come to the Broomfield hill,
  Ye'll find your love asleep,
With a silver belt about his head,
  And a broom-cow [2] at his feet.

"Take ye the blossom of the broom;
  The blossom it smells sweet,
And strew it at your true love's head,
  And likewise at his feet.

"Take ye the rings off your fingers,
  Put them on his right hand,
To let him know, when he doth awake,
  His love was at his command."—

She pu'd the broom flower on Hive-hill,
  And strew'd on's white hals bane, [3]
And that was to be wittering true,
  That maiden she had gane.

"O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
  That I hae coft [4] sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
  When there was maiden here?"—

"I stamped wi' my foot, master,
  And gar'd my bridle ring;

---

[1] *Tryst*—Assignation.
[2] *A broom-cow*—A bush of broom.
[3] *Hals*—Neck. (German.)
[4] *Coft*—Bought. From the same root, are the old English *cheap*, *i. e.* market; German, *Kauffman*, *i. e.* merchant; *Kopenhagen*, the merchant's haven, etc. etc.

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But nae kin' thing wald waken ye,
  Till she was past and gane."—

"And wae betide ye, my gay goss hawk,
  That I did love sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me,
  When there was maiden here."—

"I clapped wi' my wings, master,
  And aye my bells I rang,
And aye cry'd, Waken, waken, master,
  Before the ladye gang."—

"But haste and haste, my gude white steed,
  To come the maiden till,
Or a' the birds of gude green-wood
  Of your flesh shall have their fill."—

"Ye needna burst your gude white steed,
  Wi' racing o'er the howm;[1]
Nae bird flies faster through the wood,
  Than she fled through the broom."

PROUD LADY MARGARET.

This ballad was communicated to the Editor by Mr. Hamilton, Music-seller, Edinburgh, with whose mother it had been a favorite. Two verses and one line were wanting, which are here supplied from a different Ballad, having a plot somewhat similar. These verses are the 6th and 9th.

'Twas on a night, an evening bright,
  When the dew began to fa',
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,
  Looking o'er her castle wa'.

She looked east, and she looked west,
  To see what she could spy,
When a gallant knight came in her sight,
  And to the gate drew nigh.

"You seem to be no gentleman,
  You wear your boots so wide;
But you seem to be some cunning hunter,
  You wear the horn so syde."—[2]

---

[1] *Howm*, or *holm*—a flat ground by a river.

[2] *Syde*—Long or low.

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"I am no cunning hunter," he said,
"Nor ne'er intend to be;
But I am come to this castle
To seek the love of thee;
And if you do not grant me love,
This night for thee I'll die."—

"If you should die for me, sir knight,
There's few for you will mane,
For mony a better has died for me,
Whose graves are growing green.

"But ye maun read my riddle," she said,
"And answer me questions three;
And but ye read them right," she said,
"Gae stretch ye out and die.

"Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale;
And what is the bird, the bonnie bonnie bird,
Sings on the evening gale?"—

"The primrose is the ae first flower
Springs either on moor or dale;
And the thristlecock is the bonniest bird
Sings on the evening gale."—

"But what's the little coin," she said,
"Wald buy my castle bound?
And what's the little boat," she said,
"Can sail the world all round?"—

"O hey, how mony small pennies
Make thrice three thousand pound?
Or hey, how mony small fishes
Swim a' the salt sea round?"

"I think ye maun be my match," she said,
"My match and something mair,
You are the first e'er got the grant
Of love frae my father's heir.

"My father was lord of nine castles,
My mother lady of three;
My father was lord of nine castles,
And there's nane to heir but me.

"And round about a' thae castles,
You may baith plow and saw,
And on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows they will maw."—

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"O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said,
"For loud I hear you lie!
Your father was lord of nine castles,
Your mother was lady of three;
Your father was lord of nine castles,
But ye fa' heir to but three.

"And round about a' thae castles,
You may baith plow and saw,
But on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows will not maw.

"I am your brother Willie," he said,
"I trow ye ken na me;
I came to humble your haughty heart,
Has gar'd sae monie die."—

"If ye be my brother Willie," she said,
"As I trow weel ye be,
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,
But gae alang wi' thee."—

"O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said,
"Again I hear you lie!
For ye've unwashen hands, and ye've unwashen feet,[1]
To gae to clay wi' me.

"For the wee worms are my bedfellows,
And cauld clay is my sheets;
And when the stormy winds do blow,
My body lies and sleeps."[2]

THE ORIGINAL BALLAD

OF

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

The beautiful air of Cowdenknows is well known and popular. In Ettrick Forest the following words are uniformly adapted to the tune, and seem to be the original ballad. An edition of this pastoral tale, differing considerably from the present copy, was published by Mr. HERD, in 1772. Cowdenknows is situated upon the Leader, about four miles from Melrose, and is now the property of Dr. HOME.

---

[1] *Unwashen hands and unwashen feet*—Alluding to the custom of washing and dressing dead bodies.

[2] [In Mr. Buchan's Collection, vol. i. p. 51, there is a northcountry edition of this ballad, under the title of "The Courteous Knight." His is, as usual, a coarse and vulgar version; but it contains many more stanzas than that in the text; and the knight's farewell speech runs into an edifying lecture on his sister's vanity of dress: *e. g.*

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THE ORIGINAL BALLAD

OF

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

O the broom, and the bonny bonny broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknows!
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,
I' the bought, milking the ewes.

The hills were high on ilka side,
An' the bought i' the lirk[1] o' the hill,
And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang,
Out o'er the head o' yon hill.

There was a troop o' gentlemen
Came riding merrilie by,
And one of them has rode out o' the way,
To the bought to the bonny may.

"Well may ye save an' see, bonny lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see."—
"An' sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knight,
And what's your will wi' me?"—

"The night is misty and mirk, fair may,
And I have ridden astray,
And will you be so kind, fair may,
As come out and point my way?"—

"Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out of the bought I dare na come,
For fear 'at ye do me wrang."—

"O winna ye pity me, bonny lass,
O winna ye pity me?
An' winna ye pity my poor steed,
Stands trembling at yon tree?"—

"I wadna pity your poor steed,
Though it were tied to a thorn;
For if ye wad gain my love the night,
Ye wad slight me ere the morn.

"My body's buried in Dumfermline,
And far beyont the sea,
But day nor night nae rest could get
All for the pride o' thee:

"When ye are in the gude kirk set,
The gowd pins in your hair,
Ye tak mair delight in your feckless dress
Than ye do in the morning prayer," etc.—Ed.

[1] *Lirk*—Hollow.

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"For I ken you by your weel-busket hat,
And your merrie twinkling ee,
That ye're the Laird o' the Oakland hills,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."—

"But I am not the Laird o' the Oakland hills,
Ye're far mista'en o' me;
But I'm ane o' the men about his house,
An' right aft in his companie."—

He's ta'en her by the middle jimp,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's lifted her over the fauld-dyke,
And speer'd at her sma' leave.

O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
And streek'd her yellow hair,
"Now, take ye that, my bonny may,
Of me till you hear mair."—

O he's leapt on his berry-brown steed,
An' soon he's o'erta'en his men;
And ane and a' cried out to him,
"O master, ye've tarry'd lang!"—

"O I hae been east, and I hae been west,
An' I hae been far o'er the knowes,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw
Is i' the bought, milking the ewes."—

She set the cog [1] upon her head,
An' she's gane singing hame—
"O where hae ye been, my ae daughter?
Ye hae na been your lane."—

"O naebody was wi' me, father,
O naebody has been wi' me;
The night is misty and mirk, father,
Yee may gang to the door and see.

"But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
And an ill deed may he die;
He bug [2] the bought at the back o' the knowe,
And a tod [3] has frighted me.

"There came a tod to the bought door,
The like I never saw;
And ere he had ta'en the lamb he did,
I had lourd [4] he had ta'en them a'."—

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[1] *Cog*—Milking-pail. [2] *Bug*—Built. [3] *Tod*—Fox. [4] *Lourd*—Liefer.

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O whan fifteen weeks was come and gane,
  Fifteen weeks and three,
That lassie began to look thin and pale,
  An' to long for his merry-twinkling ee.

It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,
  She was ca'ing out her father's kye,
Bye came a troop o' gentlemen,
  A' merrilie riding bye.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonny may,
  Weel may ye save and see!
Weel I wat, ye be a very bonny may,
  But whae's aught that babe ye are wi'?"—

Never a word could that lassie say,
  For never a ane could she blame,
An' never a word could the lassie say,
  But "I have a gudeman at hame."—

"Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonny may,
  Sae loud as I hear you lie;
For dinna ye mind that misty night
  I was i' the bought wi' thee?

"I ken you by your middle sae jimp,
  An' your merry-twinkling ee,
That ye're the bonny lass i' the Cowdenknow,
  An' ye may weel seem for to be."—

Then he's leapt off his berry-brown steed,
  An' he's set that fair may on—
"Ca' out your kye, gude father, yoursell,
  For she's never ca' them out again.

"I am the Laird of the Oakland hills,
  I hae thirty plows and three;
An' I hae gotten the bonniest lass
  That's in a' the south countrie."

LORD RANDAL.

There is a beautiful air to this old ballad. The hero is more generally termed *Lord Ronald*; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy for calling him *Randal*; because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible, that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison. See *The Bruce,* Book xx. For-

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dun repeats, and Boece echoes, this story, both of whom charge the murder on Edward III. But it is combated successfully by Lord Hailes, in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland.*

The substitution of some venomous reptile for food, or putting it into liquor, was anciently supposed to be a common mode of administering poison; as appears from the following curious account of the death of King John, extracted from a MS. Chronicle of England, *penes* John Clerk, Esq. advocate.[1] "And, in the same tyme, the pope sente into Englond a legate, that men cald Swals, and he was prest cardinal of Rome, for to mayntene King Johnes cause agens the barons of Englond; but the barons had so much pte [*poustie,* i. e. power] through Lewys, the kinges sone of Fraunce, that Kinge Johne wist not wher for to wend ne gone: and so hitt fell, that he wold have gone to Suchold, and as he went thedurward, he come by the abbey of Swinshed, and ther he abode II dayes. And, as he sate at meat, he askyd a monke of the house, how moche a lofe was worth, that was before hym sete at the table? and the monke sayd that loffe was worthe bot ane half-penny. 'O!' quod the Kyng, 'this is a grette cheppe of brede; now,' said the king, 'and yff I may, such a loffe shall be worth xxd. or half a yer be gone:' and when he said the word, muche he thought, and ofte tymes sighed, and nome and ete of the bred, and said, 'By Gode, the word that I have spokyn shall be sothe.' The monke, that stode before the kyng, was ful sory in his hert; and thought rather he wold himself suffer peteous deth; and thought yff he myght ordeyn therfore sum remedy. And anon the monke went unto his abbott, and was schryvyd of him, and told the abbott all that the kyng said, and prayed his abbott to assoyl him, for he wold gyffe the kyng such a wassayle, that all Englond shuld be glad and joyful therof. Tho went the monke into a gardene, and fonde a tode therin; and toke her upp, and put hyr in a cuppe, and filled it with good ale, and pryked hyr in every place, in the cuppe, till the venome come out in every place; an brought hitt befor the kyng, and knelyd, and said, 'Sir, wassayle; for never in your lyfe drancke ye of such a cuppe.'—'Begyne, monke,' quod the king; and the monke dranke a gret draute, and toke the kyng the cuppe, and the kyng also drank a grett draute, and set downe the cuppe. —The monke anon went to the Farmarye, and ther dyed anone, on whose soule God have mercy, Amen. And v monkes syng for his soule especially, and shall while the abbey stondith. The kyng was anon ful evil at ese, and comaunded to remove the table, and askyd aftur the monke; and men told him that he was ded, for his wombe was broke in sondur. When the king herd this tidyng, he comaundyd for to trusse; but all hit was for nought, for his bely began to swelle for the drink that he dranke, that he dyed within II days, the moro aftur Seynt Luke's day."

A different account of the poisoning of King John is given in a MS. Chronicle of England, written in the minority of Edward III., and contained in the Auchinleck MS. of Edinburgh. Though not exactly to our present purpose, the passage is curious, and I shall quote it without apology. The author has mentioned the interdict laid on John's kingdom by the Pope, and continues thus:—

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[1] [Mr. Clerk became a judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Eldin, and died in 1831.—Ed.]

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"He was ful wroth and grim,
For no prest wald sing for him.
He made tho his parlement,
And swore his *croy de verament*,
That he shuld make such asaut,
To fede all Inglonde with a spaud,
And eke with a white lof,
Therefore I hope[1] he was God-loth.
A monk it herd of Swines heued,
And of his wordes he was adred,
He went hym to his fere,
And seyd to hem in this maner:
'The King has made a sori oth,
That he schal with a white lof
Fede al Inglonde, and with a spand,
Y wis it were a sori saut
And better is that we die to,
Than al Inglond be so wo.
Ye schul for me belles ring,
And after wordes rede and sing;
So helpe you God, heven King,
Granteth me alle now min asking,
And Ichim wil with puseoun slo,
Ne shall he never Inglond do wo.'

"His brethren him graunt alle his bone,
He let him shrive swithe sone,
To make his soule fair and clene,
To for our leued i heven queen,
That sche schuld for him be,
To for her son in trinité.

"Dansimond zede and gadred frut,
For sothe were plommes white,
The steles[2] he pyld out evirichon,
Puisoun he dede therin anon,
And sett the steles al ogen,
That the gile schuld nought be sen.
He dede hem in a coupe of gold,
And went to the kinges bord;
On knes he him sett,
The king full fair he grett;
'Sir,' he said, 'by Seynt Austin,
This is frout of our garden,
And gif that your wil be,
Assayet herof after me.'
Dansimond ete frut, on and on,
And al tho other ete King Jon;
The monk aros, and went his way,
God gif his soule wel gode day;
He gaf King Jon ther his puisoun,
Himself had that ilk doun,
He dede, it is nouther for mirthe ne ond,
Bot for to save al Inglond.

"The King Jon sate at mete,
His wombe to wex grete;

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[1] *Hope*, for *think*.—[2] *Steles*—Stalks.

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He swore his oath, *per la croyde*,
His wombe wald brest a thre;
He wald have risen fram the bord
Ac he ne spake never more word:
Thus ended his time,
Y wis he had an evel fine."

Shakspeare, from such old Chronicles, has drawn his authority for the last fine scene in *King John*. But he probably had it from Caxton, who uses nearly the words of the prose chronicle. Hemingford tells the same tale with the metrical historian. It is certain, that John increased the flux, of which he died, by the intemperate use of peaches and of ale, which may have given rise to the story of the poison.—See MATTHEW PARIS.

To return to the ballad; there is a very similar song, in which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by a false step-mother.[1]

LORD RANDAL.

"O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"—
"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."—

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"—
"I dined wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."—

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"—
"I gat eels boil'd in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."—

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"—
"O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."—

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[1] [This nursery song is probably that inserted in Buchan's Collection, 1828, vol. ii. p. 179 —"*Willie Doo*," i. e. *dove*:

"Where hae ye been a' day,
Willie Doo, Willie Doo?
Whare hae ye been a' day,
Willie, my doo?

"I've been to see my stepmother,
Mak my bed, lay me down;
Mak my bed, lay me down,
Die shall I now," etc.—ED.]

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"O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"—
"O yes! I am poison'd; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

SIR HUGH LE BLOND.

This ballad is a northern composition, and seems to have been the original of the legend called *Sir Aldingar,* which is printed in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.* The incidents are nearly the same in both ballads, excepting that, in *Aldingar,* an angel combats for the queen, instead of a mortal champion. The names of *Aldingar* and *Rodingham* approach near to each other in sound, though not in orthography, and the one might, by reciters, be easily substituted for the other. I think I have seen both the name and the story in an ancient prose chronicle, but am unable to make any reference in support of my belief.

The tradition, upon which the ballad is founded, is universally current in the Mearns; and the Editor is informed, that, till very lately, the sword, with which Sir Hugh le Blond was believed to have defended the life and honour of the Queen, was carefully preserved by his descendants, the Viscounts of Arbuthnot. That Sir Hugh of Arbuthnot lived in the thirteenth century, is proved by his having, 1282, bestowed the patronage of the church of Garvoch upon the Monks of Aberbrothwick, for the safety of his soul.—*Register of Aberbrothwick, quoted by Crawford in Peerage.* But I find no instance in history, in which the honour of a Queen of Scotland was committed to the chance of a duel. It is true, that Mary, wife of Alexander II., was, about 1242, somewhat implicated in a dark story, concerning the murder of Patrick, Earl of Athole, burned in his lodging at Haddington, where he had gone to attend a great tournament. The relations of the deceased baron accused of the murder Sir William Bisat, a powerful nobleman, who appears to have been in such high favour with the young Queen, that she offered her oath, as a compurgator, to prove his innocence. Bisat himself stood upon his defence, and proffered the combat to his accusers; but he was obliged to give way to the tide, and was banished from Scotland. This affair interested all the northern barons; and it is not impossible, that some share, taken in it by this Sir Hugh de Arbuthnot, may have given a slight foundation for the tradition of the country.—WINTOUN, book vii. ch. 9. Or, if we suppose Sir Hugh le Blond to be a predecessor of the Sir Hugh who

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[1] [In the edition of this ballad published by Mr. Kinloch in 1827, the name of the hero is *Lord Donald*—very natural in a north country version. The youth is poisoned by a dish of *toads,* served up as fish, to which the Editor thinks we owe the Scotch phrase, of "getting frogs for fish"—*i. e.* foul play—introduced in the subsequent ballad of *Katharine Janfarie.* The last verse is—

"What will ye leave to your true love, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your true love, my jollie young man?"—
"The tow and the halter for to hang on yon tree,
And let her hang there for the poysoning o' me."—P. 113.—ED.]

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flourished in the thirteenth century, he may have been the victor in a duel, shortly noticed as having occurred in 1154, when one Arthur, accused of treason, was unsuccessful in his appeal to the judgment of God. *Arthurus regem Malcolm proditurus duello periit.* Chron. Sanctæ Crucis, ap. Anglia Sacra, vol. i. p. 161.

But, true or false, the incident narrated in the ballad is in the genuine style of chivalry. Romances abound with similar instances, nor are they wanting in real history. The most solemn part of a knight's oath was to defend "all widows, orphelines, and maidens of gude fame."[1]—LINDSAY'S *Heraldry, MS.* The love of arms was a real passion of itself, which blazed yet more fiercely when united with the enthusiastic admiration of the fair sex. The Knight of Chaucer exclaims, with chivalrous energy,

> "To fight for a lady! a benedicite!
> It were a lusty sight for to see."

It was an argument, seriously urged by Sir John of Heinault, for making war upon Edward II. in behalf of his banished wife, Isabella, that knights were bound to aid, to their uttermost power, all distressed damsels, living without counsel or comfort.

An apt illustration of the ballad would have been the combat undertaken by three Spanish champions against three Moors of Grenada, in defence of the honour of the Queen of Grenada, wife to Mahommed Chiquito, the last monarch of that kingdom. But I have not at hand *Las Guerras Civiles de Granada,* in which that achievement is recorded. Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona, is also said to have defended, in single combat, the life and honour of the Empress Matilda, wife of the Emperor Henry V., and mother to Henry II. of England.—See ANTONIO ULLOA, *del vero Honore Militare,* Venice, 1569.

A less apocryphal example is the duel, fought in 1387, betwixt Jaques le Grys and John de Carogne, before the King of France. These warriors were retainers of the Earl of Alençon, and originally sworn brothers. John de Carogne went over the sea, for the advancement of his fame, leaving in his castle a beautiful wife, where she lived soberly and sagely. But the devil entered into the heart of Jaques le Grys, and he rode, one morning, from the Earl's house to the castle of his friend, where he was hospitably received by the unsuspicious lady. He requested her to show him the donjon, or keep of the castle, and in that remote and inaccessible tower forcibly violated her chastity. He then mounted his horse, and returned to the Earl of Alençon within so short a space, that his absence had not been perceived. The lady abode within the donjon, weeping bitterly, and exclaiming, "Ah, Jaques! it was not well done thus to shame me! but on you shall the shame rest, if God send my husband safe home!" The lady kept secret this sorrowful deed until her husband's return from his voyage. The day passed, and night

[1] Such an oath is still taken by the Knights of the Bath; but, I believe, few of that honourable brotherhood will now consider it quite so obligatory as the conscientious Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who gravely alleges it as a sufficient reason for having challenged divers cavaliers, that they had either snatched from a lady her bouquet, or ribbon, or by some discourtesy of similar importance, placed her, as his lordship conceived, in the predicament of a distressed damozell.

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came, and the knight went to bed; but the lady would not; for ever she blessed herself, and walked up and down the chamber, studying and musing, until her attendants had retired; and then, throwing herself on her knees before the knight, she showed him all the adventure. Hardly would Carogne believe the treachery of his companion: but, when convinced, he replied, "Since it is so, lady, I pardon you; but the knight shall die for this villanous deed." Accordingly, Jacques le Grys was accused of the crime in the court of the Earl of Alençon. But, as he was greatly loved of his lord, and as the evidence was very slender, the Earl gave judgment against the accusers. Hereupon John Carogne appealed to the Parliament of Paris; which court, after full consideration, appointed the case to be tried by mortal combat betwixt the parties, John Carogne appearing as the champion of his lady. If he failed in his combat, then was he to be hanged, and his lady burnt, as false and unjust calumniators. This combat, under circumstances so very peculiar, attracted universal attention; in so much, that the King of France and his peers, who were then in Flanders collecting troops for an invasion of England, returned to Paris, that so notable a duel might be fought in the royal presence.

"Thus," says Froissart, "the Kynge, and his uncles, and the constable, came to Parys. Then the lystes were made in a place called Saynt Katheryne, behinde the Temple. There was so moche people, that it was mervayle to beholde; and on the one side of the lystes there was made gret scaffoldes, that the lordes might the better se the batayle of the ii champions; and so they bothe came to the felde, armed at all peaces, and there eche of them was set in theyr chayre; the Erle of Saynt Poule gouverned John Carongne, and Erle of Alanson's company with Jacques le Grys; and when the knyght entred in to the felde, he came to his wyfe, who was there syttynge in a chayre, covered in blacke, and he sayd to her thus:—'Dame, by your informacyon, and in your quarrell, I do put my lyfe in adventure, as to fyght with Jacques le Grys; ye knowe, if the cause be just and true.'—'Syr,' said the lady, 'it is as I have sayd; wherefore ye maye fight surely; the cause is good and true.' With those wordes, the knyghte kissed the lady, and toke her by the hande, and then blessed hym, and soo entred into the felde. The lady sate styll in the blacke chayre, in her prayers to God, and to the Vyrgyne Mary, humbly prayenge them, by theyr specyall grace, to send her husband the victory, accordyinge to the ryght. She was in gret hevynes, for she was not sure of her lyfe; for, if her husbande sholde have been discomfyted, she was judged, without remedy, to be brente, and her husbande hanged. I cannot say whether she repented her or not, as the matter was so forwarde, that both she and her husbande were in grete peryll: howbeit, fynally, she must as then abyde the adventure. Then these two champyons were set one against another, and so mounted on theyr horses, and behauved them nobly; for they knewe what perteyned to deedes of armes. There were many lordes and knyghtes of Fraunce, that were come thyder to se that batayle. The two champyons justed at theyr fyrst metyng, but none of them did hurte other; and after the justes, they lyghted on foote to perfourme theyr batayle, and soo fought valyauntly.—And fyrst John of Carongne was hurt in the thyghe, whereby all his frendes were in grete fere; but, after that, he fought so valyauntly, that he bette down his adversary to the erthe, and threst his swerd in his body, and soo slew hym in the felde; and then demanded, if he had done his devoyre

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or not? and they answered, that he had valyauntly atchieved his batayle. Then Jacques le Grys was delyuered to the hangman of Parys, and he drewe hym to the gybbet of Mountfawcon, and there hanged him up. Then John of Carongne came before the kynge, and kneled downe, and the kynge made him to stand up before hym; and the same daye the kynge caused to be delyvered to hym a thousande franks, and reteyned him to be of his chambre, with a pencyon of ii hundred pounde by yere, durynge the term of his lyfe. Then he thanked the kynge and the lordes, and went to his wyfe, and kissed her; and then they wente togyder to the chyrche of Our Ladye, in Parys, and made theyr offerynge, and then retourned to theyr lodgynges. Then this Sir John of Carongne taryed not longe in Fraunce, but went, with Sir John Boucequant, Syr John of Bordes, and Syr Loys Grat. All these went to se Lamorabaquyn,[1] of whome, in those dayes, there was moche spekynge."

Such was the readiness, with which, in those times, heroes put their lives in jeopardy, for honour and lady's sake. But I doubt whether the fair dames of the present day will think, that the risk of being burnt, upon every suspicion of frailty, would be altogether compensated by the probability, that a husband of good faith, like John de Carogne, or a disinterested champion, like Hugh le Blond, would take up the gauntlet in their behalf. I fear they will rather accord to the sentiment of the hero of an old romance, who expostulates thus with a certain duke:—

> "Certes, Sir Duke, thou doest unright,
> To make a roast of your daughter bright,
> I wot you ben unkind."
>
> *Amis and Amelion.*

I was favoured with the following copy of *Sir Hugh le Blond,* by K. Williamson Burnet, Esq. of Monboddo, who wrote it down from the recitation of an old woman, long in the service of the Arbuthnot family. Of course, the diction is very much humbled, and it has, in all probability, undergone many corruptions; but its antiquity is indubitable, and the story, though indifferently told, is in itself interesting. It is believed, that there have been many more verses.

SIR HUGH LE BLOND.

The birds sang sweet as ony bell,
  The world had not their make,[2]
The Queen she's gone to her chamber,
  With Rodingham to talk.

"I love you well, my Queen, my dame,
  'Bove land and rents so clear,

---

[1] This name Froissart gives to the famous Mahomet, Emperor of Turkey, called the Great. It is a corruption of his Persian title, Ameer Uddeen Kawn.

[2] *Make*—Equal.

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And for the love of you, my Queen,
Would thole pain most severe."—

"If well you love me, Rodingham,
I'm sure so do I thee:
I love you well as any man,
Save the King's fair bodye."—

"I love you well, my Queen, my dame;
'Tis truth that I do tell:
And for to lye a night with you,
The salt seas I would sail."—

"Away, away, O Rodingham!
You are both stark and stoor;
Would you defile the King's own bed,
And make his Queen a whore?

"To-morrow you'd be taken sure,
And like a traitor slain;
And I'd be burned at a stake,
Although I be the Queen."—

He then stepp'd out at her room door,
All in an angry mood;
Until he met a leper-man, [1]
Just by the hard way-side.

He intoxicate the leper-man,
With liquors very sweet;
And gave him more and more to drink,
Until he fell asleep.

He took him in his armis twa,
And carried him along,
Till he came to the Queen's own bed,
And there he laid him down.

He then stepp'd out of the Queen's bower,
As swift as any roe,
'Till he came to the very place
Where the King himself did go.

The King said unto Rodingham,
"What news have you to me?"—
He said, "Your Queen's a false woman,
As I did plainly see."—

---

[1] Filth, poorness of living, and the want of linen, made this horrible disease formerly very common in Scotland. Robert Bruce died of the leprosy; and, through all Scotland, there were hospitals erected for the reception of lepers, to prevent their mingling with the rest of the community.

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He hasten'd to the Queen's chamber,
  So costly and so fine,
Until he came to the Queen's own bed,
  Where the leper-man was lain.

He looked on the leper-man,
  Who lay on his Queen's bed;
He lifted up the snaw-white sheets,
  And thus he to him said:—

"Plooky, plooky,[1] are your cheeks,
  And plooky is your chin,
And plooky are your armies twa,
  My bonny Queen's layne in.

"Since she has lain into your arms,
  She shall not lye in mine;
Since she has kiss'd your ugsome mouth,
  She never shall kiss mine."—

In anger he went to the Queen,
  Who fell upon her knee;
He said, "You false, unchaste woman,
  What's this you've done to me?"—

The Queen then turn'd herself about,
  The tear blinded her ee—
"There's not a knight in a' your court
  Dare give that name to me."—

He said, "'Tis true that I do say;
  For I a proof did make;
You shall be taken from my bower,
  And burned at a stake.

"Perhaps I'll take my word again,
  And may repent the same,
If that you'll get a Christian man
  To fight that Rodingham."—

"Alas! alas!" then cried our Queen,
  "Alas, and woe to me!
There's not a man in all Scotland
  Will fight with him for me."—

She breathed unto her messengers,
  Sent them south, east, and west;
They could find none to fight with him,
  Nor enter the contest.

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[1] *Plooky*—Pimpled.

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She breathed on her messengers,
  She sent them to the north;
And there they found Sir Hugh le Blond,
  To fight him he came forth.

When unto him they did unfold
  The circumstance all right,
He bade them go and tell the Queen,
  That for her he would fight.

The day came on that was to do
  That dreadful tragedy:
Sir Hugh le Blond was not come up
  To fight for our ladye.

"Put on the fire," the monster said;
  "It is twelve on the bell."—[1]
"'Tis scarcely ten, now," said the King;
  "I heard the clock mysell."—

Before the hour the Queen is brought,
  The burning to proceed;
In a black velvet chair she's set,
  A token for the dead.

She saw the flames ascending high,
  The tears blinded her ee:
"Where is the worthy knight," she said,
  "Who is to fight for me?"—

Then up and spak the King himsell,
  "My dearest, have no doubt,
For yonder comes the man himsell,
  As bold as e'er set out."—

They then advanced to fight the duel
  With swords of temper'd steel,
Till down the blood of Rodingham
  Came running to his heel.

Sir Hugh took out a lusty sword,
  'Twas of the metal clear,
And he has pierced Rodingham
  Till's heart-blood did appear.

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[1] In the romance of Doolin, called *La Fleur des Battailles*, a false accuser discovers a similar impatience to hurry over the execution, before the arrival of the lady's champion:—"Ainsi comme Herchambaut vouloit jetter la dame dedans le feu, Sanxes de Clervant va "à lui, et lui dict: 'Sire Herchambaut, vous estes trop à blasmer; car vous ne devez "mener ceste chose que par droit ainsi qu'il est ordonné; je veux accorder que ceste "dame ait un vassal qui la deffendra contre vous et Drouart, car elle n'a point de coulpe en "ce que l'accusez; si la devez retarder jusques à midy, pour scavoir si un bon chevalier la "viendra secourir contre vous et Drouart.'"—*Cap.* 22.

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"Confess your treachery, now," he said,
"This day before you die!"—
"I do confess my treachery,
I shall no longer lye:

"I like to wicked Haman am,
This day I shall be slain."—
The Queen was brought to her chamber,
A good woman again.

The Queen then said unto the King,
"Arbattle's near the sea;
Give it unto the northern knight,
That this day fought for me."—

Then said the King, "Come here, Sir Knight,
And drink a glass of wine;
And, if Arbattle's not enough,
To it we'll Fordoun join."[1]

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

The date of this ballad, and its subject, are uncertain. From internal evidence, I am inclined to place it late in the sixteenth century. Of the Græmes enough is elsewhere said. It is not impossible, that such a clan, as they are described, may have retained the rude ignorance of ancient Border manners to a later period than their more inland neighbours; and hence the taunt of old Bewick to Græme. Bewick is an ancient name in Cumberland and Northumberland. The ballad itself was given, in the first edition, from the recitation of a gentleman, who professed to have forgotten some verses. These have, in the present edition, been partly restored, from a copy obtained by the recitation of an ostler in Carlisle, which has also furnished some slight alterations.

The ballad is remarkable, as containing, probably, the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms, which was held so sacred in the days of chivalry, and whose origin may be traced up to the Scythian ancestors of Odin. Many of the old romances turn entirely upon the sanctity of the engagement, contracted by the *frères d'armes*. In that of *Amis and Amelion,* the hero slays his two infant children, that he may compound a potent salve with their blood, to cure the leprosy of his brother-in-arms. The romance of *Gyron le Courtois* has a similar subject. I think the hero, like Græme in the ballad, kills himself, out of some high point of honour towards his friend.

The quarrel of the two old chieftains, over their wine, is highly in character. Two generations have not elapsed since the custom of drinking deep, and taking deadly revenge for slight offences, produced very tragical

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[1] Arbattle is the ancient name of the barony of Arbuthnot—Fordun has long been the patrimony of the same family.

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events on the Border; to which the custom of going armed to festive meetings contributed not a little. A minstrel, who flourished about 1720, and is often talked of by the old people, happened to be performing before one of these parties, when they betook themselves to their swords. The cautious musician, accustomed to such scenes, dived beneath the table. A moment after, a man's hand, struck off with a back-sword, fell beside him. The minstrel secured it carefully in his pocket, as he would have done any other loose movable; sagely observing, the owner would miss it sorely next morning. I choose rather to give this ludicrous example, than some graver instances of bloodshed at Border orgies. I observe it is said in a MS. account of Tweeddale, in praise of the inhabitants, that, "when they fall in the humour of good fellowship, they use it as a cement and bond of society, and not to foment revenge, quarrels, and murders, which is usual in other counties;" by which we ought, probably, to understand Selkirkshire and Teviotdale.—*Macfarlane's MSS.*"

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

Gude Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane;
  Sir Robert Bewick there met he;
And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
  And they drank till they were baith merrie.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the cup,
  "Sir Robert Bewick, and here's to thee!
And here's to our twae sons at hame!
  For they like us best in our ain countrie."—

"O were your son a lad like mine,
  And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twae brethren bauld,
  And they might hae bragged the Border side.

"But your son's a lad, and he is but bad,
  And billie to my son he canna be;
* * * * *

"Ye sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn;
  Ye bought him books, and he wadna read."—
"But my blessing shall he never earn,
  Till I see how his arm can defend his head."—

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning call'd,
  A reckoning then called he;
And he paid a crown, and it went roun';
  It was all for the gude wine and free."[1]

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[1] The ostler's copy reads very characteristically,
"It was all for good wine and *hay*."

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And he has to the stable gane,
  Where there stude thirty steeds and three :
He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
  And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
  "But where sae lang frae hame were ye?"—
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
  And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
  Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
  And billie to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to the schools, and ye wadna learn;
  I bought ye books, and ye wadna read;
Therefore my blessing ye shall never earn,
  Till I see with Bewick thou save thy head."—

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
  That ever sic a thing suld be!
Billie Bewick was my master, and I was his scholar,
  And aye sae weel as he learned me."—

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer loon,
  And of thy talking let me be!
If thou does na end me this quarrel soon,
  There is my glove, I'll fight wi' thee."—

Then Christie Græme he stooped low
  Unto the ground, you shall understand;—
"O father, put on your glove again,
  The wind has blown it from your hand?"—

"What's that thou says, thou limmer loon?
  How dares thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
  There's my right hand thou shalt fight with me."—

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
  To consider weel what then should be;
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
  Or with his billie Bewick, he.

"If I suld kill my billie dear,
  God's blessing I shall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
  I think 'twald be a mortal sin.

"But if I kill my billie dear,
  It is God's will, so let it be;
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
  That I shall be the next man's die."—

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Then he's put on's back a gude auld jack,
  And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side;
  O gin he did not become them weel!

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
  And talk of him again belive,[1]
And we will talk of bonny Bewick,
  Where he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,
  And handle swords without any doubt,
He took his sword under his arm,
  And he walk'd his father's close about.

He look'd atween him and the sun,
  And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
  Was riding that way most hastilie.

"O wha is yon, that came this way,
  Sae hastilie that hither came?
I think it be my brother dear!
  I think it be young Christie Græme.

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,
  And thrice ye're welcome unto me!"—
"But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day,
  When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,
  Wi' your father Bewick there met he:
He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
  And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;
  He gae me books, and I wadna read;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,
  Till he see how my arm can guard my head."—

"O God forbid, my billie dear,
  That ever such a thing suld be!
We'll take three men on either side,
  And see if we can our fathers agree."—

"O hald thy tongue, now, billie Bewick,
  And of thy talking let me be!
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
  Come o'er the dyke, and fight wi' me."—

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[1] *Belive*—By and by.

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"But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,
As weel I see there is on thine."—
"But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billie, shall be on mine."—

Then he's thrown aff his coat o' mail,
His cap of steel away flung he;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown aff his cloak,
And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twae lang hours;
When twae lang hours were come and gane,
The sweat drapp'd fast frae aff them baith,
But a drap of blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an ackward[1] stroke
Ane ackward stroke strucken sickerlie;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

"Rise up, rise up, now, billie dear!
Arise and speak three words to me!—
Whether thou's gotten thy deadly wound,
Or if God and good leeching may succour thee?"—

"O horse, O horse, now, billie Græme,
And get thee far from hence with speed;
And get thee out of this country,
That none may know who has done the deed."—

"O I have slain thee, billie Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me;
But I made a vow, ere I came frae hame,
That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitch'd his sword in a moodie-hill,[2]
And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the ground fell he.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he;
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
"For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."—

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[1] *Ackward*—Backward. [2] *Moodie-hill*—Mole-hill.

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"O hald your tongue, my father dear!
Of your prideful talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billie be.

"Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
And a grave to hald baith him and me;
But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he wan the victorie."—

"Alack! a wae!" auld Bewick cried,
"Alack! was I not much to blame?
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That e'er was born unto my name."—

"Alack! a wae!" quo' gude Lord Græme—
"I'm sure I hae lost the deeper lack!
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

"Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free!

"I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock;
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Græme been at my back."

THE

DUEL OF WHARTON AND STUART.

IN TWO PARTS.

Duels, as may be seen from the two preceding ballads, are derived from the times of chivalry. They succeeded to the *combat at outrance,* about the end of the sixteenth century; and, though they were no longer countenanced by the laws, nor considered a solemn appeal to the Deity, nor honoured by the presence of applauding monarchs and multitudes, yet they were authorized by the manners of the age, and by the applause of the fair.[1] They long continued, they even yet continue, to be appealed

[1] "All things being ready for the ball, and every one being in their place, and I myself being next to the Queen (of France), expecting when the dancers would come in, one knockt at the door somewhat louder than became, as I thought, a very civil person. When he came in, I remember there was a sudden whisper among the ladies, saying, 'C'est Monsieur Balagny,' or, 'Tis Monsieur Balagny; whereupon, also, I saw the ladies and gentlemen, one after another, invite him to sit near them; and, which is more, when one lady had his company a while, another would say, 'You have enjoyed him long enough; I must have him now;' at which bold civility of theirs, though I were astonished, yet it added unto my

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to as the test of truth; since by the code of honour, every gentleman is still bound to repel a charge of falsehood with the point of his sword, and at the peril of his life.

This peculiarity of manners, which would have surprised an ancient Roman, is obviously deduced from the Gothic ordeal of trial by combat. Nevertheless, the custom of duelling was considered, at its first introduction, as an innovation upon the law of arms; and a book, in two huge volumes, entitled *Le vrai Théâtre d'Honneur et de la Chevalerie,* was written by a French nobleman, to support the venerable institutions of chivalry against this unceremonious mode of combat. He has chosen for his frontispiece two figures; the first represents a conquering knight, trampling his enemy under foot in the lists, crowned by Justice with laurel, and preceded by Fame, sounding his praises. The other figure presents a duellist, in his shirt, as was then the fashion, (see the following ballad,) with his bloody rapier in his hand: the slaughtered combatant is seen in the distance, and the victor is pursued by the Furies. Nevertheless, the wise will make some scruple, whether, if the warriors were to change equipments, they might not also exchange their emblematic attendants.

The modern mode of duel without defensive armour, began about the reign of Henry III. of France, when the gentlemen of that nation, as we learn from Davila, began to lay aside the cumbrous lance and cuirass, even in war. The increase of danger being supposed to contribute to the increase of honour, the national ardour of the French gallants led them early to distinguish themselves by neglect of every thing that could contribute to their personal safety. Hence, duels began to be fought by the combatants in their shirts, and with the rapier only. To this custom contributed also the art of fencing, then cultivated as a new study in Italy and Spain, by which the sword became at once an offensive and defensive weapon. The reader will see the new "science of defence," as it was called, ridiculed by Shakspeare, in *Romeo and Juliet,* and by Quevedo, in some of his novels. But the more ancient customs continued

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wonder, that his person could not be thought, at most, but ordinary handsome; his hair, which was cut very short, half grey, his doublet but of sackcloth, cut to his shirt, and his breeches only of plain grey cloth. Informing myself of some standers-by who he was, I was told he was one of the gallantest men in the world, as having killed eight or nine men in single fight; and that, for this reason, the ladies made so much of him; it being the manner of all French women to cherish gallant men, as thinking they could not make so much of any one else, with the safety of their honour."—*Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury,* p. 70. How near the character of the duellist, originally, approached to that of the knight-errant, appears from a transaction which took place at the siege of Juliers, betwixt this Balagny and Lord Herbert. As these two noted duellists stood together in the trenches, the Frenchman addressed Lord Herbert: "*Monsieur, on dit que vous estes un des plus braves de votre nation, et je suis Balagny; allons voir qui fera le mieux.*" With these words, Balagny jumped over the trench, and Herbert as speedily following, both ran sword in hand towards the defences of the besieged town, which welcomed their approach with a storm of musketry and artillery. Balagny then observed this was hot service, but Herbert swore he would not turn back first; so the Frenchman was finally fain to set him the example of retreat. Notwithstanding the advantage which he had gained over Balagny, in this "jeopardy of war," Lord Herbert seems still to have grudged that gentleman's astonishing reputation; for he endeavoured to pick a quarrel with him, on the romantic score of the worth of their mistresses; and, receiving a ludicrous answer, told him, with disdain, that he spoke more like a *paillard* than a *cavalier.* From such instances, the reader may judge, whether the age of chivalry did not endure somewhat longer than is generally supposed.

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for some time to maintain their ground. The Sieur Colombiere mentions two gentlemen, who fought with equal advantage for a whole day, in all the panoply of chivalry, and, the next day, had recourse to the modern mode of combat. By a still more extraordinary mixture of ancient and modern fashions, two combatants on horseback ran a tilt at each other with lances, without any covering but their shirts.

When armour was laid aside, the consequence was, that the first duels were very sanguinary, terminating frequently in the death of one, and sometimes, as in the ballad, of both persons engaged. Nor was this all: the seconds, who had nothing to do with the quarrel, fought stoutly, *pour se désennuyer*, and often sealed with their blood their friendship for their principals. A desperate combat, fought between Messrs. Entraguet and Caylus, is said to have been the first, in which this fashion of promiscuous fight was introduced. It proved fatal to two of Henry the Third's minions, and extracted from that sorrowing monarch an edict against duelling, which was as frequently as fruitlessly renewed by his successors. The use of rapier and poniard together,[1] was another cause of the mortal slaughter in these duels, which were supposed, in the reign of Henry IV., to have cost France at least as many of her nobles as had fallen in the civil wars. With these double weapons, frequent instances occurred, in which a duellist, mortally wounded, threw himself within his antagonist's guard, and plunged his poniard into his heart. Nay, sometimes the sword was altogether abandoned for the more sure and murderous dagger. A quarrel having arisen betwixt the Vicomte d'Allemagne and the Sieur de la Roque, the former, alleging the youth and dexterity of his antagonist, insisted upon fighting the duel in their shirts, and with their poniards only; a desperate mode of conflict, which proved fatal to both. Others refined even upon this horrible struggle, by choosing for the scene a small room, a large hogshead, or, finally, a hole dug in the earth, into which the duellists descended, as into a certain grave. Must I add, that even women caught the frenzy, and that duels were fought, not only by those whose rank and character rendered it little surprising, but by modest and well-born maidens!—*Audiguier, Traité du Duel. Théâtre d'Honneur*, vol. i.[2]

We learn, from every authority, that duels became nearly as common in England, after the accession of James VI., as they had ever been in France. The point of honour, so fatal to the gallants of the age, was nowhere carried more highly than at the court of the pacific *Solomon* of Britain. Instead of the feudal combats, upon the *Hiegate of Edin-*

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[1] It appears from a line in the black-letter copy of the following ballad, that Wharton and Stuart fought with rapier and dagger :—

> "With that stout Wharton was the first
> Took *rapier* and *poniard* there that day."
> *Ancient Songs*, 1792, p. 204.

[2] This folly ran to such a pitch, that no one was thought worthy to be reckoned a gentleman, who had not tried his valour in at least one duel; of which Lord Herbert gives the following instance: A young gentleman, desiring to marry a niece of Monsieur Disancour, *écuyer* to the Duke de Montmorenci, received this answer: "Friend, it is not yet time to marry; if you will be a brave man, you must first kill, in single combat, two or three men; then marry, and get two or three children; otherwise the world will neither have gained nor lost by you."—HERBERT'S *Life*, p. 64.

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burgh, which had often disturbed his repose at Holyrood, his levees, at Theobald's, were occupied with listening to the detail of more polished, but not less sanguinary, contests. I rather suppose, that James never was himself disposed to pay particular attention to the laws of the *duello*; but they were defined with a quaintness and pedantry, which, bating his dislike to the subject, must have deeply interested him. The point of honour was a science, which a grown gentleman might study under suitable professors, as well as dancing, or any other modish accomplishment. Nay, it would appear, that the ingenuity of the *swordmen* (so these military casuists were termed) might often accommodate a bashful combatant with an honourable excuse for declining the combat :—

> —"Understand'st thou well nice points of duel?
> Art born of gentle blood and pure descent?
> Were none of all thy lineage hang'd, or cuckold?
> Bastard or bastinadoed? Is thy pedigree
> As long, as wide as mine? For otherwise
> Thou wert most unworthy; and 'twere loss of honour
> In me to fight. More: I have drawn five teeth—
> If thine stand sound, the terms are much unequal;
> And, by strict laws of duel, I am excused
> To fight on disadvantage."—
>
> *Albumazar*, Act IV. Sc. 7.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's admirable play of *A King and no King*, there is some excellent mirth at the expense of the professors of the point of honour.

But though such shifts might occasionally be resorted to by the faint-hearted, yet the fiery cavaliers of the English court were but little apt to profit by them; though their vengeance for insulted honour sometimes vented itself through fouler channels than that of fair combat. It happened, for example, that Lord Sanquhar, a Scottish nobleman, in fencing with a master of the noble science of defence, lost his eye by an unlucky thrust. The accident was provoking, but without remedy; nor did Lord Sanquhar think of it, unless with regret, until some years after, when he chanced to be in the French court. Henry the Great casually asked him, how he lost his eye? "By the thrust of a sword," answered Lord Sanquhar, not caring to enter into particulars. The king, supposing the accident the consequence of a duel, immediately enquired, "Does the man yet live?" These few words set the blood of the Scottish nobleman on fire; nor did he rest till he had taken the base vengeance of assassinating, by hired ruffians, the unfortunate fencing-master. The mutual animosity, betwixt the English and Scottish nations, had already occasioned much bloodshed among the gentry by single combat, and James now found himself under the necessity of making a striking example of one of his Scottish nobles, to avoid the imputation of the grossest partiality. Lord Sanquhar was condemned to be hanged, and suffered that ignominious punishment accordingly.

By a circuitous route, we are now arrived at the subject of our ballad; for to the tragical duel of Stuart and Wharton, and to other instances of bloody combats and brawls betwixt the two nations, is imputed James's firmness in the case of Lord Sanquhar.

"For Ramsay, one of the king's servants, not long before Sanquhar's

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trial, had switched the Earl of Montgomery, who was the king's first favourite, happily because he took it so. Maxwell, another of them, had bitten Hawley, a gentleman of the Temple, by the ear, which enraged the Templars, (in those times riotous, subject to tumults,) and brought it almost to a national quarrel, till the king stopt it, and took it up himself. The Lord Bruce had summoned Sir Edward Sackville, (afterwards Earl of Dorset,) into France, with a fatal compliment to take death from his hand.[1] *And the much-lamented Sir James Stuart, one of the King's blood, and Sir George Wharton, the prime branch of that noble family, for little worthless punctilios of honour, (being intimate friends,) took the field, and fell together by each other's hand.*"—WILSON's Life of James VI. p. 60.

The sufferers in this melancholy affair were both men of high birth, the heirs-apparent of two noble families, and youths of the most promising expectation. Sir James Stuart was a knight of the Bath, and eldest son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre, by Nicholas, daughter of Sir James Somerville of Cambusnethan. Sir George Wharton was also a knight of the Bath, and eldest son of Philip, Lord Wharton, by Frances, daughter of Henry Clifford, earl of Cumberland. He married Anne, daughter of the Earl of Rutland, but left no issue.

The circumstances of the quarrel and combat are accurately detailed in the ballad, of which there exists a black-letter copy in the Pearson Collection, now in the library of John, Duke of Roxburghe, entitled, "A Lamentable Ballad, of a Combate, lately fought near London, between Sir James Stewarde, and Sir George Wharton, knights, who were both slain at that time.—To the tune of *Down Plumpton Park*," etc. A copy of this ballad has been published in Mr. Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, and, upon comparison, appears very little different from that which has been preserved by tradition in Ettrick Forest. Two verses have been added, and one considerably improved, from Mr. Ritson's edition. These three stanzas are the fifth and ninth of Part First, and the penult verse of Part Second. I am thus particular, that the reader may be able, if he pleases, to compare the traditional ballad with the original edition. It furnishes striking evidence, that "without characters, fame lives long." The difference, chiefly to be remarked betwixt the copies, lies in the dialect, and in some modifications applicable to Scotland; as, using the words "*Our Scottish Knight*." The black-letter ballad, in like manner, terms Wharton "*Our English Knight*."

My correspondent, James Hogg, adds the following note to this ballad:—"I have heard this song sung by several old people; but all of them with this tradition, that Wharton bribed Stuart's second, and actually fought in armour. I acknowledge, that, from some dark hints in the song, this appears not impossible; but that you may not judge too rashly, I must remind you, that the old people, inhabiting the headlands (high ground) hereabouts, although possessed of many original songs, traditions, and anecdotes, are most unreasonably partial when the valour or honour of a Scotsman is called in question." I retain this note, because it is characteristic; but I agree with my correspondent, there can be no foundation for the tradition, except in national partiality.[2]

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[1] See an account of this desperate duel in the *Guardian*.

[2] Since the first publication of this work, I have seen cause to think that this insinuation

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THE DUEL OF WHARTON AND STUART.

PART FIRST.

It grieveth me to tell you o'
  Near London late what did befall,
'Twixt two young gallant gentlemen;
  It grieveth me, and ever shall.

One of them was Sir George Wharton,
  My good Lord Wharton's son and heir;
The other, James Stuart, a Scottish knight,
  One that a valiant heart did bear.

When first to court these nobles came,
  One night, a-gaming, fell to words; [1]
And in their fury grew so hot,
  That they did both try their keen swords.

No manner of treating, nor advice,
  Could hold from striking in that place;
For, in the height and heat of blood,
  James struck George Wharton on the face.

"What doth this mean," George Wharton said,
  "To strike in such unmanly sort?
But, that I take it at thy hands,
  The tongue of man shall ne'er report!"—

"But do thy worst, then," said Sir James,
  "Now do thy worst, appoint a day!
There's not a lord in England breathes
  Shall gar me give an inch of way."—

"Ye brag right weel," George Wharton said;

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was not introduced by Scottish reciters, but really founded upon the opinion formed by Stuart's friends. Sir James Stuart married the Lady Dorothy Hastings; and, in a letter from the late venerable Countess of Moira and Hastings, he is described, from family tradition, as the most accomplished person of the age he lived in, and, in talents and abilities, almost equal to what is recorded of the Admirable Crichton. Sir George Wharton is, on the other hand, affirmed to have been a man of a fierce and brutal temper, and to have provoked the quarrel, by wanton and intolerable reflections on the Scottish national character. "In the duel," her ladyship concludes, "family tradition does not allow Sir James to have been killed fairly." From an anecdote respecting Sir George Wharton's conduct in a quarrel with the Earl of Pembroke, there is room to suppose the imputations on his temper were not without foundation. See LODGE'S *Illustrations of English History*, vol. iii. p. 550. Lady Moira concludes, that she had seen a copy of the ballad different from any one hitherto printed, in which the charge of foul play was directly stated against Wharton.

[1] Sir George Wharton was quarrelsome at cards; a temper which he exhibited so disagreeably when playing with the Earl of Pembroke, that the Earl told him, "Sir George, I have loved you long; but, by your manner in playing, you lay it upon me either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you; wherefore choosing to love you still, I will never play with you any more."—LODGE'S *Illustrations*, vol. iii. p. 550.

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"Let our brave lords at large alane,
And speak of me, that am thy foe,
For you shall find enough o' ane!

"I'll interchange my glove wi' thine;
I'll show it on the bed of death;
I mean the place where we shall fight;
There ane or both maun lose life and breath!"—

"We'll meet near Waltham," said Sir James;
"To-morrow, that shall be the day.
We'll either take a single man,
And try who bears the bell away."

Then down together hands they shook,
Without any envious sign;
Then went to Ludgate, where they lay,
And each man drank his pint of wine.

No kind of envy could be seen,
No kind of malice they did betray;
But a' was clear and calm as death,
Whatever in their bosoms lay,

Till parting time; and then, indeed,
They show'd some rancour in their heart;
"Next time we meet," says George Wharton,
"Not half sae soundly we shall part!"

So they have parted, firmly bent
Their valiant minds equal to try:
The second part shall clearly show,
Both how they meet, and how they die.

PART SECOND.

George Wharton was the first ae man,
Came to the appointed place that day,
Where he espied our Scots lord coming,
As fast as he could post away.

They met, shook hands; their cheeks were pale;
Then to George Wharton James did say,
"I dinna like your doublet, George,
It stands sae weel on you this day.

"Say, have you got no armour on?
Have you no under robe of steel?
I never saw an Englishman
Become his doublet half sae weel."—

"Fy no! fy no!" George Wharton said,
"For that's the thing that mauna be,

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That I should come wi' armour on,
And you a naked man truly."—

"Our men shall search our doublets, George,
And see if one of us do lie;
Then will we prove, wi' weapons sharp,
Ourselves true gallants for to be."—

Then they threw off their doublets both,
And stood up in their sarks of lawn;
"Now, take my counsel," said Sir James,
"Wharton, to thee I'll make it knawn:

"So as we stand, so will we fight;
Thus naked in our sarks," said he;
"Fy no! fy no!" George Wharton says,
"That is the thing that must not be.

"We're neither drinkers, quarrellers,
Nor men that cares na for oursell,
Nor minds na what we're gaun about,
Or if we're gaun to heaven or hell.

"Let us to God bequeath our souls,
Our bodies to the dust and clay!"
With that he drew his deadly sword,
The first was drawn on field that day.

Se'en bouts and turns these heroes had,
Or e'er a drop o' blood was drawn;
Our Scotch lord, wond'ring, quickly cry'd,
"Stout Wharton! thou still hauds thy awn!"—

The first stroke that George Wharton gae,
He struck him thro' the shoulder-bane;
The neist was thro' the thick o' the thigh;
He thought our Scotch lord had been slain.

"Oh! ever alack!" George Wharton cry'd,
"Art thou a living man, tell me?
If there's a surgeon living can,
He's cure thy wounds right speedily."—

"No more of that," James Stuart said;
"Speak not of curing wounds to me!
For one of us must yield our breath,
Ere off the field one foot we flee."—

They looked oure their shoulders both,
To see what company was there:
They both had grievous marks of death,
But frae the other nane wad steer.

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George Wharton was the first that fell;
  Our Scotch lord fell immediately:
They both did cry to Him above,
  To save their souls, for they boud die.

THE LAMENT

OF

THE BORDER WIDOW.

This fragment, obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a Border free-booter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V., in the course of that memorable expedition, in 1529, which was fatal to Johnie Armstrang, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders. The vestiges of the castle of Henderland are still to be traced upon the farm of that name, belonging to Mr. Murray of Henderland. They are situated near the mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the lake of St. Mary, in Selkirkshire. The adjacent country, which now hardly bears a single tree, is celebrated by Lesly, as, in his time, affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. A mountain torrent, called Henderland Burn, rushes impetuously from the hills, through a rocky chasm, named the Dowglen, and passes near the site of the tower. To the recesses of this glen, the wife of Cockburne is said to have retreated, during the execution of her husband; and a place, called the *Lady's Seat,* is still shown, where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise, which announced the close of his existence. In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburne and his lady is still shown. It is a large stone, broken in three parts; but some armorial bearings may yet be traced, and the following inscription is still legible, though defaced:—

HERE LYES PERYS OF COKBURNE AND HIS WYFE MARJORY.

Tradition says, that Cockburn was surprised by the king, while sitting at dinner. After the execution, James marched rapidly forward, to surprise Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path through the mountains, which separate the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the *King's Road,* and seems to have been the route which he followed. The remains of the tower of Tushielaw are yet visible, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick; and are an object of terror to the benighted peasant, from an idea of their being haunted by spectres. From these heights, and through the adjacent county of Peebles, passes a wild path, called still the *Thief's Road,* from having been used chiefly by the marauders of the Border.

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THE LAMENT

OF

THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the King that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd [1] his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair;
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNELL.

The following very popular ballad has been handed down by tradition in its present imperfect state. The affecting incident, on which it is founded, is well known. A lady, of the name of Helen Irving, or Bell,[2]

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[1] *Poin'd*—Poinded, attached by legal distress.

[2] This dispute is owing to the uncertain date of the ballad; for, although the last proprietors of Kirconnell were Irvings, when deprived of their possessions by Robert Maxwell in 1600, yet Kirconnell is termed in old chronicles, *The Bell's Tower;* and a stone, with the

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(for this is disputed by the two clans,) daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell, in Dumfries-shire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition: though it has been alleged, that he was a Bell, of Blacket House. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the church-yard of Kirconnell, a romantic spot, almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces. Other accounts say, that Fleming pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid.

The ballad, as now published, consists of two parts. The first seems to be an address, either by Fleming or his rival, to the lady; if, indeed, it constituted any portion of the original poem. For the Editor cannot help suspecting, that these verses have been the production of a different and inferior bard, and only adapted to the original measure and tune. But this suspicion being unwarranted by any copy he has been able to procure, he does not venture to do more than intimate his own opinion. The second part, by far the most beautiful, and which is unquestionably original, forms the lament of Fleming over the grave of fair Helen.

The ballad is here given, without alteration or improvement, from the most accurate copy which could be recovered. The fate of Helen has not, however, remained unsung by modern bards. A lament, of great poetical merit, by the learned historian, Mr. Pinkerton, with several other poems on this subject, have been printed in various forms.

The grave of the lovers is yet shown in the church-yard of Kirconnell, near Springkell. Upon the tomb-stone can still be read—*Hic jacet Adamus Fleming*; a cross and sword are sculptured on the stone. The former is called by the country people, the gun with which Helen was murdered; and the latter, the avenging sword of her lover. *Sit illis terra levis!* A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed; a token of abhorrence common to most nations.[1]

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNELL.

PART FIRST.

O! sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care,
  Since first I loved thee.

---

arms of that family, has been found among its ruins. Fair Helen's sirname, therefore, depends upon the period at which she lived, which it is now impossible to ascertain.

[1] This practice has only very lately become obsolete in Scotland. But a few years ago,

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Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind
As any one that thou shalt find,
  Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadest pool, the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
  Though he preferred be.

Yet, nevertheless, I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
  Though I disdained be.

O! Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet!
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat
  Thy captive cruelly?

O! Helen brave! but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave,
  And dies for love of thee.

PART SECOND.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd [1] Helen dropt,
  And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee;

---

a cairn was pointed out to me in the King's Park of Edinburgh, which had been raised in detestation of a cruel murder, perpetrated by one Nicol Muschat, on the body of his wife, in that place, in the year 1720. [This is the *Muschat's Cairn* of the Heart of Mid-Lothian.—Ed.]

[1] *Burd Helen*—Maid Helen.

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I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Were thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn over my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.[1]

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[1] [The Edinburgh Reviewer for January, 1803, quotes verses 4—8 of the 2d part of this ballad, as "of exquisite merit." The fate of Fair Helen has since been celebrated by Wordsworth, in these beautiful stanzas:—

"Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sat
Upon the Braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian Maid,
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle.
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay;
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.

"From many Knights and many Squires
The Bruce had been selected;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.

"But what is Gordon's beauteous face?
And what are Gordon's crosses,
To them who sit by Kirtle's braes,
Upon the verdant mosses?
Alas that ever he was born!
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
Sees them and their caressing,
Beholds them blest and blessing.

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HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

The Græmes, as we have had frequent occasion to notice, were a powerful and numerous clan, who chiefly inhabited the Debateable Land. They were said to be of Scottish extraction; and their chief claimed his descent from Malice, Earl of Stratherne. In military service they were more attached to England than to Scotland; but in their depredations on both countries, they appear to have been very impartial; for, in the year 1600, the gentlemen of Cumberland alleged to Lord Scroope, "that the Græmes, and their clans, with their children, tenants, and servants, were the chieftest actors in the spoil and decay of the country." Accordingly, they were, at that time, obliged to give a bond of surety for each other's peaceable demeanour; from which bond, their numbers appear to have exceeded four hundred men.—*See Introduction to* NICOLSON'S *History of Cumberland*, p. cviii.

Richard Græme, of the family of Netherby, was one of the attendants upon Charles I., when Prince of Wales, and accompanied him upon his romantic journey through France and Spain. The following little anecdote, which then occurred, will show that the memory of the Græmes' Border exploits was at that time still preserved.

"They were now entered into the deep time of Lent, and could get no flesh in their inns. Whereupon fell out a pleasant passage, if I may insert it, by the way, among more serious. There was, near Bayonne, a

---

"Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling,—
And starting up, to Bruce's heart
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it when it came,
And, stepping forth to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The youth, her chosen lover.

"And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
Thus from the heart of her true-love,
The mortal spear repelling.
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish Crescent.

"But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing:
And coming back across the wave,
Without a groan on Helen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

"Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirkonnell churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn HIC JACET!"]

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herd of goats, with their young ones; upon the sight whereof, Sir Richard Graham tells the Marquis (of Buckingham), that he would snap one of the kids, and make some shift to carry him snug to their lodging. Which the Prince overhearing, 'Why, Richard,' says he, 'do you think you may practise here your old tricks upon the Borders?' Upon which words, they, in the first place, gave the goat-herd good contentment: and then, while the Marquis and Richard, being both on foot, were chasing the kid about the stack, the Prince, from horseback, killed him in the head, with a Scottish pistol.—Which circumstance, though trifling, may yet serve to show how his Royal Highness, even in such slight and sportful damage, had a noble sense of just dealing."—*Sir* H. WOTTON'S *Life of the Duke of Buckingham.*

I find no traces of this particular Hughie Græme, of the ballad; but, from the mention of the *Bishop,* I suspect he may have been one of about four hundred Borderers, against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to Robert Aldridge, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, for divers incursions, burnings, murders, mutilations, and spoils, by them committed.—NICOLSON'S *History, Introduction,* lxxxi. There appear a number of Græmes, in the specimen which we have of that list of delinquents There occur, in particular,

Ritchie Grame of Bailie,
Will's Jock Grame,
Fargue's Willie Grame,
Muckle Willie Grame,
Will Grame of Rosetrees,
Ritchie Grame, younger of Netherby,
Wat Grame, called Flaughtail,
Will Grame, Nimble Willie,
Will Grame, Mickle Willie,

with many others.

In Mr. Ritson's curious and valuable collection of legendary poetry, entitled *Ancient Songs,* he has published this Border ditty, from a collation of two old black-letter copies, one in the collection of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe, and another in the hands of John Bayne, Esq.—The learned Editor mentions another copy, beginning, "Good Lord John is a hunting gone." The present edition was procured for me by my friend Mr. William Laidlaw, in Black-house, and has been long current in Selkirkshire; but Mr. Ritson's copy has occasionally been resorted to for better readings.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

"Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tryed."—

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"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."—

"Then do your worst now, good Lord Scroope,
And deal your blows as hard as you can!
It shall be tried within an hour,
Which of us two is the better man."—

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bloody at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.

Then they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town;
The lasses and lads stood on the walls;
Crying, "Hughie the Græme, thou's ne'er gae down!"—

Then they hae chosen a jury of men,
The best that were in Carlisle [1] town;
And twelve of them cried out at once,
"Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down!"—

Then up bespak him gude Lord Hume,[2]
As he sat by the judge's knee,—
"Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."—

"O no, O no, my gude Lord Hume!
For sooth and sae it mauna be;
For, were there but three Græmes of the name,
They suld be hanged a' for me."—

'Twas up and spake the gude Lady Hume,
As she sat by the judge's knee,—
"A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume!
Forsooth and so it must na be;
Where he but the one Græme of the name,
He suld be hanged high for me."—

"If I be guilty," said Hughie the Græme,
"Of me my friends shall have small talk;"
And he has louped fifteen feet and three,
Though his hands they were tied behind his back.

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[1] *Garlard*—Anc. Songs. [2] *Boles*—Anc. Songs.

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He looked over his left shoulder,
And for to see what he might see;
There was he aware of his auld father,
Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.

"O hald your tongue, my father," he says,
"And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me fro' Heaven hie.

"Fair ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!
The last time we came ower the muir,
'Twas thou bereft me of my life,
And wi' the Bishop thou play'd the whore.[1]

"Here, Johnie Armstrang, take thou my sword,
That is made o' the metal sae fine;
And when thou comest to the English[2] side,
Remember the death of Hughie the Græme."

JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE.

AN ANCIENT NITHSDALE BALLAD.

The hero of this ballad appears to have been an outlaw and deer-stealer—probably one of the broken men residing upon the Border. There are several different copies, in one of which the principal personage is called *Johnie of Cockielaw.* The stanzas of greatest merit have been selected from each copy. It is sometimes said, that this outlaw possessed the old Castle of Morton, in Dumfries-shire, now ruinous:—"Near to this castle there was a park, built by Sir Thomas Randolph, on the face of a very great and high hill; so artificially, that, by the advantage of the hill, all wild beasts, such as deers, harts, and roes, and hares, did easily leap in, but could not get out again; and if any other cattle, such as cows, sheep, or goats, did voluntarily leap in, or were forced to do it, *it is doubted* if their owners were permitted to get them out again." *Account of Presbytery of Penpont, apud Marfarlane's MSS.* Such a park would form a convenient domain to an outlaw's castle, and the mention of Durrisdeer, a neighbouring parish, adds weight to the tradition. I have seen on a mountain near Callendar, a sort of pinfold, composed of immense rocks, piled upon each other, which, I was told, was anciently constructed for the above-mentioned purpose. The mountain is thence called *Uah var,* or the *Cove of the Giant.*

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[1] Of the morality of Robert Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, we know but little; but his political and religious faith were of a stretching and accommodating texture. Anthony a Wood observes, that there were many changes in his time, both in church and state; but that the worthy prelate retained his office and preferments during them all.

[2] *Border*—Anc. Songs.

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JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE.

Johnie rose up in a May morning,
  Call'd for water to wash his hands—
"Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs,
  That are bound wi' iron bands."—

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that,
  Her hands for dule she wrang—
"O Johnie! for my benison,
  To the greenwood dinna gang!

"Eneugh ye hae o' gude wheat bread,
  And eneugh o' the blood-red wine;
And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnie,
  I pray ye, stir frae hame."—

But Johnie's busk't up his gude bend bow,
  His arrows, ane by ane;
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,
  To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
  And in by the benty line,
There has he espied a deer lying
  Aneath a bush of ling.[1]

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
  And he wounded her on the side;
But, atween the water and the brae,
  His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnie has bryttled[2] the deer sae weel,
  That he's had out her liver and lungs;
And wi' these he has feasted his bluidy hounds,
  As if they had been earl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
  And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bluidy hounds,
  Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there came a silly auld carle,
  An ill death mote he die!
For he's awa' to Hislinton,
  Where the Seven Foresters did lie.

"What news, what news, ye gray-headed carle,
  What news bring ye to me?"—

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[1] *Ling*—Heath.
[2] *Bryttle*—To cut up venison. See the Ancient ballad of *Chevy Chace*, v. 8.

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"I bring nae news," said the gray-headed carle,
"Save what these eyes did see.

"As I came down by Merriemass,
And down among the scroggs,[1]
The bonniest childe that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

"The shirt that was upon his back
Was o' the Holland fine;
The doublet which was over that
Was o' the lincome twine.[2]

"The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o' the goud sae gude:
The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi' blude."—

Then out and spak the First Forester,
The heid man ower them a'—
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw."—

But up and spak the Sixth Forester,
(His sister's son was he,)
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die!"—

The first flight of arrows the Foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak the Seventh Forester,
"The next will gar him die."

Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane;
And he has slain the Seven Foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side;
But and his collar bane;
He's laid him twa-fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

"O is there nae a bonnie bird,
Can sing as I can say;
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away?"—[3]

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[1] *Scroggs*—Stunted trees. [2] Th Lincoln manufacture.

[3] [Perhaps here should be inserted the beautiful stanza preserved by Finlay, so descriptive, as he remarks, of the languor of death:

"There's no a bird in a' this forest
Will do as meikle for me,

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The starling flew to his mother's window stane,
It whistled and it sang;
And aye the ower word o' the tune
Was—"Johnie tarries lang!"

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the slae-thorn tree,
And mony mony were the men
At fetching o'er Johnie.

Then out and spak his auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa'—
"Ye wad nae be warn'd, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa'.

"Aft hae I brought to Breadislee,
The less gear[1] and the mair,
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee,
What grieved my heart sae sair.

"But wae betyde that silly auld carle!
An ill death shall he die!
For the highest tree in Merriemass
Shall be his morning's fee."

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude graie dogs are slain;
And his bodie lies dead in Durrisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.[2]

KATHARINE JANFARIE.

The Ballad was published in the first edition of this work, under the title of "*The Laird of Laminton.*" It is now given in a more perfect state, from several recited copies. The residence of the lady, and the

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As dip its wing in the wan water,
And straik it on my ee-bree."
MOTHERWELL, p. 22.]

[1] *Gear*—Usually signifies *goods*, but here *spoil*.

[2] [Mr. Motherwell has printed some stanzas of perhaps a more ancient set of this ballad —*e. g.*

V. 2.—"Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And it's lang before the sun, sun;
And there did he spy the dun deer lie
Beneath a bush o' brume, brume,
Beneath a bush o' brume."

V. 5.—"It's down, and it's down, and it's down, down,
And it's down among the scrogs, scrogs;
And it's there ye'll espy twa bonny boys lie
Asleep amang their dogs, dogs,
Asleep amang their dogs."—P. 23.]

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scene of the affray at her bridal, is said, by old people, to have been upon the banks of the Cadden, near to where it joins the Tweed.—Others say the skirmish was fought near Traquair, and KATHARINE JANFARIE'S dwelling was in the glen about three miles above Traquair House.[1]

KATHARINE JANFARIE.

There was a may, and a weel-far'd may,
  Lived high up in yon glen:
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,
  She was courted by mony men.

Up then came Lord Lauderdale,
  Up frae the Lawland Border;
And he has come to court this may,
  A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
  And he told na ane o' her kin;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersell,
  And has her favour won.

But out then cam Lord Lochinvar,[2]
  Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this bonny may,
  Weel mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
  And a' the lave o' her kin;
But he told na the bonnie may hersell,
  Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
  Gin he wad come and see;
And he has sent word back again,
  Well answer'd she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger
  Right quickly through the land,
And raised mony an armed man
  To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
  Beheld baith dale and down,

---

[1] [At page 225 of Motherwell, the reader will find another version of this ballad, in which the heroine bears not the name of *Janfarie* but *Johnstone*, and her lover is, as in the first edition of the Minstrelsy, the Laird of Lamington—*i. e.* Baillie of Lamington, in Clydesdale, the head of that ancient name.—ED.]

[2] [Gordon of Lochinvar, head of a powerful branch of that name, afterwards Viscounts of Lochinvar.]

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And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,
Upon her wedding day;
And said—"It was the Fairy court
To see him in array!

"O come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play?
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the wedding day?"—[1]

"I come na here to fight," he said,
"I come na here to play;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,
And mount, and go my way."[2]

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was filled up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.[3]

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen speir'd na leave.[4]

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar!
Now take her if you may!
But, if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,

---

[1] ["Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'"
Lady Heron's Songs, *Marmion*, Canto V.]

[2] ["'I long woo'd your daughter, my suit ye denied,—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.'"
Ibid.]

[3] ["The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye."
Ibid.]

["One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar."
Ibid.]

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A' clad in the Johnstone grey;[1]
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand, if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a';
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride—
"O wae's me for foul play!"[2]

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!
Wae to your wilfu' will!
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whae's bluid ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English Border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul foul play.

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE.

An edition of this ballad is current, under the title of "The Laird of Ochiltree;" but the Editor, since the first publication of this work, has been fortunate enough to recover the following more correct and ancient

---

[1] *Johnstone Grey*—The livery of the ancient family of Johnstone. [This circumstance appears to support the Clydesdale copy, which gives Katharine the surname of Johnstone. I incline to suspect that she was a Johnstone of *Wamphray*, and that Katharine o' Wamphray had been blundered, by the Ettrick reciters, into Katharine Jeffrey, vulgarly pronounced *Janfray*.—ED.]

[2] ["It's up the Cowden bank
And down the Cowden brae:
And aye she made the trumpet sound
It's a weel won play.
O melkle was the blood was shed
Upon the Cowden brae,
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It's a' fair play."
MOTHERWELL, p. 229]

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copy, as recited by a gentleman residing near Biggar. It agrees more nearly, both in the name and in the circumstances, with the real fact, than the printed ballad of Ochiltree.

In the year 1592, Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, was agitating his frantic and ill-concerted attempts against the person of James VI., whom he endeavoured to surprise in the Palace of Falkland. Through the emulation and private rancour of the courtiers, he found adherents even about the King's person; among whom, it seems, was the hero of our ballad, whose history is thus narrated in that curious and valuable chronicle, of which the first part has been published under the title of "The Historie of King James the Sext."

"In this close tyme it fortunit, that a gentleman, callit Weymis of Logye, being also in credence at court, was delatit as a traffekker with Frances Erle Bothwell; and he, being examinat before King and counsall, confessit his accusation to be of veritie, that sundry tymes he had spokin with him, expresslie aganis the King's inhibitioun proclamit in the contrare, whilk confession he subscryvit with his hand; and because the event of this mater had sik a success, it sall also be praysit be my pen, as a worthie turne, proceiding from honest chest love and charitie, whilk suld on na wayis be obscurit from the posteritie, for the gude example; and therefore I have thought gude to insert the same for a perpetual memorie.

"Queen Anne, our noble princess, was servit with dyverss gentilwemen of hir awin cuntrie, and naymelie with ane callit Mres. Margaret Twynstoun,[1] to whome this gentilman, Weymes of Lohye, bure great honest affection, tending to the godlie band of marriage, the whilk was honestlie requytet be the said gentilwoman, yea even in his greatest mister;[2] for howsone she understude the said gentilman to be in distress, and apperantlie be his confession to be puneist to the death, and she having prevelege to ly in the Queynis chalmer that same verie night of his accusation, whare the King was also reposing that same night, she came furth of the dure prevelie, bayth the prencis being then at quyet rest, and past to the chalmer, whare the said gentilman was put in custodie to certayne of the garde, and commandit thayme that immediatelie he sould be broght to the King and Queyne, whareunto they geving sure credence, obeyit. But howsone she was cum back to the chalmer dur, she desyrit the watches to stay till he sould cum furth agayne, and so she closit the dur, and convoyit the gentilman to a windo', whare she ministrat a long corde unto him to convoy himself doun upon; and sa, be hir gude cheritable help, he happelie escapit be the subteltie of love."

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE.

I will sing, if ye will hearken,
  If ye will hearken unto me;
The King has ta'en a poor prisoner,
  The wanton laird o' young Logie.

---

[1] Twynlace, according to Spottiswoode.

[2] *Mister*—necessity.

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Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel;
  Carmichael's the keeper o' the key;[1]
And may Margaret's lamenting sair,
  A' for the love of young Logie.[2]

"Lament, lament na, may Margaret,
  And of your weeping let me be;
For ye maun to the King himsell,
  To seek the life of young Logie."

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
  And she has curl'd back her yellow hair—
"If I canna get young Logie's life,
  Farewell to Scotland for evermair."—

When she came before the King,
  She knelit lowly on her knee—
"O what's the matter, may Margaret?
  And what needs a' this courtesie?"—

"A boon, a boon, my noble liege,
  A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee!
And the first boon that I come to crave,
  Is to grant me the life of young Logie."—

"O na, O na, may Margaret,
  Forsooth, and so it mauna be;
For a' the gowd o' fair Scotland
  Shall not save the life of young Logie."

But she has stown the King's redding kaim,
  Likewise the Queen her wedding knife,
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
  To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
  Another o' the white monie;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
  And bade him shoot when he gat free.

When he came to the tolbooth stair,
  There he let his volley flee:
It made the King in his chamber start,
  E'en in the bed where he might be.

---

[1] Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, the hero of the ballad called the *Raid of the Reidswire*, was appointed captain of the king's guard in 1588, and usually had the keeping of state criminals of rank.

[2] [After stanza 2d, Mr. Motherwell inserts, from recitation, the following:

"May Margaret sits in the Queen's bouir
  Kincking her fingers ane by ane;
Cursing the day that she ere was born,
  Or that ere she heard o' Logie's name."—P. 56.—Ed.]

[3] *Redding kaim*—Comb for the hair.

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"Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the shot o' young Logie."—

When Carmichael came before the King,
He fell low down upon his knee:
The very first word that the King spake,
Was—"Where's the laird of young Logie?"—

Carmichael turn'd him round about,
(I wot the tear blinded his ee,)
"There came a token frae your grace,
Has ta'en away the laird frae me."—

"Hast thou play'd me that, Carmichael?
And hast thou play'd me that?" quoth he;
"The morn the justice court's to stand,
And Logie's place ye maun supplie."

Carmichael's awa to Margaret's bower,
Even as fast as he may dree—
"O if young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak with me!"—

May Margaret turn'd her round about,
(I wot a loud laugh laughed she,)
"The egg is chipp'd, the bird is flown,
Ye'll see nae mair of young Logie."

The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,
The tother at the Queen's Ferrie:
And she's gotten a father to her bairn,
The wanton laird of young Logie.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

This is a sort of charm sung by the lower ranks of Roman Catholics in some parts of the north of England, while watching a dead body, previous to interment. The tune is doleful and monotonous, and, joined to the mysterious import of the words, has a solemn effect. The word *sleet*, in the chorus, seems to be corrupted from *selt*, or salt; a quantity of which, in compliance with a popular superstition, is frequently placed on the breast of a corpse.

The late Mr. Ritson found an illustration of this dirge in a MS. of the Cotton Library, containing an account of Cleveland, in Yorkshire, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was kindly communicated to the Editor by Mr. Frank, Mr. Ritson's executor, and runs thus:—"When any dieth, certaine women sing a song to the dead bodie, recyting the journey that the partye deceased must goe; and they are of beliefe (such is their fondnesse) that once in their lives, it is good to give a pair of new shoes to a

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poor man, for as much as, after this life, they are to pass barefoote through a great launde, full of thornes and furzen, except by the meryte of the almes aforesaid they have redemed the forfeyte; for, at the edge of the launde, an oulde man shall meet them with the same shoes that were given by the partie when he was lyving; and, after he hath shodde them, dismisseth them to go through thick and thin, without scratch or scalle."—*Julius,* F. VI. 459.

The mythologic ideas of the dirge are common to various creeds. The Mahometan believes, that, in advancing to the final judgment-seat, he must traverse a bar of red-hot iron, stretched across a bottomless gulf. The good works of each true believer, assuming a substantial form, will then interpose betwixt his feet and this "*Bridge of Dread;*" but the wicked, having no such protection, must fall headlong into the abyss.—D'Herbelot, *Bibliothéque Orientale.*

Passages, similar to this dirge, are also to be found in *Lady Culross's Dream,* as quoted in the second Dissertation prefixed by Mr. Pinkerton to his *Select Scottish Ballads,* 2 vols. The dreamer journeys towards heaven, accompanied and assisted by a celestial guide:—

> "Through dreadful dens, which made my heart aghast,
> He bare me up when I began to tire.
> Sometimes we clamb o'er craggy mountains high,
> And sometimes stay'd on ugly braes of sand;
> They were so stay that wonder was to see:
> But, when I fear'd, he held me by the hand.
> Through great deserts we wandered on our way—
> Forward we passed on narrow bridge of trie,
> O'er waters great, which hediously did roar."

Again, she supposes herself suspended over an infernal gulf:—

> "Ere I was ware, one gripp'd me at the last,
> And held me high above a flaming fire.
> The fire was great; the heat did pierce me sore;
> My faith grew weak; my grip was very small;
> I trembled fast; my fear grew more and more."

A horrible picture of the same kind, dictated probably by the author's unhappy state of mind, is to be found in Brooke's *Fool of Quality.* The dreamer, a ruined female, is suspended over the gulf of perdition by a single hair, which is severed by a demon, who, in the form of her seducer, springs upwards from the flames.

The Russian funeral service, without any allegorical imagery, expresses the sentiment of the dirge in language alike simple and noble. "Hast thou pitied the afflicted, O man? In death shalt thou be pitied. Hast thou consoled the orphan? The orphan will deliver thee. Hast thou clothed the naked? The naked will procure thee protection."—Richardson's *Anecdotes of Russia.*

But the most minute description of the *Brig o' Dread* occurs in the legend of *Sir Owain,* No. XL. in the MS. Collection of Romances, W. 4. 1. Advocates' Library, Edinburgh: though its position is not the same as in the dirge, which may excite a suspicion that the order of the stanzas in the latter has been transposed. Sir Owain, a Northumbrian knight, after many frightful adventures in St. Patrick's purgatory, at last arrives

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at the bridge, which, in the legend, is placed betwixt purgatory and paradise :—

"The fendes han the knight ynome,[1]
To a stinkand water thai ben ycome,
He no seigh never er [2] non swiche;
It stank fouler than ani hounde,
And mani mile it was to the grounde,
And was as swart as piche.

"And Owain seigh ther ouer ligge
A swithe strong naru brigge:
The fendes seyd tho; [3]
'Lo! Sir Knight, sestow [4] this?
This is the brigge of paradis,
Here over thou must go.

"'And we thee schal with stones prowe,
And the winde thee schal over blow.
And wirche thee full wo;
Thou no schalt for all this unduerd,
But gif thou falle a midwerd,
To our fewes [5] mo.

"'And when thou art adown yfalle,
Than schal com our felawes alle,
And with her [6] hokes thee hede;
We schal thee teche a newe play:
Thou hast served us mani a day,
And into helle thee lede.'—

"Owain biheld the brigge smert,
The water ther under blac and swert,
And sore him gan to drede;
For of othing [7] he tok yeme,[8]
Never mot, in some beme,
Thicker than the fendes yede. [9]

"The brigge was as heigh as a tour,
And as scharpe as a rasour,
And naru it was also;
And the water that ther ran under,
Brend o' lightning and of thonder,
That thocht him michel wo.

"Ther nis no clerk may write with ynke,
No no man no may bethink,
No no maister deuine;
That is ymade forsooth ywis,
Under the brigge of paradis,
Halvendel the pine.

"So the dominical ous telle,
Ther is the pure entrae of helle,
Seine Poule berth witnesse: [10]
Whoso falieth of the brigge adown,
Of him nis no redempcioun,
Noither more nor lesse.

---

[1] *Ynome*—took.—[2] *Seigh never er*—saw never before.—[3] *Tho*—then.—[4] *Sestow*—see'st thou.—[5] *Fewes*—probably contracted for fellows.—[6] *Her*—their.—[7] *Othing*—one thing.
[8] *Yeme*—aim; notice.—[9] *Yede*—went.—[10] The reader will probably search St. Paul in vain for the evidence here referred to.

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"The fendes seyd to the knight tho,
'Ouer this brigge might thou nowght go,
For noneskines nede;[1]
Flee peril, sorwe, and wo,
And to that stede[2] ther thou com fro,
Wel fair we schal thee lede.'—

"Owain anon began bithenche,
Fram hou mani of the fendes wrenche,
God him saved hadde;
He sett his fot upon the brigge,
No feld he no scharpe egge,
No nothing him no drad.

"When the fendes yseigh tho,
That he was more than half ygo,
Loude they gun to crie;
'Allas! allas! that he was born!
This ich knight we have forlorn
Out of our baylie.'"—[3]

The author of the *Legend of Sir Owain,* though a zealous Catholic, has embraced, in the fullest extent, the Talmudic doctrine of an earthly paradise, distinct from the celestial abode of the just, and serving as a place of initiation, preparatory to perfect bliss, and to the beatific vision.—See the Rabbi Menasse ben Israel, in a treatise called *Nishmath Chajim,* i. e. The Breath of Life.[4]

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every night and alle;
Fire and sleete, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence away are paste,
Every night and alle;
To Whinny-muir thou comest at laste;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every night and alle;
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
Every night and alle;
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane:
And Christe receive thye saule.

---

[1] No kind of necessity. [2] *Stede*—dwelling. [3] *Baylie*—jurisdiction.
[4] [The reader is requested to compare this "Lyke-wake Dirge," with the chant to the parting spirit in Guy Mannering.—Ed.]

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From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
  Every night and alle;
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at laste;
  And Christe receive thye saule.

* * * * *

(*A stanza wanting.*)

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,
  Every night and alle;
To purgatory fire thou comest at laste;
  And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
  Every night and alle;
The fire shall never make thee shrinke;
  And Christe receive thye saule.

If meate or drinke thou never gavest nane,
  Every night and alle;
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
  And Christe receive thye saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
  Every night and alle;
Fire and sleete, and candle lighte,
  And Christe receive thye saule.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

This ballad, which is a very great favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, is universally believed to be founded in fact. I found it easy to collect a variety of copies; but very difficult indeed to select from them such a collated edition, as might, in any degree, suit the taste of "these more light and giddy-paced times."

Tradition places the event, recorded in the song, very early; and it is probable that the ballad was composed soon afterwards, although the language has been gradually modernized, in the course of its transmission to us, through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition. The bard does not relate particulars, but barely the striking outlines of a fact, apparently so well known when he wrote, as to render minute detail as unnecessary as it is always tedious and unpoetical.

The hero of the ballad was a knight of great bravery, called Scott, who is said to have resided at Kirkhope, or Oakwood Castle, and is, in tradition, termed the Baron of Oakwood. The estate of Kirkhope belonged anciently to the Scotts of Harden: Oakwood is still their property, and has been so from time immemorial. The Editor was therefore led to

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suppose, that the hero of the ballad might have been identified with John Scott, sixth son of the Laird of Harden, murdered in Ettrick Forest by his kinsmen, the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. (See notes to *Jamie Telfer, ante.*) This appeared the more probable, as the common people always affirm that this young man was treacherously slain, and that, in evidence thereof, his body remained uncorrupted for many years; so that even the roses on his shoes seemed as fresh as when he was first laid in the family vault at Hassendean. But from a passage in Nisbet's Heraldry, he now believes the ballad refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, betwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlestane, in which the latter was slain.

In ploughing Annan's Treat, a huge monumental stone, with an inscription, was discovered; but being rather scratched than engraved, and the lines being run through each other, it is only possible to read one or two Latin words. It probably records the event of the combat. The person slain was the male ancestor of the present Lord Napier.

Tradition affirms, that the hero of the song (be he who he may) was murdered by the brother, either of his wife or betrothed bride. The alleged cause of malice was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, and the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat. It is a low muir, on the banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow Kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected, about eighty yards distant from each other; and the least child, that can herd a cow, will tell the passenger, that there lie "the two lords, who were slain in single combat."

It will be, with many readers, the greatest recommendation of these verses, that they are supposed to have suggested to Mr. Hamilton of Bangour the modern ballad, beginning,

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride."[1]

A fragment, apparently regarding the story of the following ballad, but in a different measure, occurs in Mr. Herd's MS., and runs thus:—

"When I look east, my heart is sair,
But when I look west, it's mair and mair;
For then I see the braes o' Yarrow,
And there, for aye, I lost my marrow."

---

[1] [It may now be added, that Hamilton's ballad, and the scenery of the tragic tale, have inspired Mr. Wordsworth to two of his most exquisite poems—"Yarrow Unvisited," and "Yarrow Visited;" and that he has more lately immortalized an excursion to the Yarrow, in which he was accompanied by Sir Walter Scott, only two days before Sir Walter left Scotland in September, 1831, in a most affecting piece, not yet published, entitled, "Yarrow Revisited."—Ed.]

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THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.[1]

VOCE.

PIANO FORTE.

Late at e'en, drinking the wine, And ere they paid the law - ing, They set a com- -bat them between, To fight it at the daw--ing As he gaed up the

---

[1] [*Dowie*—means *melancholy*.

"Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy—
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy."

Yarrow Visited.]

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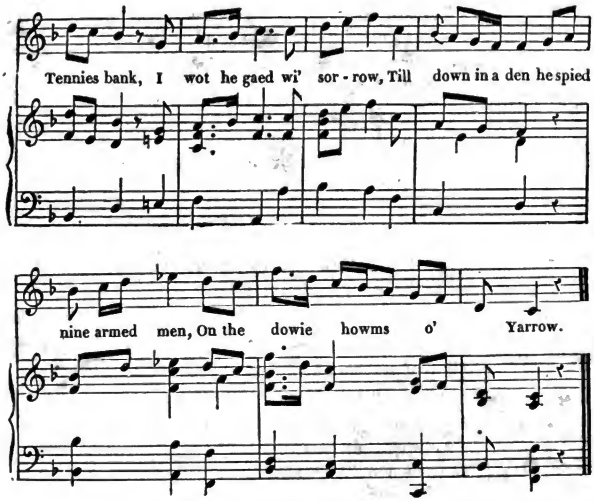

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
  And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
  To fight it in the dawing.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord,
  O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
  On the dowie houms of Yarrow."—

"O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
  O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
  Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
  As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
  And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,[1]
  I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd men,
  On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

---

[1] [*The Tennies* is the name of a farm of the Duke of Buccleuch's, a little below Yarrow Kirk.]

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"O come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie Forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?"—

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother[1] John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleepin sound on Yarrow."—

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armed men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough,
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

---

[1] *Good-brother*—Beau-frère; brother-in-law.

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"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord,
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."—

"O haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This Ballad is published, partly from one, under this title, in Mrs. Brown's Collection, and partly from a MS. of some antiquity, penes Edit.—The stanzas appearing to possess most merit, have been selected from each copy.

"O waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen!"—
"And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean!

"O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom ye may not win near?"—

"I have not tint, at tournament,
My sword nor yet my spear;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

"But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me."—

"But how sall I your true love find,
Or how suld I her know?
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw."—

"O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see;
For, of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

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"The red, that's on my true love's cheek,
  Is like blood-drops on the snaw;[1]
The white, that is on her breast bare,
  Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

"And even at my love's bour-door
  There grows a flowering birk;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
  As she gangs to the kirk.

"And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
  Will to the mass repair;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
  The fairest ladye there."

Lord William has written a love-letter,
  Put it under his pinion gray;
And he is awa to Southern land
  As fast as wings can gae.

And even at the ladye's bour
  There grew a flowering birk;
And he sat down and sung thereon
  As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair
  Amang her maidens free;
For the flower, that springs in May morning,
  Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's yate,
  And sat him on a pin;
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
  Till a' was cosh[2] within.

And first he sang a low low note,
  And syne he sang a clear;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
  Was—"Your love can no win here."—

---

[1] This simile resembles a passage in a MS. translation of an Irish Fairy tale, called *The Adventures of Faravla, Princess of Scotland, and Carral O'Daly, Son of Donogho More O'Daly, Chief Bard of Ireland.* "Faravla, as she entered her bower, cast her looks upon the earth, which was tinged with the blood of a bird which a raven had newly killed: 'Like that snow,' said Faravla, 'was the complexion of my beloved, his cheeks like the sanguine traces thereon; whilst the raven recalls to my memory the colour of his beautiful locks.'" There is also some resemblance in the conduct of the story, betwixt the ballad and the tale just quoted. The Princess Faravla, being desperately in love with Carral O'Daly, despatches in search of him a faithful confidante, who, by her magical art, transforms herself into a hawk, and, perching upon the windows of the bard, conveys to him information of the distress of the Princess of Scotland.

In the ancient romance of *Sir Tristrem*, the simile of the "blood-drops upon snow" likewise occurs:—

"A bride bright thai ches
As blod opon snoweing."

[2] *Cosh*—quiet.

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"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,[1]
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true love sen."

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he pick'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

"Have there a letter from Lord William;
He says he's sent ye three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die."—

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The lady's gane to her chamber.
And a moanfu' woman was she;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,[2]
And were about to die.

"A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee!"—
"Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see.

"But, for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be."—
"Then, gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

"And when ye come to St. Mary's kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night."
And so her father pledg'd his word,
And so his promise plight.

---

[1] *Shot-window*—A bow-window. [2] *Brash*—sickness.

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She has ta'en her to her bigly bour
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mix'd wi' care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,[1]
And she seem'd to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spake her cruel step-minnie,
"Tak ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead."

They took a drap o' boiling lead,
They drapp'd it on her breast;
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,
"She's dead without the priest."

She neither chatter'd with her teeth,
Nor shiver'd with her chin;
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,
"There is nae breath within."

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier;
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell;[2]
And every steek that they put in
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam to St. Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on a raw;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.

"Set down, set down the bier," he said;
"Let me look her upon:"
But as soon as Lord William touch'd her hand,
Her colour began to come.

---

[1] *Blee*—bloom. [2] *Kell*—shroud.

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She brightened like the lily flower,
  Till her pale colour was gone;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
  She smiled her love upon.

"A morsel of your bread, my lord,
  And one glass of your wine;
For I hae fasted these three lang days,
  All for your sake and mine.—

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers!
  Gae hame and blaw your horn!
I trow ye wad hae gi'en me the skaith,
  But I've gi'en you the scorn.

"Commend me to my grey father,
  That wished my saul gude rest;
But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
  Garr'd burn me on the breast."—

"Ah! woe to you, you light woman!
  An ill death may ye die!
For we left father and sisters at hame
  Breaking their hearts for thee."[1]

BROWN ADAM.

There is a copy of this Ballad in Mrs. Brown's Collection. The Editor has seen one, printed on a single sheet. The epithet, "Smith," implies, probably, the sirname, not the profession, of the hero, who seems to have been an outlaw. There is, however, in Mrs. Brown's copy, a verse of little merit, here omitted, alluding to the implements of that occupation.

O wha wad wish the wind to blaw,
  Or the green leaves fa' therewith?
Or wha wad wish a lealer love
  Than Brown Adam the Smith?

But they hae banished him, Brown Adam,
  Frae father and frae mother;
And they hae banish'd him, Brown Adam,
  Frae sister and frae brother.

And they hae banish'd him, Brown Adam,
  The flower o' a' his kin;

[1] [The reader will find another version of this ballad in Motherwell's Collection, 1827, p. 333.—Ed.]

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And he's bigged a bour in gude green-wood
  Atween his ladye and him.

It fell upon a summer's day,
  Brown Adam he thought lang;
And, for to hunt some venison,
  To green-wood he wald gang.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
  His bolts and arrows lang;
And he is to the gude green-wood
  As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
  The bird upon the brier;
And he sent it hame to his ladye,
  Bade her be of gude cheir.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
  The bird upon the thorn;
And sent it hame to his ladye,
  Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he cam to his lady's bour door
  He stude a little forbye,
And there he heard a fou fause knight
  Tempting his gay ladye.

For he's ta'en out a gay goud ring,
  Had cost him many a poun',
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
  And this sall be thy own."—

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she said;
  "I trew sae does he me;
I wadna gie Brown Adam's love
  For nae fause knight I see."—

Out has he ta'en a purse o' gowd,
  Was a' fou to the string,
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
  And a' this sall be thine."—

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says;
  "I wot sae does he me:
I wadna be your light leman,
  For mair than ye could gie."—

Then out he drew his lang bright brand,
  And flash'd it in her een;
"Now grant me love for love, ladye,
  Or thro' ye this sall gang!"—
Then, sighing, says that ladye fair,
  "Brown Adam tarries lang!"—

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Then in and starts him Brown Adam,
Says—"I'm just at your hand."—
He's gar'd him leave his bonny bow,
He's gar'd him leave his brand,
He's gar'd him leave a dearer pledge—
Four fingers o' his right hand.

JELLON GRAME.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This ballad is published from tradition, with some conjectural emendations. It is corrected by a copy in Mrs. Brown's MS., from which it differs in the concluding stanzas. Some verses are apparently modernized.

Jellon seems to be the same name with *Jyllian* or *Julian*. "Jyl of Brentford's Testament" is mentioned in Warton's *History of Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 40. The name repeatedly occurs in old ballads, sometimes as that of a man, at other times as that of a woman. Of the former is an instance in the ballad of "*The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter*."—*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 72:

"Some do call me Jack, sweetheart,
And some do call me *Jille*."

Witton Gilbert, a village four miles west of Durham, is, throughout the bishopric, pronounced Witton Jilbert. We have also the common name of Giles, always in Scotland pronounced Jill. For Gille, or Juliana, as a female name we have *Fair Gillian* of Croyden, and a thousand authorities. Such being the case, the Editor must enter his protest against the conversion of *Gil* Morrice into *Child* Maurice, an epithet of chivalry. All the circumstances in that ballad argue, that the unfortunate hero was an obscure and very young man, who had never received the honour of knighthood. At any rate, there can be no reason, even were internal evidence totally wanting, for altering a well-known proper name, which, till of late years, has been the uniform title of the ballad.

O Jellon Grame sat in Silverwood,[1]
He sharp'd his broadsword lang;
And he has call'd his little foot-page
An errand for to gang.

[1] Silverwood, mentioned in this ballad, occurs in a medley MS. song, which seems to have been copied from the first edition of the Aberdeen cantus, *penes* John G. Dalyell, Esq. advocate. One line only is cited, apparently the beginning of some song:—

"Silverwood, gin ye were mine."

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"Win up, my bonny boy," he says,
"As quickly as ye may;
For ye maun gang for Lillie Flower
Before the break of day."—

The boy has buckled his belt about,
And through the green-wood ran;
And he came to the ladye's bower
Before the day did dawn.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, Lillie Flower?
The red sun's on the rain:
Ye're bidden come to Silverwood,
But I doubt ye'll never win hame."—

She hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely three,
Ere she came to a new-made grave,
Beneath a green aik tree.

O then up started Jellon Grame,
Out of a bush thereby;
"Light down, light down, now, Lillie Flower,
For it's here that ye maun lye."—

She lighted aff her milk-white steed,
And kneel'd upon her knee;
"O mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame,
For I'm no prepared to die!

"Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,
Maun shortly see the light:
But to see it weltering in my blood,
Would be a piteous sight."—

"O should I spare your life," he says,
"Until that bairn were born,
Full weel I ken your auld father
Would hang me on the morn."—

"O spare my life, now, Jellon Grame!
My father ye needna dread:
I'll keep my babe in gude green-wood,
Or wi' it I'll beg my bread."—

He took no pity on Lillie Flower,
Though she for life did pray;
But pierced her through the fair body
As at his feet she lay.

He felt nae pity for Lillie Flower,
Where she was lying dead;
But he felt some for the bonny bairn,
That lay weltering in her bluid.

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Up has he ta'en that bonny boy,
  Given him to nurses nine;
Three to sleep, and three to wake,
  And three to go between.

And he bred up that bonny boy,
  Call'd him his sister's son:
And he thought no eye could ever see
  The deed that he had done.

O so it fell upon a day,
  When hunting they might be,
They rested them in Silverwood,
  Beneath that green aik tree.

And many were the green-wood flowers
  Upon the grave that grew,
And marvell'd much that bonny boy
  To see their lovely hue.

"What's paler than the prymrose wan?
  What's redder than the rose?
What's fairer than the lilye flower
  On this wee know[1] that grows?"—

O out and answer'd Jellon Grame,
  And he spak hastilie—
"Your mother was a fairer flower,
  And lies beneath this tree.

"More pale she was, when she sought my grace,
  Than prymrose pale and wan;
And redder than rose her ruddy heart's blood,
  That down my broadsword ran."—

Wi' that the boy has bent his bow,
  It was baith stout and lang;
And thro' and thro' him, Jellon Grame,
  He gar'd an arrow gang.

Says,—"Lie ye there, now, Jellon Grame!
  My malisoun gang you wi'!
The place that my mother lies buried in
  Is far too good for thee."—

---

[1] *Wee know*—Little hillock.

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WILLIE'S LADYE.

ANCIENT COPY.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

Mr. Lewis, in his *Tales of Wonder,* has presented the public with a copy of this ballad, with additions and alterations. The Editor has also seen a copy, containing some modern stanzas, intended by Mr. Jamieson, of Macclesfield, for publication in his Collection of Scottish Poetry.[1] Yet, under these disadvantages, the Editor cannot relinquish his purpose of publishing the old ballad, in its native simplicity, as taken from Mrs. Brown of Falkland's MS.

Those who wish to know how an incantation, or charm, of the distressing nature here described, was performed in classic days, may consult the story of Galanthis's Metamorphosis, in Ovid, or the following passage in Apuleius : "Eadem (Saga scilicet quædam), amatoris uxorem, quod in "eam dicacule probrum dixerat, jam in sarcinam prægnationis, obsepto "utero, et repigrato fœtu, perpetua prægnatione damnavit. Et ut cuncti "numerant, octo annorum onere, misella illa, velut elephantum paritura, "distenditur."—APUL. *Metam.* lib. I.

There is also a curious tale about a Count of Westeravia, whom a deserted concubine bewitched upon his marriage, so as to preclude all hopes of his becoming a father. The spell continued to operate for three years, till one day, the Count happening to meet with his former mistress, she maliciously asked him about the increase of his family. The Count, conceiving some suspicion from her manner, craftily answered, that God had blessed him with three fine children; on which she exclaimed, like Willie's mother in the ballad, "May Heaven confound the old hag, by whose counsel I threw an enchanted pitcher into the draw-well of your palace!" The spell being found, and destroyed, the Count became the father of a numerous family.—*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels,* p. 474.

Willie's ta'en him o'er the faem,[2]
He's wooed a wife, and brought her hame;
He's wooed her for her yellow hair,
But his mother wrought her meikle care;

And meikle dolour gar'd her dree,
For lighter she can never be;
But in her bower she sits wi' pain,
And Willie mourns o'er her in vain.

And to his mother he has gane,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind!
He says—"My ladie has a cup,
Wi' gowd and silver set about;

---

[1] Edit. 1802. Mr. Jamieson's interesting Collection has since been published. 1810.
[2] *Faem*—The sea foam.

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This gudely gift sall be your ain,
And let her be lighter o' her young bairn."—

"Of her young bairn she's never be lighter,
Nor in her bour to shine the brighter:
But she sall die, and turn to clay,
And you sall wed another may."—

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame."—
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
"I wish my life were at an end!

"Yet gae ye to your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind!
And say, your ladye has a steed,
The like o' him's no in the land o' Leed.[1]

"For he is silver shod before,
And he is gowden shod behind;
At every tuft of that horse mane,
There's a golden chess,[2] and a bell to ring.
This gudely gift sall be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."—

"Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in her bour to shine the brighter;
But she sall die, and turn to clay,
And ye sall wed another may."—

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame."—
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
"I wish my life were at an end!—

"Yet gae ye to your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' rankest kind!
And say your ladye has a girdle,
It's a' red gowd to the middle;

"And aye, at ilka siller hem
Hang fifty siller bells and ten;
This gudely gift sall be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."—

"Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in your bour to shine the brighter:
For she sall die, and turn to clay,
And thou sall wed another may."—

---

[1] *Land o' Leed*—Perhaps Lydia.
[2] *Chess*—Should probably be *jess*, the name of a hawk's bell.

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"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame."—
But, sighing, said that weary wight—
"I wish my days were at an end!"—

Then out and spak the Billy Blind,[1]
(He spak aye in good time:)
"Yet gae ye to the market-place,
And there do buy a loaf of wace,[2]
Do shape it bairn and bairnly like,
And in it twa glassen een you'll put;

"And bid her your boy's christening to,
Then notice weel what she shall do;
And do you stand a little away,
To notice well what she may say."

* * * * *

[*A stanza seems to be wanting. Willie is supposed to follow the advice of the spirit.—His mother speaks.*]

"O wha has loosed the nine witch knots,
That were amang that ladye's locks?
And wha's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That were amang that ladye's hair?

"And wha has ta'en down that bush o' woodbine,
That hung between her bour and mine?
And wha has kill'd the master kid,
That ran beneath that ladye's bed?
And wha has loosed her left foot shee,
And let that ladye lighter be?"

Syne, Willy's loosed the nine witch knots,
That were amang that ladye's locks;
And Willie's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That were into that ladye's hair;
And he's ta'en down the bush o' woodbine,
Hung atween her bour and the witch carline;

And he has kill'd the master kid,
That ran beneath that ladye's bed;

---

[1] *Billy Blind*—A familiar genius or propitious spirit, somewhat similar to the *Brownie*. He is mentioned repeatedly in Mrs. Brown's Ballads, but I have not met with him anywhere else, although he is alluded to in the rustic game of Bogle (i. e. *goblin*) *Billy Blind*. The word is, indeed, used in Sir David Lindsay's plays, but apparently in a different sense—

"Priests sall leid you like ane *Billy Blinde*."

PINKERTON'S *Scottish Poems*, 1792, vol. ii. p. 232.

[2] *Wace*—Wax.

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And he has loosed her left foot shee,
And latten that ladye lighter be;
And now he has gotten a bonny son,
And meikle grace be him upon.

CLERK SAUNDERS.[1]

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This romantic ballad is taken from Mr. Herd's MSS., with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy, in the same volume, and one or two conjectural emendations in the arrangement of the stanzas. The resemblance of the conclusion to the ballad, beginning, "There came a ghost to Margaret's door," will strike every reader. The tale is uncommonly wild and beautiful, and apparently very ancient. The custom of the passing bell is still kept up in many villages in Scotland. The sexton goes through the town, ringing a small bell, and announcing the death of the departed, and the time of the funeral.

The three concluding verses have been recovered since the first edition of this work: and I am informed by the reciter, that it was usual to separate from the rest that part of the ballad which follows the death of the lovers, as belonging to another story. For this, however, there seems no necessity, as other authorities give the whole as a complete tale.[2]

Clerk Saunders and may Margaret
Walked ower yon garden green;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

---

[1] [Two different copies of this pathetic and deeply-interesting ballad have been published: the one by the author of the *Border Minstrelsy*, and the other by Mr. Jamieson, which, though of inferior beauty, is not the less valuable, as illustrating the transmutations to which traditionary song is inevitably subjected. To the copy we have adopted, we were almost inclined to prefix the following verses, which begin the copy preserved by Mr. Jamieson:—

"Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
He lived upon sea sand;
May Margaret was a king's daughter,
She liv'd in upper land.

"Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
Weel learned at the scheel;
May Margaret was a king's daughter,
They baith lo'ed either weel."—

because they supply information as to the rank in society respectively held by these ill-fated lovers—and, by hinting at the scholastic acquirements of Clerk Saunders, they prepare us for the casuistry by which he seeks to reconcile May Margaret's conscience to a most jesuitical oath."—MOTHERWELL'S *Minstrelsy*, p. 147-8.

A third copy has since been published by Buchan, under the title of "Clerk Sandy;" but his various readings are mere housemaid's corruptions. A fourth and more valuable set has also been given by Mr. Kinloch.—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Kinloch has again separated the parts in his edition. See his Ballads, 1827, p. 240.—ED.]

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"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed for you and me!"—
"Fye na, fye na," said may Margaret,
"Till anes we married be;

"For in may come my seven bauld brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright;
They'll say—'We hae but ae sister,
And behold she's wi' a knight!'"—

"Then take the sword from my scabbard,
And slowly lift the pin;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

"And take a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonny een;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."—[1]

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright;
They said, "We hae but ae sister,
And behold her lying with a knight!"

Then out and spake the first o' them,
"I bear the sword shall gar him die!"
And out and spake the second o' them,
"His father has nae mair than he!"

And out and spake the third o' them,
"I wot that they are lovers dear!"
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
"They hae been in love this mony a year!"

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
"It were great sin true love to twain!"
And out and spake the sixth of them,
"It were shame to slay a sleeping man!"

---

[1] [In the north-country version of this ballad, published by Mr. Kinloch, we have an additional stanza here.—

——"Ye'll tak me in your arms twa,
Ye'll carry me into your bed,
And ye may swear, and save your aith,
That in your bour floor I ne'er gae'd."

KINLOCH, p. 235.—ED.]

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Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spake he;
But he has striped[1] his bright brown brand
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd[2]
Into his arms as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly to him she did say,
"It is time, true love, you were awa."

But he lay still, and sleeped sound,
Albeit the sun began to sheen;
She looked atween her and the wa',
And dull and drowsie were his een.

Then in and came her father dear,
Said—"Let a' your mourning be:
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I'll come back and comfort thee."—

"Comfort weel your seven sons,
For comforted will I never be:
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon
Was in the bower last night wi' me."—

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
To carry the dead corpse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Margaret's window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."—

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheik and chin."—

---

[1] *Striped*—Thrust.

[2] ["Nothing could have been better imagined," says Mr. Jamieson, "than the circumstance, in Mr. Scott's copy, of killing Clerk Saunders while his mistress was asleep; nor can any thing be more natural or pathetic than the three stanzas that follow, beginning with,

'Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turned,' etc.

They might have charmed a whole volume of bad poetry against the ravages of time. In Mr. Scott's work, they shine but like pearls among diamonds."—*Jamieson's Ballads*, vol. i. p. 81.]

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"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell, now, of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

"O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way."—

"Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love shall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes of women,
I wot, who die in strong traivelling?"[1]

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;[2]
I wot sweet company for to see.

"O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be miss'd away."—

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh, and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret;

---

[1] *Traivelling*—Child-birth.

[2] From whatever source the popular ideas of heaven be derived, the mention of gillyflowers is not uncommon. Thus, in the Dead Men's Song—

"The fields about this city faire
Were all with roses set;
Gillyflowers, and carnations faire,
Which canker could not fret."
RITSON'S *Ancient Songs*, p. 283.

The description, given in the legend of *Sir Owain*, of the terrestrial paradise, at which the blessed arrive after passing through purgatory, omits gillyflowers, though it mentions many others. As the passage is curious, and the legend has never been published, many persons may not be displeased to see it extracted—

"Fair were her erbers with flowres,
Rose and lili divers colours,
Primros and parvink:
Mint, feverfoy, and eglenterre,
Colombin, and mother wer
Than ani man mai bithenke.
It berth erbes of other maner,
Than ani in erth groweth here,
Tho that is lest of prils;
Evermore thai grene springeth,
For winter no somer it no clingeth,
And sweeter than licorice."

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And aye I thank ye heartilie;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."—

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
She climb'd the wall, and follow'd him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now:
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Than my resting place is weet.

"But plait a wand o' bonny birk,[1]
And lay it on my breast;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

"And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' veritie,
Gin e'er ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me."—

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the grey;
Her lover vanish'd in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

---

[1] The custom of binding the new-laid sod of the churchyard with osiers, or other saplings, prevailed both in England and Scotland, and served to protect the turf from injury by cattle, or otherwise. It is alluded to by Gay, in the *What d'ye call it*—

"Stay, let me pledge, 'tis my last earthly liquor,
When I am dead you'll bind my grave with *wicker*."

In the *Shepherd's Week*, the same custom is alluded to, and the cause explained:—

"With *wicker rods* we fenced her tomb around,
To ward, from man and beast, the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the churchyard graze."
Fifth Pastoral.

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EARL RICHARD.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

There are two Ballads in Mr. Herd's MSS. upon the following story, in one of which the unfortunate Knight is termed YOUNG HUNTIN.[1] A fragment, containing from the sixth to the tenth verse, has been repeatedly published. The best verses are selected from both copies, and some trivial alterations have been adopted from tradition.

"O lady, rock never your young son young,
One hour langer for me;
For I have a sweetheart in Garlioch Wells
I love far better than thee.

"The very sole o' that lady's foot
Than thy face is far mair white."—
"But, nevertheless, now, Erl Richard,
Ye will bide in my bower a' night?"—

She birled[2] him with the ale and wine,
As they sat down to sup:
A living man he laid him down,
But I wot he ne'er rose up.

Then up and spake the popinjay,
That flew aboun her head;
"Lady! keep weel your green cleiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid."—

"O better I'll keep my green cleiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid,
Than thou canst keep thy clattering toung,
That trattles in thy head."

She has call'd upon her bower maidens,
She has call'd them ane by ane;
"There lies a dead man in my bour:
I wish that he were gane!"

They hae booted him, and spurred him,
As he was wont to ride;—
A hunting-horn tied round his waist,
A sharpe sword by his side;
And they hae had him to the wan water,
For a' men call it Clyde.[3]

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[1] [Mr. Buchan has published (1828) a copy of "Young Huntin," as preserved in Aberdeenshire. See vol. i. p. 118.—ED.]
[2] *Birled*—Plied. [3] [*Clyde*, in Celtic, means *white*.—ED.]

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Then up and spoke the popinjay
  That sat upon the tree—
"What hae ye done wi' Erl Richard?
  Ye were his gay ladye."—

"Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
  And sit upon my hand;
And thou sall hae a cage o' gowd,
  Where thou hast but the wand."—

"Awa! awa! ye ill woman!
  Nae cage o' gowd for me;
As ye hae done to Erl Richard,
  Sae wad ye do to me."

She hadna cross'd a rigg o' land,
  A rigg but barely ane,
When she met wi' his auld father,
  Came riding all alane.

"Where hae ye been, now, ladye fair,
  Where hae ye been sae late?
We hae been seeking Erl Richard,
  But him we canna get."—

"Erl Richard kens a' the fords in Clyde,
  He'll ride them ane by ane.
And though the night was ne'er sae mirk,
  Erl Richard will be hame."

O it fell anes, upon a day,
  The King was boun to ride;
And he has mist him, Erl Richard,
  Should hae ridden on his right side.

The ladye turn'd her round about,
  Wi' mickle mournfu' din—
"It fears me sair o' Clyde water,
  That he is drown'd therein."—

"Gar douk, gar douk,"[1] the King he cried,
  "Gar douk for gold and fee;
O wha will douk for Erl Richard's sake,
  Or wha will douk for me?"

They douked in at ae weil-heid,[2]
  And out aye at the other;
"We can douk nae mair for Erl Richard,
  Although he were our brother."

It fell that, in that ladye's castle,
  The King was boun to bed;

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[1] *Douk*—Dive.

[2] *Weil-heid*—Eddy.

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And up and spake the popinjay,
  That flew abune his head.

"Leave aff your douking on the day,
  And douk upon the night;
And where that sackless[1] knight lies slain,
  The candles will burn bright."—

"O there's a bird within this bower,
  That sings baith sad and sweet;
O there's a bird within your bower,
  Keeps me frae my night's sleep."

They left the douking on the day,
  And douk'd upon the night;
And where that sackless knight lay slain,
  The candles burned bright.[2]

The deepest pot in a' the linn,[3]
  They fand Erl Richard in;
A green turf tyed across his breast,
  To keep that gude lord down.

Then up and spake the King himsell,
  When he saw the deadly wound—
"O wha has slain my right-hand man,
  That held my hawk and hound?"—

Then up and spake the popinjay,
  Says—"What needs a' this din?
It was his light leman took his life,
  And hided him in the linn."

Sae swore her by the grass sae grene,
  Sae did she by the corn,
She hadna seen him, Erl Richard,
  Since Moninday at morn.

"Put na the wite on me," she said;
  "It was my may Catherine."

---

[1] *Sackless*—Guiltless.

[2] These are unquestionably the corpse-lights, called in Wales *Canhwyllan Cyrph*, which are sometimes seen to illuminate the spot where a dead body is concealed. The Editor is informed, that, some years ago, the corpse of a man, drowned in the Ettrick, below Selkirk, was discovered by means of these candles. Such lights are common in churchyards, and are probably of a phosphoric nature. But rustic superstition derives them from supernatural agency, and supposes, that, as soon as life has departed, a pale flame appears at the window of the house, in which the person had died, and glides towards the churchyard, tracing through every winding the route of the future funeral, and pausing where the bier is to rest. This and other opinions, relating to the "tomb fires' livid gleam," seem to be of Runic extraction.

[3] The deep holes, scooped in the rock by the eddies of a river, are called *pots*; the motion of the water having there some resemblance to a boiling caldron. *Linn*, means the pool beneath a cataract.

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Then they hae cut baith fern and thorn,
  To burn that maiden in.

It wadna take upon her cheik,
  Nor yet upon her chin;
Nor yet upon her yellow hair,
  To cleanse the deadly sin.

The maiden touch'd the clay-cauld corpse,
  A drap it never bled;
The ladye laid her hand on him,
  And soon the ground was red.

Out they hae ta'en her, may Catherine,
  And put her mistress in;
The flame tuik fast upon her cheik,
  Tuik fast upon her chin;
Tuik fast upon her faire body—
  She burn'd like hollin-green.[1]

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[1] *Hollin-green*—Green holly. The lines immediately preceding, "The maiden touched," etc. and which are restored from tradition, refer to a superstition formerly received in most parts of Europe, and even resorted to by judicial authority, for the discovery of murder. In Germany, this experiment was called *bahr-recht*, or the law of the bier; because, the murdered body being stretched upon a bier, the suspected person was obliged to put one hand upon the wound, and the other upon the mouth of the deceased, and, in that posture, call upon heaven to attest his innocence. If, during this ceremony, the blood gushed from the mouth, nose, or wound, a circumstance not unlikely to happen in the course of shifting or stirring the body, it was held sufficient evidence of the guilt of the party.

The same singular kind of evidence, although reprobated by Malthaeus and Carpzovius, was admitted in the Scottish criminal courts, at the short distance of one century. My readers may be amused by the following instances:—

"The Laird of Auchindrane (Muir of Auchindrane in Ayrshire) was accused of a horrid and private murder, where there were no witnesses, and which the Lord had witnessed from heaven, singularly by his own hand, and proved the deed against him. The corpse of the man being buried in Girvan churchyard, as a man cast away at sea, and cast out there, the Laird of Colzean, whose servant he had been, dreaming of him in his sleep, and that he had a particular mark upon his body, came and took up the body, and found it to be the same person; and caused all that lived near by to come and touch the corpse, as is usual in such cases. All round the place came but Auchindrane and his son, whom nobody suspected, till a young child of his, Mary Muir, seeing the people examined, came in among them; and, when she came near the dead body, it sprang out in bleeding; upon which they were apprehended, and put to the torture."—WODROW's *History*, vol. i. p. 513. The trial of Auchindrane happened in 1644. He was convicted and executed.—HUME's *Criminal Laws*, vol. i. p. 428.*

A yet more dreadful case was that of Philip Standfield, tried upon the 30th November, 1687, for cursing his father, (which, by the Scottish law, is a capital crime, *Act* 1661, *chap.* 29,) and for being accessory to his murder. Sir James Standfield, the deceased, was a person of melancholy temperament; so that, when his body was found, in a pond near his own house of Newmilns, he was at first generally supposed to have drowned himself. But the body having been hastily buried, a report arose that he had been strangled by ruffians, instigated by his son Philip, a profligate youth, whom he had disinherited on account of his gross debauchery. Upon this rumour the Privy Council granted warrant to two surgeons of character, named Crawford and Muirhead, to dig up the body, and to report the state in which they should find it. Philip was present on this occasion, and the evidence of both surgeons bears distinctly, that he stood for some time at a distance from the body of his parent; but, being called upon to assist in stretching out the corpse, he put his hand to the head, when the mouth and nostrils instantly gushed with blood. This circumstance, with

* [See "Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy," written by Sir W. Scott, in 1830.—ED.]

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THE DÆMON-LOVER [1].

This ballad, which contains some verses of merit, was taken down from recitation by Mr. William Laidlaw, tenant in Traquair-knowe.[2] It con-

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the evident symptoms of terror and remorse exhibited by young Standfield, seem to have had considerable weight with the jury, and are thus stated in the indictment:—"That his (the deceased's) nearest relations being required to lift the corpse into the coffin, after it had been inspected, upon the said Philip Standfield touching of it, (*according to God's usual mode of discovering murder,*) it bled afresh upon the said Philip; and that thereupon he let the body fall, and fled from it in the greatest consternation, crying, 'Lord have mercy upon me!'" The prisoner was found guilty of being accessory to the murder of his father, although there was little more than strong presumptions against him. It is true, he was at the same time separately convicted of the distinct crimes of having cursed his father, and drunk damnation to the monarchy and hierarchy. His sentence, which was to have his tongue cut out, and hand struck off, previous to his being hanged, was executed with the utmost rigour. He denied the murder with his last breath. "It is," says a contemporary judge, "a dark case of divination, to be remitted to the great day, whether he was guilty or innocent. Only it is certain he was a bad youth, and may serve as a beacon to all profligate persons."—FOUNTAINHALL'S *Decisions*, vol. i. p. 483.

While all ranks believed alike the existence of these prodigies, the vulgar were contented to refer them to the immediate interference of the Deity, or, as they termed it, God's revenge against murder. But those, who, while they had overleaped the bounds of superstition, were still entangled in the mazes of mystic philosophy, amongst whom we must reckon many of the medical practitioners, endeavoured to explain the phenomenon, by referring to the secret power of sympathy, which even Bacon did not venture to dispute. To this occult agency was imputed the cure of wounds, effected by applying salves and powders, not to the wound itself, but to the sword or dagger, by which it had been inflicted; a course of treatment, which, wonderful as it may at first seem, was certainly frequently attended with signal successes.* This, however, was attributed to magic, and those, who submitted to such a mode of cure, were refused spiritual assistance.

The vulgar continue to believe firmly in the phenomenon of the murdered corpse bleeding at the approach of the murderer. "Many" (I adopt the words of an ingenious correspondent) "are the proofs advanced in confirmation of the opinion, against those who are so hardy as to doubt it; but one, in particular, as it is said to have happened in this place, I cannot help repeating.

"Two young men, going a-fishing in the river Yarrow, fell out; and so high ran the quarrel, that the one, in a passion, stabbed the other to the heart with a fish-spear. Astonished at the rash act, he hesitated whether to fly, give himself up to justice, or conceal the crime; and, in the end, fixed on the latter expedient, burying the body of his friend very deep in the sands. As the meeting had been accidental, he was never suspected, although a visible change was observed in his behaviour, from gaiety to a settled melancholy. Time passed on for the space of fifty years, when a smith, fishing near the same place, discovered an uncommon and curious bone, which he put in his pocket, and afterwards showed to some people in his smithy. The murderer being present, now an old white-headed man, leaning on his staff, desired a sight of the little bone; but how horrible was the issue! no sooner had he touched it than it streamed with purple blood. Being told where it was found, he confessed the crime, was condemned, but was prevented by death from suffering the punishment due to his offence.

"Such opinions, though reason forbids us to believe them, a few moments' reflection on the cause of their origin will teach us to revere. Under the feudal system which prevailed, the rights of humanity were too often violated, and redress very hard to be procured; thus an awful deference to one of the leading attributes of Omnipotence begat on the mind, untutored by philosophy, the first germ of these supernatural effects; which was, by superstitious zeal, assisted, perhaps, by a few instances of sudden remorse, magnified into evidence of indisputable guilt."

[1] ["And woman wailing for her Dæmon-Lover."—COLERIDGE.]

[2] [See a note on the Douglas Tragedy, *ante*.—ED.]

* The first part of the process was to wash the wound clean, and bind it up so as to promote adhesion, and exclude the air. Now, though the remedies, afterwards applied to the sword, could hardly promote so desirable an issue, yet it is evident the wound stood a good chance of healing by the operation of nature, which, I believe, medical gentlemen call a cure by the first intention.

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tains a legend, which, in various shapes, is current in Scotland. I remember to have heard a ballad, in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a beautiful maiden; but, disconcerted by the holy herbs which she wore in her bosom, makes the following lines the burden of his courtship :—

> "Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
> Lay aside the St. John's wort and the vervain."

The heroine of the following tale was unfortunately without any similar protection.

THE DÆMON LOVER.

"O where have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more?"—
"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."—

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee;
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."—

"If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yer sell ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane."—

"O faulse are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their faulse bodie;
I never wad hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee."—

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"—

"I hae seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

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She has taken up her two little babes,
  Kiss'd them baith cheek and chin;
"O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
  For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
  No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
  And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sail'd a league, a league,
  A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
  And drumlie [1] grew his ee.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
  Bent not on the heaving seas;
But the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
  Fill'd not in the east land breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
  A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
  And she wept right bitterlie.

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
  "Of your weeping now let me be;
I will show you how the lilies grow
  On the banks of Italy."—

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
  That the sun shines sweetly on?"—
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
  "Where you will never win."—

"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
  "All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"—
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
  "Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turn'd her round about,
  Aye taller he seem'd for to be;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
  Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
  And the levin fill'd her ee;
And waesome wail'd the snaw-white sprites
  Upon the gurlie sea.

---

[1] *Drumlie*—Clouded; dark.

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He strack the tap-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.[1]

THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN A PERFECT STATE.

Lochroyan, whence this ballad probably derives its name, lies in Galloway. The lover, who, if the story be real, may be supposed to have been detained by sickness, is represented, in the legend, as confined by fairy charms in an enchanted castle situated in the sea. The ruins of ancient edifices are still visible on the summits of most of those small islands, or rather insulated rocks, which lie along the coast of Ayrshire and Galloway; as Ailsa and Big Scaur.

This edition of the ballad is composed of verses selected from three MS. copies, and two obtained from recitation. Two of the copies are in Herd's MS.; the third in that of Mrs. Brown of Falkland.

A fragment of the original song, which is sometimes denominated *Lord Gregory,* or *Love Gregory,* was published in Mr. Herd's Collection, 1774, and, still more fully, in that of Laurie and Symington, 1792. The story has been celebrated both by Burns[2] and Dr. Wolcott.[3]

"O wha will shoe my bonny foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

"O wha will kame my yellow hair,
With a new-made silver kame?
And wha will father my young son,
Till Lord Gregory come hame?"—

"Thy father will shoe thy bonny foot,
Thy mother will glove thy hand,

---

[1] [Mr. Motherwell printed, in 1827, some verses of a ruder edition of this ballad (p. 92), and in 1828, Mr. Buchan produced a much more extended copy, under the title of "James Herries." See his 1st vol. p. 215. In this edition, the lover is not a dæmon, but the ghost of James Herries, who had been betrothed, before a sea voyage, to "Jeanie Douglas," the heroine.—ED.]

[2] ["O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door," etc.
CURRIE'S *Burns*, vol. iv.]

[3] ["Ah! ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs," etc.

Peter Pindar's song was written before Burns's.—ED.]

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Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
  Till Lord Gregory come to land.

"Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair
  With a new-made silver kame,
And God will be thy bairn's father
  Till Lord Gregory come hame."—

"But I will get a bonny boat,
  And I will sail the sea;
And I will gang to Lord Gregory,
  Since he canna come hame to me."

Syne she's gar'd build a bonny boat,
  To sail the salt, salt sea;
The sails were o' the light green silk,
  The tows[1] o' taffety.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,
  But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robber,
  And a' his company.

"Now whether are ye the queen hersell,
  (For so ye weel might be,)
Or are ye the Lass of Lochroyan,
  Seekin' Lord Gregory?"—

"O I am neither the queen," she said,
  "Nor sic I seem to be;
But I am the Lass of Lochroyan,
  Seekin' Lord Gregory."—

"O see na thou yon bonny bower,
  It's a' cover'd o'er wi' tin?
When thou hast sail'd it round about,
  Lord Gregory is within."

And when she saw the stately tower
  Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing[2] wave,
  Built on a rock of height;

Says—"Row the boat, my mariners,
  And bring me to the land!
For yonder I see my love's castle
  Close by the salt-sea strand."

She sail'd it round, and sail'd it round;
  And loud, loud cried she—

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[1] *Tows*—Ropes. [2] *Jawing*—Dashing.

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"Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And set my true-love free!"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane:
And long she knock'd, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open and let me in!
For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,
And the rain draps o'er my chin."—

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Ye're no come here for good!
Ye're but some witch or wil warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood."—

"I am neither witch, nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochroyan;
O open the door to me!"—

"Gin thou be Annie of Lochroyan,
(As I trow thou binna she,)
Now tell me some o' the love tokens
That past between thee and me."—

"O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can show thee thine?

"O yours was gude, and gude enough,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

"And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twin'd me o' my maidenheid
Right sair against my will?

"Now, open the door, Lord Gregory!
Open the door, I pray!
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day."—

"If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,
(As I kenna thou be,)
Tell me some mair o' the love tokens
Past between me and thee."

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Fair Annie turn'd her round about—
  "Weel! since that it be sae,
May never a woman that has borne a son,
  Hae a heart sae fou o' wae!

"Take down, take down, that mast o' gowd!
  Set up a mast o' tree!
It disna become a forsaken lady
  To sail sae royallie."

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,
  And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise him Lord Gregory,
  And sair, sair did he weep.

"Oh I hae dream'd a dream, mother,
  I wish it may prove true!
That the bonny Lass of Lochroyan
  Was at the yate e'en now.

"O I hae dream'd a dream, mother,
  The thought o't gars me greet!
That fair Annie o' Lochroyan
  Lay cauld dead at my feet."—

"Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan
  That ye make a' this din,
She stood a' last night at your door,
  But I true she wan na in."—

"O wae betide ye, ill woman!
  An ill deid may ye die!
That wadna open the door to her,
  Nor yet wad waken me."

O he's gane down to yon shore side
  As fast as he could fare;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
  But the wind it toss'd her sair.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie!
  O Annie, winna ye bide!"
But aye the mair he cried Annie,
  The braider grew the tide.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie!
  Dear Annie, speak to me!"
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
  The louder roar'd the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
  And dash'd the boat on shore;

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Fair Annie floated through the faem,
But the babie rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonny young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair;
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,
And syne he kiss'd her chin,
And syne he kiss'd her rosy lips—
There was nae breath within.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turn'd my true love frae my door,
Wha came sae far to me.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turn'd fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me."

ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILLY.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This legendary tale is given chiefly from Mrs. Brown's MS. Accordingly, many of the rhymes arise from the northern mode of pronunciation; as *dee* for *do*, and the like.—Perhaps the ballad may have originally related to the history of the celebrated ROBIN HOOD, as mention is made of Barnisdale, his favourite abode.[1]

O Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Their mother deir was dead;
And their father has married an ill woman,
Wish'd them twa little guid.

---

[1] [Mr. Kinloch has published (*Ancient Ballads*, 1827, p. 69) a curious ballad, entitled, "The Wedding of Robin Hood and Little John," which had not before appeared in print, and which sustains Sir Walter Scott's conjecture as to the true hero of "Rose the Red and White Lilly." In Mr. Buchan's edition of "Rose the Red," etc., printed in 1828, the name of Robin Hood occurs also; but this is only a vulgarized and mean transformation of the ballad in the text.—ED.]

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But she had twa as gallant sons
As ever brake man's bread;
And the tane o' them lo'ed her, White Lilly,
And the tother Rose the Red.

O bigged hae they a bigly bour,
Fast by the roaring strand;
And there was mair mirth in the ladyes' bour,
Nor in a' their father's land.

But out and spak their step-mother,
As she stood a little forbye—
"I hope to live and play the prank,
Sall gar your loud sang lie."

She's call'd upon her eldest son;
"Cum here, my son, to me:
It fears me sair, my Bauld Arthur,
That ye maun sail the sea."—

"Gin sae it maun be, my deir mother,
Your bidding I maun dee;
But be never waur to Rose the Red,
Than ye hae been to me."

She's call'd upon her youngest son;
"Cum here, my son, to me:
It fears me sair, my Brown Robin,
That ye maun sail the sea."—

"Gin it fear ye sair, my mother deir,
Your bidding I sall dee;
But, be never waur to White Lilly,
Than ye hae been to me."—

"Now haud your tongues, ye foolish boys!
For small sall be their part:
They ne'er again sall see your face,
Gin their very hearts suld break."

Sae Bauld Arthur's gane to our King's court,
His hie chamberlain to be;
But Brown Robin, he has slain a knight,
And to grene-wood he did flee.

When Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Saw their twa loves were gane,
Sune did they drop the loud, loud sang,
Took up the still mourning.

And out then spake her White Lilly;
"My sister, we'll be gane:
Why suld we stay in Barnisdale,
To mourn our bour within?"

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O cutted hae they their green cloathing,
  A little abune their knee;
And sae hae they their yellow hair,
  A little abune their bree.[1]

And left hae they that bonny bour,
  To cross the raging sea;
And they hae ta'en to a holy chapel,
  Was christened by Our Ladye.

And they hae changed their twa names,
  Sae far frae ony toun;
And the tane o' them's hight Sweet Willie,
  And the tother's Rouge the Rounde.

Between the twa a promise is,
  And they hae sworn it to fulfil;
Whenever the tane blew a bugle-horn,
  The tother suld cum her till.

Sweet Willy's gane to the King's court,
  Her true love for to see;
And Rouge the Rounde to gude grene-wood,
  Brown Robin's man to be.

O it fell anes, upon a tyme,
  They putted at the stane;
And seven foot ayont them a',
  Brown Robin's gar'd it gang.

She lifted the heavy putting-stane,
  And gave a sad "O hon!"
Then out bespake him, Brown Robin,
  "But that's a woman's moan!"—

"O kent ye by my rosy lips?
  Or by my yellow hair?
Or kent ye by my milk-white breast,
  Ye never yet saw bare?"—

"I kent na by your rosy lips,
  Nor by your yellow hair;
But, cum to your bour whaever likes,
  They'll find a ladye there."—[2]

---

[1] ["And they hae kilt their gay claithing
  A little below their knee—
  And they are on to gude greenwood,
  Gif Robin Hood they see."—KINLOCH, p. 71.]

[2] ["Then up bespak him Robin Hood,
  As he to them drew near,
  'Instead of boys to carry the bows,
  Two ladies we've got here.'"—KINLOCH, p. 72.

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"O gin ye cum my bour within,
Through fraud, deceit, or guile;
Wi' this same brand, that's in my hand,
I vow I will thee kill."—

"Yet durst I cum into your bour,
And ask nae leave," quo' he;
"And wi' this same brand, that's in my hand,
Wave danger back on thee."

About the dead hour o' the night,
The ladye's bour was broken;
And, about the first hour o' the day,
The fair knave bairn was gotten.

When days were gane and months were come,
The ladye was sad and wan;
And aye she cried for a bour woman,
For to wait her upon.

Then up and spake him, Brown Robin,
"And what needs this?" quo' he;
"Or what can woman do for you,
That canna be done by me?"—

"'Twas never my mother's fashion," she said,
"Nor shall it e'er be mine,
That belted knights should e'er remain
While ladyes dree'd their pain.

"But gin ye take that bugle-horn,
And wind a blast sae shrill,
I hae a brother in yonder court
Will come me quickly till."—

"O gin ye hae a brother on earth,
That ye lo'e mair than me,
Ye may blow the horn yoursell," he says,
"For a blast I winna gie."

She's ta'en the bugle in her hand,
And blawn baith loud and shrill;
Sweet William started at the sound,
And came her quickly till.

O up and starts him, Brown Robin,
And swore by Our Ladye,

The *next* verse is:—

"So they had not been in gude green-wood,
A twalmonth and a day,
Till Rogie Roun was as big wi' bairn,
As ony lady could gaq."—Ed.]

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"No man shall come into this bour,
But first maun fight wi' me."

O they hae fought the wood within,
Till the sun was going down;
And drops o' blood, frae Rose the Red,
Came pouring to the ground.

She leant her back against an aik,
Said—"Robin, let me be;
For it is a ladye, bred and born,
That has fought this day wi' thee."

O seven foot he started back,
Cried—"Alas and woe is me!
For I wished never, in all my life,
A woman's bluid to see:

"And that all for the knightly vow
I swore to Our Ladye:
But mair for the sake o' ae fair maid,
Whose name was White Lilly."

Then out and spake her, Rouge the Rounde,
And leugh right hertilie,
"She has been wi' ye this year and mair,
Though ye wistna it was she."

Now word is gane through all the land,
Before a month was gane,
That a forester's page, in gude grene-wood,
Had born a bonny son.

The marvel gaed to the King's court,
And to the King himsell;
"Now, by my fae," the King did say,
"The like was never heard tell!"

Then out and spake him, Bauld Arthur,
And laugh'd right loud and hie—
"I trow some may has plaid the lown,[1]
And fled her ain countrie."—

"Bring me my steid!" the King can say;
"My bow and arrows keen;
And I'll gae hunt in yonder wood,
And see what's to be seen,"—

"Gin it please your grace," quo' Bauld Arthur,
"My liege, I'll gang you wi',

[1] *Lown*—Rogue.

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And see gin I can meet a bonny page,
  That's stray'd awa frae me."

And they hae chased in gude grene-wood,
  The buck but and the rae,
Till they drew near Brown Robin's bour,
  About the close o' day.

Then out an' spake the King himsell,
  Says—" Arthur, look and see,
Gin yon be not your favourite page,
  That leans against yon tree."

O Arthur's ta'en a bugle-horn,
  And blawn a blast sae shrill;
Sweet Willie started to her feet,
  And ran him quickly till.

" O wanted ye your meat, Willie,
  Or wanted ye your fee?
Or gat ye e'er an angry word,
  That ye ran awa frae me?"—

" I wanted nought, my master dear;
  To me ye aye was good:
I cam to see my ae brother,
  That wons in this grene-wood."

Then out bespake the King again,—
  " My boy, now tell to me,
Who dwells into yon bigly bour,
  Beneath yon green aik tree?"

" O pardon me," said Sweet Willy,
  " My liege, I darena tell;
And gangna near yon Outlaw's bour,
  For fear they suld you kill."—

" O haud your tongue, my bonny boy!
  For I winna be said nay;
But I will gang yon bour within,
  Betide me weal or wae."

They have lighted frae their milk-white steids,
  And saftlie entered in;
And there they saw her, White Lilly,
  Nursing her bonny young son.

" Now, by the mass," the King he said,
  " This is a comely sight;
I trow, instead of a forester's man,
  This is a ladye bright!"

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O out and spake her, Rose the Red,
And fell low on her knee:
"O pardon us, my gracious liege,
And our story I'll tell thee.

"Our father is a wealthy lord,
Lives into Barnisdale;
But we had a wicked step-mother,
That wrought us meikle bale.

"Yet had she twa as fu' fair sons,
As e'er the sun did see;
And the tane o' them lo'ed my sister deir,
And the tother said he lo'ed me."—

Then out and cried him, Bauld Arthur,
As by the King he stood,—
"Now, by the faith of my body,
This suld be Rose the Red!"

The King has sent for robes o' green,
And girdles o' shining gold;
And sae sune have the ladyes busked themselves,
Sae glorious to behold.

Then in and came him, Brown Robin,
Frae hunting o' the King's deer,
But when he saw the King himsell,
He started back for fear.

The King has ta'en Robin by the hand,
And bade him nothing dread,
But quit for aye the gude grene-wood,
And come to the court wi' speed.

The King has ta'en White Lilly's son,
And set him on his knee;
Says—"Gin ye live to wield a brand,
My bowman thou sall be."

Then they have ta'en them to the holy chapelle,
And there had fair wedding;
And when they cam to the King's court,
For joy the bells did ring.[1]

---

[1] [The ballad in Kinloch ends thus:

"The tane was wedded to Robin Hood,
And the other to Little John;
And it was a' owing to their stepmother
That garr'd them leave their hame."—p. 73.—Ed.]

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FAUSE FOODRAGE.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

This ballad has been popular in many parts of Scotland. It is chiefly given from Mrs. Brown of Falkland's MSS.—The expression,

"The boy stared wild like a gray goss-hawk," *Verse* 31,

strongly resembles that in *Hardyknute,*

"Norse e'en like gray goss-hawk stared wild;"

a circumstance which led the Editor to make the strictest enquiry into the authenticity of the song. But every doubt was removed by the evidence of a lady of high rank,[1] who not only recollected the ballad, as having amused her infancy, but could repeat many of the verses, particularly those beautiful stanzas from the 20th to the 25th. The Editor is therefore compelled to believe, that the author of *Hardyknute* copied the old ballad; if the coincidence be not altogether accidental.

The *King Easter* and *King Wester* of the ballad were probably petty princes of Northumberland and Westmoreland. In the *Complaynt of Scotland,* an ancient romance is mentioned, under the title, "*How the King of Estmureland married the King's daughter of Westmureland,*" which may possibly be the original of the beautiful legend of *King Estmere,* in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,* vol. i. p. 62, 4th edit.[2] From this it may be conjectured, with some degree of plausibility, that the independent kingdoms of the east and west coast were, at an early period, thus denominated, according to the Saxon mode of naming districts from their relative positions, as Essex, Wessex, Sussex. But the geography of the metrical romances sets all systems at defiance; and, in some of these, as *Clariodus and Meliades,* Estmureland undoubtedly signifies the land of the Easterlings, or the Flemish provinces at which vessels arrived in three days from England, and to which they are represented as exporting wool.—*Vide Notes on Kempion, post.*

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[1] [The late Lady Douglas of Douglas, sister to Henry Duke of Buccleuch.—ED.]

[2] On this subject I have, since publication of the first edition, been favoured with the following remarks by Mr. Ritson, in opposition to the opinion above expressed:—

"Estmureland and Westmureland have no sort of relation to Northumberland and Westmoreland. The former was never called Eastmoreland, nor were there ever any kings of Westmoreland; unless we admit the authority of an old rhyme, cited by Usher:—

'Here the King Westmer
Slow the King Rothinger.'

"There is, likewise, a 'King Estmere of Spain,' in one of Percy's ballads.

"In the old metrical romance of *Kyng Horn,* or *Horn Child,* we find both Westnesse and Estnesse; and it is somewhat singular, that two places, so called, actually exist in Yorkshire at this day. But *ness,* in that quarter, is the name given to an inlet from a river. There is, however, great confusion in this poem, as *Horn* is called king sometimes of one country, and sometimes of the other. In the French original, Westir is said to have been the old name of Hirland or Ireland; which, occasionally at least, is called Westnesse, in the translation, in which Britain is named Sudene; but here, again, it is inconsistent and confused.

"It is, at any rate, highly probable, that the story, cited in the *Complaynt of Scotland,* was a romance of *King Horn,* whether prose or verse; and, consequently, that Estmureland and Westmureland should there mean England and Ireland; though it is possible that no other instance can be found of these two names occurring with the same sense."

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FAUSE FOODRAGE.

King Easter has courted her for her lands,
  King Wester for her fee,
King Honour for her comely face,
  And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
  As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
  Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevils [1] them amang,
  And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
  Wha suld gae kill the king.

O, some said yea, and some said nay,
  Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him, Fause Foodrage,
  And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
  And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gay ladye
  In a high chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
  When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
  That watch and ward did keep.

O four and twenty silver keys
  Hang hie upon a pin;
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
  He has fasten'd it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
  Says—"What means a' this din?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
  Or wha has loot you in?"—

"O ye my errand weel sall learn,
  Before that I depart."—
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
  And pierced him to the heart.

---

[1] *Kevils*—Lois. Both words originally meant only a portion, or share of any thing.—*Leges Burgorum*, cap. 59, *de lot, cul, or kavil. Statuta Gildæ*, cap. 20. *Nullus emat lanam, etc. nisi fuerit confrater Gildæ, etc. Neque* lot *neque* cavil *habeat cum aliquo confratre nostro.* In both these laws, *lot* and *cavil* signify a share in trade.

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Then up and got the Queen hersell,
  And fell low down on her knee.
"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
  For I never injured thee.

"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
  Until I lighter be!
And see gin it be lad or lass,
  King Honour has left me wi'."—

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
  "Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
  He sall be hanged hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,
  Nor yet for his hie hie kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
  He sall mount the gallows pin."—

O four-and-twenty valiant knights
  Were set the Queen to guard;
And four stood aye at her bour door,
  To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
  That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile,
  To set her body free.

O she has birled these merry young men
  With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were a' deadly drunk
  As any wild-wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow is this window,
  And big, big am I grown!"—
Yet through the might of Our Ladye,
  Out at it she is gone.

She wander'd up, she wander'd down,
  She wander'd out and in;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,
  The Queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevils them amang,
  Which suld gae seek the Queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
  And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
  The Queen fell on her knee:
"Win up, win up, madam!" she says:
  "What needs this courtesie?"—

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"O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
King Honour left me wi'.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to breast a steed;
And I sall learn your turtle dow[1]
As weel to write and read.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield both bow and brand;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
To lay gowd[2] wi' her hand.

"At kirk and market when we meet,
We'll dare make nae awowe,
But—'Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?'[3]
'Madame, how does my dow?'"

When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang;
And he has ta'en King Honour's son
A-hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell,
Stood on a sunny brae.

"O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it you suld be heir."—

"How I suld be heir of that castell,
In sooth, I canna see;
For it belangs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me."—

---

[1] *Dow*—Dove. [2] *Lay gowd*—To embroider in gold.

[3] This metaphorical language was customary among the northern nations. In 925, King Adelstein sent an embassy to Harald Harfager, King of Norway, the chief of which presented that prince with an elegant sword, ornamented with precious stones. As it was presented by the point, the Norwegian chief, in receiving it, unwarily laid hold of the hilt. The English ambassador declared, in the name of his master, that he accepted the act as a deed of homage; for touching the hilt of a warrior's sword was regarded as an acknowledgment of subjection. The Norwegian prince, resolving to circumvent his rival by a similar artifice, suppressed his resentment, and sent, next summer, an embassy to Adelstein, the chief of which presented Haco, the son of Harald, to the English prince; and, placing him on his knees, made the following declaration:—"*Haraldus, Normanorum Rex, amice te salutat; albamque hanc avem bene institutam mittit, utque melius deinceps erudias, postulat.*" The king received young Haco on his knees; which the Norwegian ambassador immediately accepted, in the name of his master, as a declaration of inferiority; according to the proverb, "*Is minor semper habetur, qui alterius filium educat.*"—Pontoppidani Vestigia Danor., vol. ii. p. 67.

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"O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
  You would do but what was right;
For I wot he kill'd your father dear,
  Or ever ye saw the light.

"And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
  There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
  And she darna take ye hame."—

The boy stared wild like a gray goss-hawk;
  Says—"What may a' this mean?"—
"My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
  And your mother's our lawful Queen."—

"O gin I be King Honour's son,
  By Our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
  And relieve my mother dear!"—

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
  And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
  Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

"O haud your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage,
  Frae me ye shanna flee;"—
Syne pierced him through the fause, fause heart,
  And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William,
  Wi' the best half of his land;
And sae has he the turtle dow,
  Wi' the truth o' his right hand.

KEMPION.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

The tale of *Kempion* seems, from the names of the personages, and the nature of the adventure, to have been an old metrical romance, degraded into a ballad, by the lapse of time, and the corruption of reciters. The change in the structure of the last verses, from the common ballad stanzas, to that which is proper to the metrical romance, adds force to this conjecture.

Such transformations, as the song narrates, are common in the annals of chivalry. In the 25th and 26th cantos of the second book of the *Orlando Inamorato,* the Paladin, *Brandimarte,* after surmounting many obstacles, penetrates into the recesses of an enchanted palace. Here he finds a fair damsel, seated upon a tomb, who announces to him, that, in order to achieve her deliverance, he must raise the lid of the sepulchre, and kiss whatever being should issue forth. The knight, having pledged

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his faith, proceeds to open the tomb, out of which a monstrous snake issues forth, with a tremendous hiss. *Brandimarte,* with much reluctance, fulfils the *bizarre* conditions of the adventure; and the monster is instantly changed into a beautiful Fairy, who loads her deliverer with benefits. For the satisfaction of those who may wish to compare the tale of the Italian Poet with that of *Kempion,* a part of the original of Boiardo is given below.[1]

There is a ballad, somewhat resembling *Kempion,* called the *Laidley Worm of Spindleston-heugh,* which is very popular upon the Borders; but having been often published, it was thought unnecessary to insert it in this collection. The most common version was either entirely composed, or rewritten, by the Reverend Mr. Lamb, of Norham.

A similar tradition is, by Heywood and Deliro, said to have existed at Basil. A tailor, in an adventurous mood, chose to descend into an obscure cavern, in the vicinity of the city. After many windings he came to an iron door, through which he passed into a splendid chamber. Here he found, seated upon a stately throne, a lady, whose countenance was surprisingly beautiful, but whose shape terminated in a dragon's train, which warped around the chair on which she was placed. Before her stood a brazen chest, trebly barred and bolted; at each end of which lay couched a huge black ban-dog, who rose up, as if to tear the intruder in pieces. But the lady appeased them; and, opening the chest, displayed an immense treasure, out of which she bestowed upon the visitor some small pieces of money, informing him, that she was enchanted by her stepdame, but should recover her natural shape on being kissed thrice by

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[1] Poich' ebbe il verso Brandimarte letto,
La lapida pesante in aria alzava:
Ecco fuor una serpe lusin' al petto,
La qual, forte stridendo, zufolava,
Di spaventoso, e terribil' aspetto,
Aprendo il muso gran denti mostrava,
De' quali il cavalier non si fidando,
Si trasse a dietro, et misse mano al brando.

Ma quella Donna gridava "non fate"
Col viso smorto, e grido tremebondo,
"Non far, che ci faral pericolare,
E cadrem' tutti quanti nel profondo:
A te convien quella serpe baciare,
O far pensier di non esser' al mondo,
Accostar la tua bocca con la sua,
O perduta tener la vita tua."

"Come! non vedi, che i denti degrigna,
Che pajon fatti a posta a spiccar' nasi,
E fammi un certo viso de matrigna,"
Disse il Guerrier, "ch' io me spavento quasi?"
"Anzi t' invita con faccia benigna,"
Disse la Donna, "e molti altri rimasi
Per vilta sono a questa sepoltura;
Or la t' accosta, e non aver paura."

Il cavalier s' accosta, ma di passo,
Che troppo grato quel baciar non gli era,
Verso la serpe chinandosi basso,
Gli parvo tanto orrenda, e tanto fera,
Che venne in viso freddo, com' un sasso,
E disse "si fortuna vuol' ch' io pera,
Fia tanto un altra volta quanto adesso
Ma cagion dar non me ne voglio io stesso

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a mortal. The tailor essayed to fulfil the conditions of the adventure; but her face assumed such an altered, wild, and grim expression, that his courage failed, and he was fain to fly from the place. A kinsman of his, some years after, penetrated into the cavern, with the purpose of repairing a desperate fortune. But, finding nothing but dead men's bones, he ran mad and died. Sir John Mandeville tells a similar story of a Grecian island.

There are numerous traditions upon the Borders, concerning huge and destructive snakes, and also of a poisonous reptile called a *man-keeper;* although the common adder, and blind worm, are the only reptiles of that *genus* now known to haunt our wilds. Whether it be possible, that, at an early period, before the country was drained, and cleared of wood, serpents of a larger size may have existed, is a question which the Editor leaves to the naturalist. But, not to mention the fabulous dragon, slain in Northumberland by *Sir Bevis,* the fame still survives of many a *preux chevalier,* supposed to have distinguished himself by similar achievements.

The manor of Sockburne, in the bishopric of Durham, anciently the seat of the family of Conyers, or Cogniers, is held of the bishop by the service of presenting, or showing to him, upon his first entrance into his diocese, an antique sword, or falchion. The origin of this peculiar service is thus stated in Beckwith's edition of BLOUNT'S *Ancient Tenures,* p. 200.

"Fuss' io certo d' andare in paradiso,
Come son' certo, chinandomi un poco,
Che quella bestia mi s'avventa al viso,
E mi piglia nel naso, o altro loco:
Egli e proprio così, com' io m'avviso,
Ch' altri ch' io stato e colto a questo gioco,
E che costei mi da questo conforto
Per vindicarsi di colui, ch' ho morto." *

Così discendo, a rinculare attende,
Deliberato più non s'accostare:
La donna si dispera, e lo reprende,
"Ah codardo," dicea, "che credi fare?
Perche tanta vilta l'alma t'offende,
Che ti fara alla fin mai capitare?
Infinita paura e poca fede,
La salute gli mostro, e non mi crede."

Punto il Guerrier de questi agre parole,
Torna di nuovo ver la sepoltura,
Tinsegli in rose il color di viole,
In vergogna mutata la paura:
Pur stando ancor' fra due, vuole, e non vuole,
Un pensier lo spaventa, un l'assicura,
Al fin tra l'animoso, e'l disperato,
A lei s'accosta, ed halle un bacio dato.

Un ghiaccio proprio gli parse a toccare
La bocca, che parea prima di foco:
La serpe se commincia a tramutare,
E diventa donzella a poco a poco:
Febosilla costei si fa chiamare.
Una fata, che fece quel bel loco,
E quel giardino, e quella sepoltura,
Ove gran tempo e stato in pena dura, etc.

* Un cavalier occiso per Brandimarte nel entrare del palazzo incantato.

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"Sir Edward Blackett (the proprietor of the manor) now represents the person of Sir John Conyers, who, as tradition says, in the fields of Sockburne, slew, with his falchion, a monstrous creature, a dragon, a worm, or flying serpent, that devoured men, women, and children. The then owner of Sockburne, as a reward for his bravery, gave him the manor, with its appurtenances, to hold for ever, on condition that he meets the Lord Bishop of Durham, with this falchion, on his first entrance into his diocese, after his election to that see.

"And, in confirmation of this tradition, there is painted, in a window of Sockburne church, the falchion we just now spoke of: and it is also cut in marble, upon the tomb of the great ancestor of the Conyers', together with a dog, and the monstrous worm, or serpent, lying at his feet, of his own killing, of which the history of the family gives the above account.

"When the Bishop first comes into his diocese, he crosses the river Tees, either at the ford of Nesham, or Croft-Bridge, where the counties of York and Durham divide; at one of which places Sir Edward Blackett, either in person, or by his representative, if the Bishop comes by Nesham, rides into the middle of the river Tees, with the ancient falchion drawn in his hand, or upon the middle of Croft-Bridge; and then presents the falchion to the Bishop, addressing him in the ancient form of words: upon which the Bishop takes the falchion into his hand, looks at it, and returns it back again, wishing the lord of the manor his health, and the enjoyment of his estate." The falchion above alluded to has upon its hilt the arms of England, in the reign of King John, and an eagle, supposed to be the ensign of Morcar, Earl of Northumberland.—GOUGH'S *Camden's Britannia,* vol. iii. p. 114. Mr. Gough, with great appearance of probability, conjectures the dragon, engraved on the tomb, to be an emblematical, or heraldic ornament.

The property, called Pollard's Lands, near Bishop Auckland, is held by a similar tenure; and we are informed, in the work just quoted, that "Dr. Johnson of Newcastle met the present Bishop, Dr. Egerton, in September, 1771, at his first arrival there, and presented a falchion upon his knee, and addressed him in the old form of words, saying, *My lord, in behalf of myself, as well as of the several other tenants of Pollard's Lands, I do humbly present your lordship with this falchion, at your first coming here, wherewith, as the tradition goeth, Pollard slew of old a great and venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast: and by the performance of this service these lands are holden.*"—Ancient Tenures, p. 201.

Above the south entrance of the ancient parish church of Linton, in Roxburghshire, is a rude piece of sculpture, representing a knight, with a falcon on his arm, encountering with his lance, in full career, a sort of monster, which the common people call a *worm,* or snake. Tradition bears, that this animal inhabited a den, or hollow, at some distance from the church, whence it was wont to issue forth, and ravage the country, or, by the fascination of its eyes and breath, draw its prey into its jaws. Large rewards were in vain offered for the destruction of this monster, which had grown to so huge a bulk, that it used to twist itself, in spiral folds, round a green hillock of considerable height, still called Wormeston, and marked by a clump of trees. When sleeping in this place, with its mouth open, popular credulity affirms, that it was

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slain by the Laird of Lariston, a man brave even to madness, who, coming upon the snake at full gallop, thrust down its throat a *peat* (a piece of turf dried for fuel) dipt in scalding pitch, and fixed to the point of his lance. The aromatic quality of the peat is said to have preserved the champion from the effects of the monster's poisonous breath, while, at the same time, it clogged its jaws. In dying, the serpent contracted its folds with so much violence, that their spiral impression is still discernible round the hillock where it lay. The noble family of Somerville are said to be descended from this adventurous knight, in memory of whose achievement they bear a dragon as their crest.

The sculpture itself gives no countenance to this fine story; for the animal, whom the knight appears to be in the act of slaying, has no resemblance to a serpent, but rather to a wolf, or boar, with which the neighbouring Cheviot mountains must in early times have abounded; [1] and there remain vestiges of another monster, of the same species, attacking the horse of the champion. An inscription, which might have thrown light upon this exploit, is now totally defaced. The vulgar, adapting it to their own tradition, tell us that it ran thus:

> "The wode Laird of Lariestoun
> Slew the wode worm of Wormiestoune,
> And wan all Lintoun parochine."

It is most probable, that the animal destroyed by the ancestor of Lord Somerville, was one of those beasts of prey by which Caledonia was formerly infested, but which, now,

> "Razed out of all her woods, as trophies hung,
> Grin high emblazon'd on her children's shields."

Since publishing the first edition of this work, I have found the following account of Somerville's achievement, in a MS. of some antiquity:—

"John Somerville (son to Roger de Somerville, baron of Wichenever, in Staffordshire) was made, by King William (the lion), his principal falconer, and got from that King the lands and baronie of Linton, in Teviotdale, for an extraordinarie and valiant action, which, according to the manuscript of the family of Drum, was thus: In the parochen of Lintoun, within the sheriffdom of Roxburgh, there happened to breed a monster, in form of a serpent or worme; in length, three Scots yards, and somewhat bigger than an ordinarie man's leg, with a head more proportionable to its length than greatnesse. It had its den in a hollow piece of ground, a mile south-east from Lintoun church; it destroyed both men and beasts that came in its way. Several attempts were made to destroy it, by shooting of arrows, and throwing of darts, none daring to approach so near as to make use of a sword or lance. John Somerville undertakes to kill it,

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[1] An altar, dedicated to Sylvan Mars, was found in a glen in Weardale, in the bishopric of Durham. From the following votive inscription, it appears to have been erected by C. T. V. Micianus, a Roman general, upon taking an immense boar, which none of his predecessors could destroy:

"*Silvano invicto sacrum, C. Tetius Veturius Micianus Præf. Alae Sebosinæ ob aprum eximiæ formæ captum, quem multi antecessores ejus prædari non potuerunt, Votum solvens lubenter posuit.*"—LAMB's Notes on Battle of Flodden, 1774, p. 67.

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and being well mounted, and attended with a stoute servant, he cam, before the sun-rising, before the dragon's den, having prepared some long, small, and hard peats (bog-turf dried for fuel,) bedabbed with pitch, rosett, and brimstone, fixed with a small wire upon a wheel, at the point of his lance; these, being touched with fire, would instantly break out into flames; and, there being a breath of air, that served to his purpose, about the sun-rising, the serpent, dragon, or worme, so called by tradition, appeared with her head, and some part of her body, without the den; whereupon his servant set fire to the peats upon the wheel, at the top of the lance, and John Somerville, advancing with a full gallop, thrust the same with the wheel, and a great part of the lance, directly into the serpent's mouth, which wente down its throat into the belly, and was left there, the lance breaking by the rebounding of the horse, and giving a deadly wound to the dragon; for which action he was knighted by King William; and his effigies was cut in ston in the posture he performed this actione, and placed above the principal church door of Lintoun, where it is yet to be seen, with his name and sirname: and the place, where this monster was killed, is at this day called, by the common people, who have the foresaid story by tradition, the Wormes Glen. And further to perpetuate this actione, the barons of Lintoun, Cowthally, and Drum, did always carry for crest, a wheel, and thereon a dragon."—Extracted from a genealogical MS. in the Advocates' Library, written about 1680. The falcon on the champion's arm, in the monument, may be supposed to allude to his office of falconer to William of Scotland.

The ballad of *Kempion* is given chiefly from Mrs. Brown's MS., with corrections from a recited fragment.[1]

KEMPION.

"Cum heir, cum heir, ye freely feed,
And lay your head low on my knee;
The heaviest weird [2] I will you read,
That ever was read to gay ladye.

"O meikle dolour sall ye dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim;
And far mair dolour sall ye dree
On Estmere crags, [3] when ye them climb.

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[1] [Mr. Motherwell has printed from recitation, in the west of Scotland, a version of this ballad, in which, he thinks, the name of the hero is given "in greater purity than in any before published." "*Kemp Owayne*," he says, "is no doubt the same Ewain or Owain ap Urien, King of Reged, (i. e. Strathclyde,) who is celebrated by Taliessin and Llywarch-hen, and also in the Welsh Triads." *Kemp* means hero, or *champion*. The other various readings in Mr. Motherwell's copy are unimportant.—ED.]

[2] *Weird*—From the German auxiliary verb *werden*, "to become."

[3] If by Estmere Crags we are to understand the rocky cliffs of Northumberland, in opposition to Westmoreland, we may bring our scene of action near Bamborough, and thereby almost identify the tale of *Kempion* with that of the *Laidley Worm of Spindleston*, to which it bears so strong a resemblance.

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"I weird ye to a fiery beast,[1]
And relieved sall ye never be,
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss thee."—

O meikle dolour did she dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er she swam;
And far mair dolour did she dree
On Estmere crags, when she them clamb.

And aye she cried for Kempion,
Gin he would but come to her hand:
Now word has gane to Kempion,
That sicken a beast was in his land.

"Now, by my sooth," said Kempion,
"This fiery beast I'll gang and see."—
"And by my sooth," said Segramour,
"My ae brother, I'll gang wi' thee."

Then bigged hae they a bonny boat,
And they hae set her to the sea;
But a mile before they reach'd the shore,
Around them she gar'd the red fire flee.

"O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,
And let her na the land o'er near;
For this wicked beast will sure gae mad,
And set fire to a' the land and mair."—

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,
And aim'd an arrow at her head;
And swore if she didna quit the land,
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

"O out of my stythe I winna rise,
(And it is not for the awe o' thee,)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

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[1] Our ideas of dragons and serpents are probably derived from the Scandinavians. The legends of *Regnar Lodbrog*, and of the huge snake in the Edda, by whose folds the world is encircled, are well known. Griffins and dragons were fabled by the Danes, as watching over and defending hoards of gold.—*Bartholin. de caus. cont. mortis*, p. 490. *Saxo Grammaticus*, lib. 2. The Edda also mentions one Fafner, who, transformed into a serpent, brooded over his hidden treasures. From these authorities, and that of Herodotus, our Milton draws his simile,—

"As when a Gryphon, through the wilderness,
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who, by stealth,
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold."

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He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,
And gien the monster kisses ane;
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever was seen.

"O out o' my stythe I winna rise,
(And not for a' thy bow nor thee,)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

He's louted him o'er the Estmere crags,
And he has gi'en her kisses twa:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever you saw.

"O out of my den I winna rise,
Nor flee it for the fear o' thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

He's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses three:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The loveliest ladye e'er could be!

"And by my sooth," says Kempion,
"My ain true love, (for this is she,)
They surely had a heart o' stane,
Could put thee to such misery.

"O was it warwolf in the wood?[1]
Or was it mermaid in the sea?

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[1] Warwolf, or Lycanthropus, signifies a magician, possessing the power of transforming himself into a wolf, for the purpose of ravage and devastation. It is probable the word was first used symbolically, to distinguish those, who, by means of intoxicating herbs, could work their passions into a frantic state, and throw themselves upon their enemies with the fury and temerity of ravenous wolves. Such were the noted *Berserkar* of the Scandinavians, who, in their fits of voluntary frenzy, were wont to perform the most astonishing exploits of strength, and to perpetrate the most horrible excesses, although, in their natural state, they neither were capable of greater crimes nor exertions than ordinary men. This quality they ascribed to Odin. "*Odinus efficere valuit ut hostes ipsius inter bellandum cæci vel surdi vel attoniti fierent armaque illorum instar baculorum obtusa essent. Sui vero milites sine loricis incedebant, ac instar* canum vel luporum furebant *scuta sua arrodentes : et robusti ut ursi vel tauri, adversarios trucidabant : ipsis vero neque ignis neque ferrum nocuit. Ea qualitas vocatur furor Berserkicus.*"—*Snorro Sturleson*, quoted by *Bartholin. de causis contemptæ mortis*, p. 544. For a fuller account of these frantic champions, see the *Hervarar Saga*, published by Suhm; also the *Christni Saga*, and most of the ancient Norwegian histories and romances. Camden explains the tales of the Irish, concerning men transformed into wolves, upon nearly the same principle.—GOUGH's *edition of Camden's Britannia*, vol. iii. p. 520.

But, in process of time, the transformation into a wolf was believed to be real, and to affect the body as well as the mind; and to such transformations our faithful Gervase of Tilbury bears evidence, as an eye-witness. "*Vidimus frequenter in Anglia per lunationes homines in lupos mutari, quod hominum genus Oerulfos Galli vocant, Angli vero* WERWLF *dicunt.* WER *enim Anglice virum sonat,* WLF *lupum.*" *Ol. Imp. De oculis apertis post peccatum.* The learned commentators upon the art of sorcery differ widely concerning the manner in which the archfiend effects this change upon the persons of his vassals;

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Or was it man or vile woman,
My ain true love, that mishaped thee?"—

"It wasna warwolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea;
But it was my wicked step-mother,
And wae and weary may she be!"—

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whether by surrounding their bodies with a sort of pelisse of condensed air, having the form of a wolf; or whether by some delusion, affecting the eyes of spectators; or, finally, by an actual corporeal transformation. The curious reader may consult *Delrii Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 188; and (if he pleases) Evvichius *de Natura Sagarum*—Fincelius, *lib.* 2. *de Mirac.*—Remigius, *lib.* 2. *de Dæmonolat.*—Binsfield. *de Confession. Maleficarum*; not to mention Spondanus, Bodinus, Pencerus, Philippus Camerarius, Condronchus, Petrus Thyræus, Bartholomeus Spineus, Sir George Mackenzie, and King James I., with the sapient Monsieur Oufle of Bayle. The Editor presumes, it is only since the extirpation of wolves that our British sorceresses have adopted the disguise of hares, cats, and such more familiar animals.

A wild story of a war-wolf, or rather a war-bear, is told in Torfœus' History of Hrolfe Kraka. As the original is a scarce book, little known in this country, some readers may be interested by a short analysis of the tale.

Hringo. King of Upland, had an only son, called Biorno, the most beautiful and most gallant of the Norwegian youth. At an advanced period of life, the king became enamoured of a "*witch lady*," whom he chose for his second wife. A mutual and tender affection had, from infancy, subsisted betwixt Biorno and Bera, the lovely daughter of an ancient warrior. But the new queen cast upon her step-son an eye of incestuous passion; to gratify which, she prevailed upon her husband, when he set out upon one of those piratical expeditions, which formed the summer campaign of a Scandinavian monarch, to leave the prince at home. In the absence of Hringo, she communicated to Biorno her impure affection, and was repulsed with disdain and violence. The rage of the weird step-mother was boundless. "Hence to the woods!" she exclaimed, striking the prince with a glove of wolfskin; "Hence to the woods! subsist only on thy father's herds; live pursuing, and die pursued!" From this time the Prince Biorno was no more seen, and the herdsmen of the king's cattle soon observed that astonishing devastation was nightly made among their flocks, by a black bear, of immense size and unusual ferocity. Every attempt to snare or destroy this animal was found vain; and much was the unavailing regret for the absence of Biorno, whose delight had been in extirpating beasts of prey. Bera, the faithful mistress of the young prince, added her tears to the sorrow of the people. As she was indulging her melancholy, apart from society, she was alarmed by the approach of the monstrous bear, which was the dread of the whole country. Unable to escape, she waited its approach, in expectation of instant death; when, to her astonishment, the animal fawned upon her, rolled himself at her feet, and regarded her with eyes, in which, spite of the horrible transformation, she still recognised the glances of her lost lover. Bera had the courage to follow the bear to his cavern, where, during certain hours, the spell permitted him to resume his human shape. Her love overcame her repugnance at so strange a mode of life, and she continued to inhabit the cavern of Biorno, enjoying his society during the periods of his freedom from enchantment. One day, looking sadly upon his wife, "Bera," said the prince, "the end of my life approaches. My flesh will soon serve for the repast of my father and his courtiers. But do thou beware lest either the threats or entreaties of my diabolical stepmother induce thee to partake of the horrid banquet. So thou shalt safely bring forth three sons, who shall be the wonder of the North." The spell now operated, and the unfortunate prince sallied from his cavern to prowl among the herds. Bera followed him, weeping, and at a distance. The clamour of the chase was now heard. It was the old king, who, returned from his piratical excursion, had collected a strong force to destroy the devouring animal which ravaged his country. The poor bear defended himself gallantly, slaying many dogs, and some huntsmen. At length wearied out, he sought protection at the feet of his father. But his supplicating gestures were in vain, and the eyes of paternal affection proved more dull than those of love. Biorno died by the lance of his father, and his flesh was prepared for the royal banquet. Bera was recognised, and hurried into the queen's presence. The sorceress, as Biorno had predicted, endeavoured to prevail upon Bera to eat of what was then esteemed a regal dainty. Entreaties and threats being in vain, force was, by the queen's command, employed for this purpose, and Bera was compelled to swallow one morsel of the bear's flesh. A second was put into her mouth, but she had

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"O, a heavier weird shall light her on,
Than ever fell on vile woman;
Her hair shall grow rough, and her teeth grow lang,
And on her four feet shall she gang.

"None shall take pity her upon;
In Wormeswood she aye shall won;
And relieved shall she never be,
Till St. Mungo[1] come over the sea."—
And, sighing, said that weary wight,
"I doubt that day I'll never see!"

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNIE.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN A PERFECT STATE.

This ballad is now, for the first time, published in a perfect state. A fragment, comprehending the 2d, 4th, 5th, and 6th verses, as also the 17th, has appeared in several collections. The present copy is chiefly taken from the recitation of an old woman, residing near Kirkhill, in West Lothian; the same from whom were obtained the variations in the tale of *Tamlane,* and the fragment of the *Wife of Usher's Well,* which is the next in order.

The tale is much the same with the Breton romance, called *Lay le Frain,* or the *Song of the Ash.* Indeed, the Editor is convinced, that the farther our researches are extended, the more we shall see ground to believe, that the romantic ballads of later times are, for the most part, abridgements of the ancient metrical romances, narrated in a smoother stanza and more modern language. A copy of the ancient romance alluded to is preserved in the invaluable collection (W. 4. 1.) of the Advocates' Library, and begins thus:

"We redeth oft and findeth ywrite
And this clerkes wele it wite
Layes that ben in harping
Ben yfound of ferli thing
Sum beth of wer and some of wo
Sum of joye and mirthe also

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an opportunity of putting it aside. She was then dismissed to her father's house. Here, in process of time, she was delivered of three sons, two of whom were affected variously, in person and disposition, by the share their mother had been compelled to take in the feast of the king. The eldest, from his middle downwards, resembled an elk, whence he derived the name of Elgford. He proved a man of uncommon strength, but of savage manners, and adopted the profession of a robber. Thorer, the second son of Bera, was handsome and well-shaped, saving that he had the foot of a dog, from which he obtained the appellation of Houndsfoot. But Bodvar, the third son, was a model of perfection in mind and body. He revenged upon the necromantic queen the death of his father, and became the most celebrated champion of his age.—*Historia Hrolfi Krakæ Haffniæ*, 1715. [The curious reader is referred to "The ancient English Romance of William and the Werwolf, edited from an unique copy in King's College Library, Cambridge, with an Introduction by Frederick Madden, Esq.;" printed for the Roxburghe Club in 1832.—ED.]

[1] *St. Mungo*—St. Kentigern.

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And sum of trecherie and gile
Of old aventours that fel while
And sum of bourdes and ribaudy
And many ther beth of faery
Of al thinges that men seth
Maist o' love forsoth yal beth.

"In Breytene bi hold time
This layes were wrought to seithe this rime
When kinges might our y here
Of ani mervailes that ther wer
They token a harp in glee and game
And maked a lay and gaf it name
Now of this aventours that weren y falle
Y can tell sum ac nought alle
Ac herkeneth Lordinges sothe to sain
I chil you tel *Lay Le Frain*
Befel a cas in Breteyne
Whereof was made Lay Le Frain
In Ingliche for to tellen y wis
Of ane ashe forsothe it is
On ane ensammple fair with alle
That sum tyme was bi falle," etc.

A ballad, agreeing in every respect with that which follows, exists in the Danish collection of ancient songs entitled Kæmpe Viser. It is called *Skiœn Anna,* i. e. Fair Annie, and has been translated literally by my learned friend, Mr. Robert Jamieson.—See his "Popular Ballads," Edin. 1806, vol. ii. p. 100. This work contains many original and curious observations on the connexion between the ancient poetry of Britain and of the northern nations.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNIE.

"It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I'm gaun o'er the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear;
Wi' you I ne'er got nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring o'er the dale?"—

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring o'er the dale."—

"But she that welcomes my brisk bride,
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair."—

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"But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child again?"—

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand;
And she's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

"Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o'er yon sea-strand,
And see your father's new-come bride
Before she come to land."—

"Come down, come down, my mother dear,
Come frae the castle-wa'!
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursell down fa'."—

And she gaed down, and farther down,
Her love's ship for to see;
And the topmast and the mainmast
Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,
The bride's ship to behold;
And the topmast and the mainmast
They shone just like the gold.

She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand;
I wot she didna fail!
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
As they came o'er the dale.

"You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas;
You're welcome to your land;
You're welcome, with your fair ladye,
That you lead by the hand.

"You're welcome to your ha's, ladye,
Your welcome to your bowers;
You're welcome to your hame, ladye,
For a' that's here is yours."—

"I thank thee, Annie; I thank thee, Annie;
Sae dearly as I thank thee;
You're the likest to my sister Annie,
That ever I did see.

"There came a knight out o'er the sea,
And steal'd my sister away;

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The shame scoup [1] in his company,
  And land where'er he gae!"—

She hang ae napkin at the door,
  Another in the ha';
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,
  Sae fast as they did fa'.

And aye she served the lang tables
  With white bread and with wine;
And aye she drank the wan water,
  To had her colour fine.[2]

And aye she served the lang tables,
  With white bread and with brown;
And ay she turn'd her round about,
  Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he's ta'en down the silk napkin,
  Hung on a silver pin;
And aye he wipes the tear trickling
  Adown her cheek and chin.

And aye he turn'd him round about,
  And smiled amang his men,
Says—"Like ye best the old ladye,
  Or her that's new come hame?"—

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
  And a' men bound to bed,
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride,
  To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,
  To hear what they might say;
"And ever alas!" fair Annie cried,
  "That I should see this day!

"Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,
  Running on the castle-wa',
And I were a grey cat mysell,
  I soon would worry them a'.

"Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
  Running o'er yon lilly lee,
And I were a grew hound mysell,
  Soon worried they a' should be."—

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,
  And drearie was her sang;

---

[1] *Scoup*—Go, or rather fly.

[2] To keep her from changing countenance.

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And ever, as she sobb'd and grat,
"Wae to the man that did the wrang!"—

"My gown is on," said the new-come bride,
"My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.——

"What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair Annie,
That ye make sic a moan?
Has your wine barrels cast the girds,
Or is your white bread gone?

"O wha was't was your father, Annie,
Or wha was't was your mother?
And had you ony sister, Annie,
Or had you ony brother?"—

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother:
And a' the folk about the house,
To me were sister and brother."

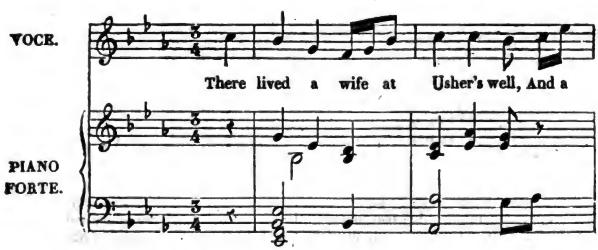
"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it shall not be for lack o' gowd,
That ye your love sall tyne.

"For I have seven ships o' mine ain,
A' loaded to the brim;
And I will gie them a' to thee,
Wi' four to thine eldest son.
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven,
That I gae maiden hame!"

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

A FRAGMENT.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.



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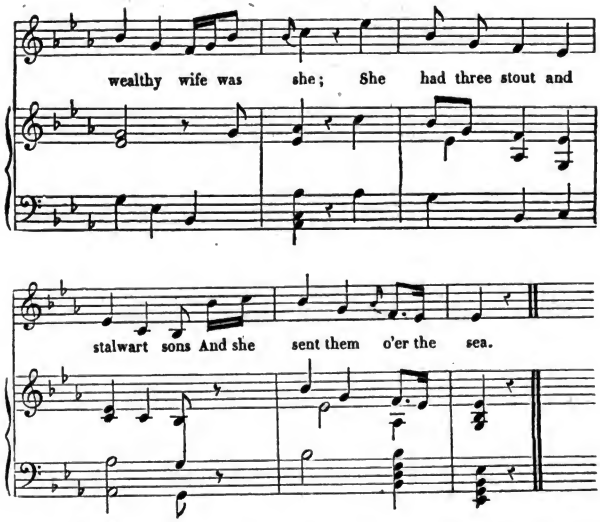

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
  And a wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
  And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
  A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife,
  That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
  A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife,
  That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,[1]
  Nor fishes[2] in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
  In earthly flesh and blood!"—

It fell about the Martinmas,
  When nights are lang and mirk,

---

[1] The sense of this verse is obscure, owing, probably, to corruption by reciters. It would appear that the mother had sinned in the same degree with the celebrated *Lenoré*.

[2] [Query. Should we not read, for *fishes* here, *fashes*—i. e. troubles?—Ed.]

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The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.[1]

* * * * * * *

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."—

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

* * * * * * *

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."—

---

[1] The notion, that the souls of the blessed wear garlands, seems to be of Jewish origin. At least in the *Maase-book*, there is a Rabbinical tradition to the following effect:—

"It fell out, that a Jew, whose name was Ponim, an ancient man, whose business was altogether about the dead, coming to the door of the school, saw one standing there, who had a garland upon his head. Then was Rabbi Ponim afraid, imagining it was a spirit. Whereupon he, whom the Rabbi saw, called out to him, saying, 'Be not afraid, but pass forward. Dost thou not know me?' Then said Rabbi Ponim, 'Art thou not he whom I buried yesterday?' And he was answered, 'Yea, I am he.' Upon which Rabbi Ponim said, 'Why comest thou hither? How fareth it with thee in the other world?' And the apparition made answer, 'It goeth well with me, and I am in high esteem in Paradise.' Then said the Rabbi, 'Thou wert but looked upon in the world as an insignificant Jew. What good work didst thou do, that thou art thus esteemed?' The apparition answered, 'I will tell thee: the reason of the esteem I am in, is, that I rose every morning early, and with fervency uttered my prayer, and offered the grace from the bottom of my heart; for which reason I now pronounce grace in Paradise, and am well respected. If thou doubtest whether I am the person, I will shew thee a token that will convince thee of it. Yesterday, when thou didst clothe me in my funeral attire, thou didst tear my sleeve.' Then asked Rabbi Ponim, 'What is the meaning of that garland?' The apparition answered, 'I wear it, to the end the wind of the world may not have power over me; for it consists of excellent herbs of Paradise.' Then did Rabbi Ponim mend the sleeve of the deceased; for the deceased had said, that if it was not mended, he should be ashamed to be seen amongst others, whose apparel was whole. And then the apparition vanished. Wherefore, let every one utter his prayer with fervency; for then it shall go well with him in the other world. And let care be taken that no rent, nor tearing, be left in the apparel in which the deceased are interred."—*Jewish Traditions, abridged from Buxtorf*, London, 1752, vol. ii. p. 49.

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The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa.—

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin'[1] worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.[2]

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire."

* * * * * * *

COSPATRICK.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

A copy of this Ballad, materially different from that which follows, appeared in "*Scottish Songs*," 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1792, under the title of *Lord Bothwell*. Some stanzas have been transferred from thence to the present copy, which is taken down from the recitation of a Lady, nearly related to the Editor.[3] Some readings have been also adopted from a third copy, in Mrs. Brown's MS., under the title of *Child Brenton*. Cospatrick (*Comes Patricius*) was the designation of the Earl of Dunbar, in the days of Wallace and Bruce.

Cospatrick has sent o'er the faem;
Cospatrick brought his ladye hame;
And fourscore ships have come her wi',
The ladye by the grene-wood tree.

There were twal' and twal' wi' baken bread,
And twal' and twal' wi' gowd sae reid,

---

[1] *Channerin'*—Fretting.

[2] This will remind the German reader of the comic adieu of a heavenly apparition:—

"Doch sieh! man schliesst die himmels thür;
Adieu! der himmlische Portier
Ist streng und hält auf ordnung."—*Blumauer*.

[3] [Miss Christian Rutherford, sister to Sir Walter Scott's mother.—Ed.]

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And twal' and twal' wi' bouted flour,
And twal' and twal' wi' the paramour.

Sweet Willy was a widow's son,
And at her stirrup he did run;
And she was clad in the finest pall,
But aye she let the tears down fall.

"O is your saddle set awrye?,
Or rides your steed for you ower high?
Or are you mourning, in your tide,
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride?"—

"I am not mourning, at this tide,
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride;
But I am sorrowing in my mood,
That I suld leave my mother good.

"But, gentle boy, come tell to me,
What is the custom of thy countrie?"—
"The custom thereof, my dame," he says,
"Will ill a gentle ladye please.

"Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
And seven king's daughters has our lord bedded;
But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast-bane,
And sent them mourning hame again.

"Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,
Ye may gae safely to his bed;
But gif o' that ye be na sure,
Then hire some damsell o' your bour."—

The ladye's call'd her bour maiden,
That waiting was into her train:
"Five thousand merks I'll gie to thee,
To sleep this night with my lord for me."—

When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,
And a' men unto bed were gane,
Cospatrick and the bonny maid,
Into a chamber they were laid.

"Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me, bed,
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web;
And speak up, my bonny brown sword, that winna lie,
Is this a true maiden that lies by me?"—

"It is not a maid that you hae wedded,
But it is a maid that you hae bedded;
It is a leal maiden that lies by thee,
But not the maiden that it should be."—

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O wrathfully he left the bed,
And wrathfully his claes on did;
And he has ta'en him through the ha',
And on his mother he did ca'.

"I am the most unhappy man,
That ever was in Christen land!
I courted a maiden, meik and mild,
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi' child."—

"O stay, my son, into this ha',
And sport ye wi' your merrymen a';
And I will to the secret bour,
To see how it fares wi' your paramour."—

The carline she was stark and sture,
She aff the hinges dang the dure;
"O is your bairn to laird or loun,
Or is it to your father's groom?"—

"O hear me, mother, on my knee,
Till my sad story I tell to thee:
O we were sisters, sisters seven,
We were the fairest under heaven.

"It fell on a summer's afternoon,
When a' our toilsome task was done,
We cast the kevils us amang,
To see which suld to the grene-wood gang.

"O hon! alas, for I was youngest,
And aye my wierd it was the hardest!
The kevil it on me did fa',
Whilk was the cause of a' my woe.

"For to the grene-wood I maun gae,
To pu' the red rose and the slae;
To pu' the red rose and the thyme,
To deck my mother's bour and mine.

"I hadna pu'd a flower but ane,
When by there came a gallant hende,
Wi' high-coll'd hose and laigh-coll'd shoon,
And he seem'd to be sum kingis son.

"And be I a maid, or be I nae,
He kept me there till the close o' day;
And be I a maid, or be I nane,
He kept me there till the day was done.

"He gae me a lock o' his yellow hair,
And bade me keep it ever mair;

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He gae me a carknet [1] o' bonny beads,
And bade me keep it against my needs.

"He gae to me a gay gold ring,
And bade me keep it abune a' thing."—
"What did ye wi' the tokens rare,
That ye gat frae that gallant there?"—

"O bring that coffer unto me,
And a' the tokens ye sall see."—
"Now stay, daughter, your bour within,
While I gae parley wi' my son."—

O she has ta'en her thro' the ha',
And on her son began to ca';
"What did ye wi' the bonny beads
I bade you keep against your needs?

"What did you wi' the gay gold ring
I bade you keep abune a' thing?"—
"I gae them to a ladye gay,
I met on grene-wood on a day.

"But I wad gie a' my halls and tours,
I had that ladye within my bours;
But I wad gie my very life,
I had that ladye to my wife."—

"Now keep, my son, your ha's and tours,
Ye have the bright burd in your bours;
And keep, my son, your very life,
Ye have that ladye to your wife."—

Now, or a month was come and gane,
The ladye bare a bonny son;
And 'twas weel written on his breast-bane,
"Cospatrick is my father's name."
O row my lady in satin and silk,
And wash my son in the morning milk.

PRINCE ROBERT.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

FROM THE RECITATION OF A LADY, NEARLY RELATED TO THE EDITOR. [2]

Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
He has wedded her with a ring:

---

[1] *Carknet*—A necklace. Thus:—

"She threw away her rings and *carknet* cleen."

HARRISON'S *Translation of Orlando Furioso*—Notes on Book 37th.

[2] [Miss Christian Rutherford. See p. 420. *ante*.—ED.]

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Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
  But he darna bring her hame.

"Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear!
  Your blessing now grant to me!"—
"Instead of a blessing ye sall have my curse,
  And you'll get nae blessing frae me."—

She has call'd upon her waiting-maid,
  To fill a glass of wine;
She has call'd upon her fause steward,
  To put rank poison in.

She has put it to her roudes[1] lip,
  And to her roudes chin;
She has put it to her fause fause mouth,
  But the never a drap gaed in.

He has put it to his bonny mouth,
  And to his bonny chin,
He's put it to his cherry lip,
  And sae fast the rank poison ran in.

"O ye hae poison'd your ae son, mother,
  Your ae son and your heir;
O ye hae poison'd your ae son, mother,
  And sons you'll never hae mair.

"O where will I get a little boy,
  That will win hose and shoon,
To rin sae fast to Darlinton,
  And bid fair Eleanor come?"—

Then up and spake a little boy,
  That wad win hose and shoon,—
"O I'll away to Darlinton,
  And bid fair Eleanor come."—

O he has run to Darlinton,
  And tirled at the pin;
And wha was sae ready as Eleanor's sell
  To let the bonny boy in.

"Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinour,
  She's made it baith gude and fine;
Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinour,
  And ye maun cum till her and dine."—

It's twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,
  The langest that ever were gane:
But the steed it was wight, and the ladye was light,
  And she cam linkin'[2] in.

---

[1] *Roudes*—Haggard

[2] *Linkin'*—Riding briskly.

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But when she came to Sillertoun town,
And into Sillertoun ha',
The torches were burning, the ladies were mourning,
And they were weeping a'.

"O where is now my wedded lord,
And where now can he be?
O where is now my wedded lord?
For him I canna see."—

"Your wedded lord is dead," she says,
"And just gane to be laid in the clay:
Your wedded lord is dead," she says,
"And just gane to be buried the day.

"Ye'se get nane o' his gowd, ye'se get nane o' his gear,
Ye'se get nae thing frae me;
Ye'se no get an inch o' his gude braid land,
Though your heart suld burst in three."—

"I want nane o' his gowd, I want nane o' his gear,
I want nae land frae thee:
But I'll hae the rings that's on his finger,
For them he did promise to me."—

"Ye'se no get the rings that's on his finger,
Ye'se no get them frae me;
Ye'se no get the rings that's on his finger,
An your heart suld burst in three."—

She's turn'd her back unto the wa',
And her face unto a rock;
And there, before the mother's face,
Her very heart it broke.

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
The tother in Marie's quair;
And out o' the tane there sprang a birk,
And out o' the tother a brier.

And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,
The birk but and the brier;
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were twa lovers dear.[1]

---

[1] The two last verses are common to many ballads, and are probably derived from some old metrical romance, since we find the idea occur in the voluminous history of Sir Tristrem. "*Ores veitil que de la tumbe de Tristan yssoit une belle ronce verte et feuilleuse, qui alloit par la chapelle, et descendoit le bout de la ronce sur la tumbe d'Yseult, et entroit dedans.*" This marvellous plant was three times cut down, but, continues Rusticien de Puise, "*Le lendemain estoit aussi belle comme elle avoit cydevant été, et ce miracle était sur Tristran et sur Yseult a tout jamais advenir.*"

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KING HENRIE.

THE ANCIENT COPY.

This ballad is edited from the MS. of Mrs. Brown, corrected by a recited fragment. A modernized copy has been published, under the title of "Courteous King Jamie."—*Tales of Wonder,* vol. ii. p. 451.

The legend will remind the reader of the "Marriage of Sir Gawain," in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry,* and of "The Wife of Bath's Tale," in Father Chaucer. But the original, as appears from the following quotation from Torfœus, is to be found in an Icelandic Saga.

"Hellgius, Rex Daniæ, mœrore ob omissam conjugem vexatus, solus "agebat, et subducens se hominum commercio, segregem domum, omnis "famulitii impatiens, incolebat. Accidit autem, ut, nocte concubia, la-"mentabilis cujusdam ante fores ejulantis sonus auribus ejus obreperet. "Expergefactus igitur, recluso ostio, informe quoddam mulieris simula-"crum habitu corporis fœdum, veste squalore obsita, pallore, macie, fri-"gorisque tyrannide propemodum peremptum, deprehendit; quod precibus "obsecratus, ut qui jam miserorum ærumnas ex propria calamitate pen-"sare didicisset, in domum intromisit; ipse lectum petit. At mulier, ne "hac quidem benignitate contenta, thori consortium obnixe flagitabat, "addens it tanti referre, ut, nisi impetraret, omnino sibi moriendum "esset. Quod ea lege, ne ipsum attingeret, concessum est. Ideo nec "complexu eam dignatus rex avertit sese. Cum autem prima luce forte "oculos ultro citroque converteret, eximiæ formæ virginem lecto receptam "animadvertit; quæ statim ipsi placere cœpit: causam igitur tam repen-"tinæ mutationis curiosius indaganti, respondit virgo, se unam e sub-"terraneorum hominum genere diris novercalibus devotam, tam tetra et "execrabili specie, quali primo comparuit, damnatam, quoad thori cujus-"dam principis socia fieret; multos reges hac de re sollicitasse. Jam, "actis pro præstito beneficio gratiis, discessum maturans, a rege formæ "ejus illecebris capto comprimitur. Deinde petit, si prolem ex hoc con-"gressu progigni contigerit, sequente hyeme, eodem anni tempore, ante "fores positam in ædes reciperet, seque ejus patrem profiteri non grava-"retur, secus non leve infortunium insecuturum prædixit: e quo præ-"cepto cum rex postea exorbitasset, nec præ foribus jacentem infantem "pro suo agnoscere voluisset, ad eum iterum, sed corrugata fronte, ac-"cessit, obque violatam fidem acrius objurgatum ab imminente periculo, "præstiti olim beneficii gratia, exempturam pollicebatur, ita tamen ut, "tota ultionis rabies in filium ejus effusa, graves aliquando levitatis illius "pœnas exigeret. Ex hac tam dissimilium naturarum commixtione, "Skulda, versuti et versatilis animi mulier, nata fuisse memoratur; quæ "utramque naturam participans prodigiosorum operum effectrix perhi-"betur."—*Hrolfi Krakii Hist.* p. 49. Hafn. 1715.

Let never man a-wooing wend,
That lacketh thingis thrie;
A rowth o' gold, an open heart,
And fu' o' courtesy.

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And this was seen o' King Henrie,
For he lay burd alane;
And he has ta'en him to a haunted hunt's ha',
Was seven miles frae a toun.

He's chased the dun deer thro' the wood,
And the roe doun by the den,
Till the fattest buck in a' the herd
King Henrie he has slain.

He's ta'en him to his huntin' ha',
For to make burly cheir;
When loud the wind was heard to sound,
And an earthquake rock'd the floor.

And darkness cover'd a' the hall,
Where they sat at their meat;
The grey dogs, youling, left their food,
And crept to Henrie's feet.

And louder houl'd the rising wind,
And burst the fast'ned door;
And in there came a griesly ghost,
Stood stamping on the floor.

Her head touch'd the roof-tree of the house;
Her middle ye weel mot span:
Each frighted huntsman fled the ha',
And left the King alane.

Her teeth were a' like tether-stakes,
Her nose like club or mell:
And I ken naething she appear'd to be,
But the fiend that wons in hell.

"Sum meat, sum meat, ye King Henrie,
Sum meat ye gie to me!"—
"And what meat's i' this house, ladye,
That ye're na wellcum tee?"—[1]
"O ye'se gae kill your berry-brown steed,
And serve him up to me."

O when he kill'd his berry-brown steed,
Wow gin his heart was sair!
She ate him a' up, skin and bane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henrie!
Mair meat ye gie to me!"—
"And what meat's i' this house ladye,

[1] *Tee* for *to*, is the Buchanshire and Gallovidian pronunciation.

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That ye're na wellcum tee?"—
"O ye do slay your gude grey houndes,
And bring them a' to me."—

O when he slew his gude grey houndes,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She's ate them a' up, ane by ane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henrie!
Mair meat ye gie to me!"—
"And what meat's i' this house, ladye,
That I hae left to gie?"—
"O ye do fell your gay goss-hawks,
And bring them a' to me."—

O when he fell'd his gay goss-hawks,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She's ate them a' up, bane by bane,
Left naething but feathers bare.

"Some drink, some drink, ye King Henrie!
Some drink ye gie to me!"—
"And what drink's i' this house, ladye,
That ye're na wellcum tee?"—
"O ye sew up your horse's hide,
And bring in a drink to me."—

O he has sew'd up the bluidy hide,
And put in a pipe of wine;
She drank it a' up at ae draught,
Left na a drap therein.

"A bed, a bed, ye King Henrie!
A bed ye mak to me!"—
"And what's the bed i' this house, ladye,
That ye're na wellcum tee?"—
"O ye maun pu' the green heather,
And mak a bed to me."—

O pu'd has he the heather green,
And made to her a bed;
And up he has ta'en his gay mantle,
And o'er it he has spread.

"Now swear, now swear, ye King Henrie,
To take me for your bride!"—
"O God forbid," King Henrie said,
"That e'er the like betide!
That e'er the fiend that wons in hell
Should streak down by my side."—

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* * * * * * *

When day was come, and night was gane,
  And the sun shone through the ha',
The fairest ladye that e'er was seen,
  Lay atween him and the wa'.

"O weel is me!" King Henrie said,
  "How lang will this last wi' me?"—
And out and spak that ladye fair,
  "E'en till the day ye die.

"For I was witch'd to a ghastly shape,
  All by my stepdame's skill,
Till I should meet wi' a courteous knight,
  Wad gie me a' my will."

ANNAN WATER.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

The following verses are the original words of the tune of "*Allan Water,*" by which name the song is mentioned in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*. The ballad is given from tradition; and it is said that a bridge, over the Annan, was built in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe which it narrates. Two verses are added in this edition, from another copy of the ballad, in which the conclusion proves fortunate. By the *Gatehope-Slack,* is perhaps meant the *Gate-Slack,* a pass in Annandale. The Annan, and the Frith of Solway, into which it falls, are the frequent scenes of tragical accidents. The Editor trusts he will be pardoned for inserting the following awfully impressive account of such an event, contained in a letter from Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, by whose correspondence, while in the course of preparing these volumes for the press, he has been alike honoured and instructed. After stating that he had some recollection of the ballad which follows, the biographer of Burns proceeds thus:—"I once in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning; not in the Annan itself, but in the frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him, in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three foot a-breast*. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind."

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ANNAN WATER.

"Annan water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny;
And I am laith she suld weet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

"Gar saddle me the bonny black,
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready;
For I will down the Gatehope-Slack,
And all to see my bonny ladye."—

He has loupen on the bonny black,
He stirr'd him wi' the spur right sairly;
But, or he wan the Gatehope-Slack,
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupen on the bonny grey,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonny ladye.

O he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through muir and moss, and mony a mire:
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.

"Now, bonny grey, now play your part!
Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur sall make you wearie."—

The grey was a mare, and a right good mare;
But when she wan the Annan water,
She couldna hae ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded [1] at her.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat!
Put off your boat for gowden money!
I cross the drumly stream the night,
Or never mair I see my honey."—

"O I was sworn sae late yestreen,
And not by ae aith, but by many;
And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland,
I dare na take ye through to Annie."—

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
And the bonny grey mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water kelpy roaring.

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[1] *Wadded*—Wagered.

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O he has pou'd aff his dapperpy [1] coat,
The silver buttons glanced bonny;
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,
He was sae full of melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail;
I wot he swam both strong and steady,
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny ladye!

"O wae betide the frush [2] saugh wand!
And wae betide the bush of brier,
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

"And wae betide ye, Annan Water,
This night that ye are a drumlie river!
For over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye never more true love may sever."

THE CRUEL SISTER.

This ballad differs essentially from that which has been published in various collections, under the title of *Binnorie*. It is compiled from a copy in Mrs. Brown's MSS., intermixed with a beautiful fragment, of fourteen verses, transmitted to the Editor by J. C. Walker, Esq. the ingenious historian of the Irish bards. Mr. Walker, at the same time, favoured the Editor with the following note:—"I am indebted to my departed friend, Miss Brook, for the foregoing pathetic fragment. Her account of it was as follows:—This song was transcribed, several years ago, from the memory of an old woman, who had no recollection of the concluding verses: probably the beginning may also be lost, as it seems to commence abruptly." The first verse and burden of the fragment ran thus:—

"O sister, sister, reach thy hand!
Hey ho, my Nanny, O;
And you shall be heir of all my land,
While the swan swims bonny, O."

The first part of this chorus seems to be corrupted from the common burden of *Hey Nonny, Nonny,* alluded to in the song, beginning, "*Sigh no more, ladyes.*" The chorus, retained in this edition, is the most common and popular; but Mrs. Brown's copy [3] bears a yet different burden, beginning thus;—

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[1] *Query*—Cap-a-pee?
[2] *Frush*—Brittle; without cohesion of parts.
[3] [Mr. Jamieson has printed Mrs. Brown's copy *verbatim*, under the title of "The Twa Sisters."—*Popular Ballads*, 1806, vol. i. p. 50.—Ed.]

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"There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Edinborough, Edinborough;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Stirling for aye;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
Bonny St. Johnston stands upon Tay."

The ballad, being probably very popular, was the subject of a parody, which is to be found in D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy."

THE CRUEL SISTER.

There were two sisters sat in a bour;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;[1]
There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sore envied her sister fair;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?"—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And led her down to the river strand;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The eldest came and pushed her in;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;

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[1] [Pronounced Binnŏrie.—Ed.]

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And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And ye shall be heir of half my land."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And I'll be heir of all your land;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
It's twin'd me, and my world's make."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall be your love."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall better be my love,
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Garr'd me gang maiden evermair."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Until she cam to the miller's dam;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There's either a mermaid, or milk-white swan."
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there he found a drown'd woman;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

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You could not see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie:
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose notes made sad the listening ear;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And straight it began to play alone;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O yonder sits my father, the king,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And by him my William, sweet and true."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

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THE QUEEN'S MARIE.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

"In the very time of the General Assembly, there comes to public knowledge a haynous murther, committed in the court; yea, not far from the Queen's lap; for a French woman, that served in the Queen's chamber, had played the whore with the Queen's own apothecary.—The woman conceived and bare a childe, whom, with common consent, the father and mother murthered; yet were the cries of a new-borne childe hearde, searche was made, the childe and the mother were both apprehended, and so were the man and the woman condemned to be hanged in the publicke street of Edinburgh. The punishment was suitable, because the crime was haynous. But yet was not the court purged of whores and whoredoms, which was the fountaine of such enormities; for it was well known that shame hasted marriage betwixt John Sempill, called the Dancer, and Mary Levingston,[1] sirnamed the Lusty. What bruit the Maries, and the rest of the dancers of the court had, *the ballads of that age* doe witnesse, which we for modestie's sake omit: but this was the common complaint of all godly and wise men, that if they thought such a court could long continue, and if they looked for no better life to come, they would have wished their sonnes and daughters rather to have been brought up with fiddlers and dancers, and to have been exercised with flinging upon a floore, and in the rest that thereof followes, than to have been exercised in the company of the godly, and exercised in virtue, which in that court was hated, and filthenesse not only maintained, but also rewarded: witnesse the Abbey of Abercorne, the Barony of Auchtermuchtie, and divers others, pertaining to the patrimony of the crown, given in heritage to skippers and dancers, and dalliers with dames. This was the beginning of the regiment of Mary, Queen of Scots, and these were the fruits that she brought forth of France.—*Lord! look on our miseries! and deliver us from the wickedness of this corrupt court!*"—KNOX'S *History of the Reformation*, p. 373-4.

Such seems to be the subject of the following ballad, as narrated by the stern apostle of Presbytery. It will readily strike the reader, that the tale has suffered great alterations, as handed down by tradition; the French waiting-woman being changed into Mary Hamilton,[2] and the

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[1] "John Semple, son of Robert, Lord Semple, (by Elizabeth Carlisle, a daughter of the Lord Torthorald,) was ancestor of the Semples of Beltrees. He was married to Mary, sister to William Livingston, and one of the maids of honour to Queen Mary; by whom he had Sir James Semple of Beltrees, his son and heir," etc.; afterwards ambassador to England, for King James VI., in 1599.—CRAWFORD'S *History of Renfrew*, p. 101.

[2] One copy bears, "*Mary Miles.*" A very odd coincidence in name, crime, and catastrophe, occurred at the court of Czar Peter the Great. It is thus detailed by the obliging correspondent who recommended it to my notice:—

"Miss Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empress Catherine, had an amour, which, at different times, produced three children. She had always pleaded sickness, but Peter, being suspicious, ordered his physician to attend her, who soon made the discovery. It also appeared, that a sense of shame had triumphed over her humanity, and that the children had been put to death as soon as born. Peter enquired if the father of them was privy to the murder; the lady insisted that he was innocent; for she had always deceived him, by pretending that they were sent to nurse. Justice now called upon the Emperor to punish the offence. The lady was much beloved by the Empress, who pleaded for her; the amour

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Queen's apothecary into Henry Darnley. Yet this is less surprising, when we recollect, that one of the heaviest of the Queen's complaints against her ill-fated husband, was his infidelity, and that even with her personal attendants. I have been enabled to publish the following complete edition of the ballad, by copies from various quarters; that principally used was communicated to me, in the most polite manner, by Mr. Kirkpatricke Sharpe, of Hoddom, to whom I am indebted for many similar favours.'

THE QUEEN'S MARIE.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
  Wi' ribbons in her hair;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
  Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
  Wi' ribbons on her breast;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
  Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
  Wi' gloves upon her hands;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
  Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's court
  A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the King's court,
  And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the King's court
  A month, but barely three,

---

was pardonable, but not the murder. Peter sent her to the castle, and went himself to visit her; and the fact being confessed, he pronounced her sentence with tears; telling her, that his duty as a prince, and God's vice-gerent, called on him for that justice which her crime had rendered indispensably necessary; and that she must therefore prepare for death. He attended her also on the scaffold, where he embraced her with the utmost tenderness, mixed with sorrow; and some say, when the head was struck off, he took it up by the ear, whilst the lips were still trembling, and kissed them; a circumstance of an extraordinary nature, yet not incredible, considering the peculiarities of his character."

[1] [Mr. Kinloch has printed a north country version of this ballad, differing considerably from that in the text. See his *Ballads*, 1827, p. 252. He also gives a *fragment* of a third version, viz.—

"My father is the Duke of Argyle,
  My mother's a lady gay;
And I, mysell, am a dainty dame,
  And the King desired me.

"He shaw'd me up, he shaw'd me down,
  He shaw'd me to the ha';
He shaw'd me to the low cellars,
  And that was warst of a'."

Mr. Motherwell has also given a west country version of this ballad, under the title of "Mary Hamilton," p. 546; and we shall have occasion to quote some of its variations.—ED.]

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Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,
  Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The King is to the Abbey gane,
  To pu' the Abbey tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart;
  But the thing it wadna be.[1]

O she has row'd it in her apron,
  And set it on the sea,—
"Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe,
  Ye'se get nae mair o' me."—

Word is to the kitchen gane,
  And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room,
  Amang the ladyes a',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
  And the bonny babe's mist and awa'

Scarcely had she lain down again,
  And scarcely fa'en asleep,
When up then started our gude Queen,[2]
  Just at her bed-feet;
Saying—"Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?
  For I am sure I heard it greet."—

"O no, O no, my noble Queen!
  Think no such thing to be;
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
  And sair it troubles me."—[3]

---

1 ["The Prince's bed it was sae saft,
  The spices they were sae fine,
  That out of it she could not be
  While she was scarce fifteen.

"She's gane to the garden gay,
  To pu' o' the savin tree;
  But for a' that she could say or do,
  The babie it would not die."
MOTHERWELL, p. 317.]

2 ["Queen Mary cam tripping down the stair,
  Wi' the gold rings in her hair:
  'O where is the little babe,' she says,
  'That I heard greet sae sair?'"
MOTHERWELL'S *Version*.]

3 ["'There is na babe within my bower,
  And I hope there ne'er will be;
  But it's me wi' a sair and sick colic,
  And I'm just like to dee.'

"But they looked up, they looked doun,
  Atween the bowslers and the wa',
  It's there they got a bonny lad-bairn,
  But its life it was awa'."
KINLOCH'S *Version*.]

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"Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton:
  Get up and follow me;
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
  A rich wedding for to see."—

O slowly, slowly raise she up,
  And slowly put she on;
And slowly rode she out the way,
  Wi' mony a weary groan.

The Queen was clad in scarlet,
  Her merry maids all in green;
And every town that they cam to,
  They took Marie for the Queen.

"Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,
  Ride hooly now wi' me!
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
  Rade in your cumpanie."—

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
  When she rade on the brown,
That she was ga'en to Edinburgh town,
  And a' to be put down.

"Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,
  Why look ye so on me!
O, I am going to Edinburgh town,
  A rich wedding for to see."—[1]

When she gaed up the tolbooth stairs,
  The corks frae her heels did flee;
And lang or e'er she cam down again,
  She was condemn'd to die.

When she cam to the Netherbow port,[2]
  She laughed loud laughters three;
But when she cam to the gallows foot,
  The tears blinded her ee.

["'What need ye hech! and how! ladies,
  What need ye how! for me?
  Ye never saw grace at a graceless face,—
  Queen Mary has nane to gie.'

"'Gae forward, gae forward,' the Queen she said,
  'Gae forward, that ye may see;
  For the very same words that ye hae said
  Sall hang ye on the gallows tree.'"

KINLOCH'S *Version.*]

[2] The Netherbow port was the gate which divided the city of Edinburgh from the suburb, called the Canongate. It had towers and a spire, which formed a fine termination to the view from the Cross. The gate was pulled down in one of those fits of rage for indiscriminate destruction, with which the magistrates of a corporation are sometimes visited.

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"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,[1]
And Marie Carmichael, and me.[2]

"O, often have I dress'd my Queen,
And put gold upon her hair;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

"Often have I dress'd my Queen,
And often made her bed;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

---

[1] [At Balfour House, in Fifeshire, there is a full-length portrait of Mary Beaton.—C. K. SHARPE.]

[2] The Queen's Maries were four young ladies of the highest families in Scotland, who were sent to France in her train, and returned with her to Scotland. They are mentioned by Knox, in the quotation introductory to this ballad. Keith gives us their names, p. 55. "The young Queen, Mary, embarked at Dunbarton for France, ... , and with her went. . . . . , and four young virgins, all of the name of Mary, viz. Livingston, Fleming, Seatoun, and Beatoun." The Queen's Maries are mentioned again by the same author, p. 288 and 291, in the note. Neither Mary Livingston, nor Mary Fleming, are mentioned in the ballad; nor are the Mary Hamilton, and Mary Carmichael, of the ballad, mentioned by Keith. But if this corps continued to consist of young virgins, as when originally raised, it could hardly have subsisted without occasional recruits; especially if we trust our old bard, and John Knox. The following additional notices of the Queen's Maries occur in MONTEITH'S *Translation of Buchanan's Epigrams*, etc.

Page 60. *Pomp of the Gods at the Marriage of Queen Mary, 29th July, 1565, a Dialogue.*

DIANA.—"Great father, Maries* five late served me,
Were of my quire the glorious dignitie;
With these dear five the heaven I'd regain,
The happiness of other gods to stain;
At my lot Juno, Venus, were in ire,
And stole away one."———

P. 61. APOLLO.—"Fear not, Diana, I good tidings bring,
And unto you glad oracles I sing;
Juno commands your Maries to be married,
And, in all state, to marriage-bed be carried."

P. 62. JUPITER.—"Five Maries thine:
One Marie now remains of Della's five,
And she at wedlock o'er shortly will arrive."

P. 64. "To Mary Fleming, the King's valentyn—"
65. "To Mary Beton, Queen by lot, the day before the coronation."
Sundry Verses.

The Queen's Maries are mentioned in many ballads, and the name seems to have passed into a general denomination for female attendants:—

"Now bear a hand, my *Maries* a',
And busk me brave, and make me fine."
Old Ballad.

["The *Lament of the Queen's Marie*, connected with its tale, bears so strong a stamp of nature, that we cannot resist quoting it; hoping, at the same time, that Mr. Scott will spare no pains to recover the remainder, if there be any."
STODDART, *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1803.

* The Queen seems to be included in this number.

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"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
But that I'm coming hame.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This dog's death I'm to die.

"For if my father and mother got wit,
And my bold brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude
This day wad be spilt for me!

"O little did my mother ken,
That day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to die!"

(The reviewer had then only three stanzas to quote, and these, in the order they are now given, were stanzas 23, 48, 49.)

It is evident that Burns had known more of this exquisite old ballad than Mr. Scott gave in his first edition of the Minstrelsy. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, conveying some information about poor Falconer's fate, and dated 25th January, 1795, he introduces the following:—

"Little does the fond mother think, as she hangs delighted over the sweet little leech at her bosom, where the poor fellow may hereafter wander, and what may be his fate. I remember a stanza in an old Scottish ballad, which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart—

'Little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should die.'

"Old Scotch songs are, you know, a favourite study and pursuit of mine; and now I am on that subject, allow me to give you two stanzas of another old simple ballad, which, I am sure, will please you. The catastrophe of the piece is a poor ruined female, lamenting her fate. She concludes with the pathetic wish—

'O that my father had ne'er on me smil'd;
O that my mother had ne'er to me sung;
O that my cradle had never been rock'd;
But that I had died when I was young!

'O that the grave it were my bed;
My blankets were my winding-sheet;
The clocks and the worms my bed-fellows a';
And, O, sae sound as I should sleep!'

"I do not remember, in all my reading, to have met with any thing more truly the language of misery, than the exclamation in the last line. Misery is like love; to speak its language truly, the author must have felt it."

BURNS, 8vo, vol. ii. p. 289.—ED.]

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THE BONNY HYND.

From Mr. HERD'S MS., *where the following Note is prefixed to it*—"Copied from the mouth of a milkmaid, 1774, by W. L."

It was originally my intention to have omitted this ballad, on account of the disagreeable nature of the subject. Upon consideration, however, it seemed a fair sample of a certain class of songs and tales, turning upon incidents the most horrible and unnatural, with which the vulgar in Scotland are greatly delighted, and of which they have current amongst them an ample store. Such, indeed, are the subjects of composition in most nations, during the early period of society; when the feelings, rude and callous, can only be affected by the strongest stimuli, and where the mind does not, as in a more refined age, recoil, disgusted, from the means by which interest has been excited. Hence incest, parricide—crimes, in fine, the foulest and most enormous, were the early themes of the Grecian muse. Whether that delicacy, which precludes the modern bard from the choice of such impressive and dreadful themes, be favourable to the higher classes of poetic composition, may perhaps be questioned; but there can be little doubt that the more important cause of virtue and morality is advanced by this exclusion. The knowledge, that enormities are not without precedent, may promote, and even suggest them. Hence, the publication of the *Newgate Register* has been prohibited by the wisdom of the legislature, having been found to encourage those very crimes of which it recorded the punishment. Hence, too, the wise maxim of the Romans, *Facinora ostendi dum puniantur, flagitia autem abscondi debent.*

The ballad has a high degree of poetical merit.

O May she comes, and May she goes,
  Down by yon gardens green;
And there she spied a gallant squire,
  As squire had ever been,

And May she comes, and May she goes,
  Down by yon hollin tree;
And there she spied a brisk young squire,
  And a brisk young squire was he.

"Give me your green manteel, fair maid;
  Give me your maidenhead!"
Gin ye winna give me your green manteel,
  Give me your maidenhead!"—

* * * * * * [2] *

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[1] [*V. R.* It's not for you a weed.—ED.]

[2] [Mr. Motherwell gives the following as the stanza here omitted by Herd:—

"He's ta'en her by the milkwhite hand,
  And saftly laid her down;

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"Perhaps there may be bairns, kind sir;
Perhaps there may be nane;
But if you be a courtier,
You'll tell me soon your name."—

"I am nae courtier, fair maid,
But new come frae the sea;
I am nae courtier, fair maid,
But when I court with thee.

"They call me Jack, when I'm abroad;
Sometimes they call me John;
But, when I'm in my father's bower,
Jock Randal is my name."—

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad!
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
For I'm Lord Randal's ae daughter,
He has nae mair nor me."—

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny May!
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
For I'm Lord Randal's ae ae son,
Just now come o'er the sea."—

She's putten her hand down by her gare,
And out she's ta'en a knife;
And she has put it in her heart's bleed,
And ta'en away her life.[1]

And he has ta'en up his bonny sister,
With the big tear in his een;
And he has buried his bonny sister
Amang the hollins green.

And syne he's hied him o'er the dale,
His father dear to see—
"Sing, Oh! and Oh! for my bonny hynd,
Beneath yon hollin tree!"—

"What needs you care for your bonny hynd?
For it you needna care;
Take you the best, gie me the warst,
Since plenty is to spare."—

"I carena for your hynds, my lord,
I carena for your fee;

And when he lifted her up again,
He gae her a silver kaim."—Ed.]

1 *V. R.* "She's soak'd it in her red heart's blood,
And twined herself of life."—Motherwell.]

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But Oh! and Oh! for my bonny hynd,
Beneath the hollin tree!"—

"O were ye at your sister's bower,
Your sister fair to see,
You'll think nae mair o' your bonny hynd,
Beneath the hollin tree."—

* * * * * *

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

FROM MR. HERD'S MS.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysell a drap of dew,
Down on that red rose I would fa'.
O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny;
My love's bonny, and fair to see;
Whene'er I look on her weel-far'd face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lee,
And I mysell a bonny wee bird,
Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.
O my love's bonny, etc.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper of the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.
O my love's bonny, etc.[1]

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

The following verses are taken down from recitation, and are averred to be of the age of CHARLES I. They have, indeed, much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry; but, since their publication in the first edition of this work, the Editor has been assured that they were composed by the late Mr. GRAHAM of Gartmore.[2]

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[1] [For the originals of all these lover's wishes, see the Greek Anthology, *passim*, or the English translations of Bland and Merivale, 2 vols. 12mo, 1833.—ED.]

[2] [When these verses were included in the first edition of the Minstrelsy, Sir W. Scott told me he believed them to have been the composition of a nobler Grahame—the great Marquis of Montrose.—ED.]

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O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

If doughty deeds my ladye please,
  Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
  That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
  Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
  Shall rue it to his smart.
    Then tell me how to woo thee, love;
      O tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
      Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
  I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
  And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
  These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
  That voice that nane can match.
    Then tell me how to woo thee, love;
      O tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
      Tho' ne'er another trow me.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
  I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
  I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
  For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
  O tell me how to woo!
    O tell me how to woo thee, love;
      O tell me how to woo thee!
    For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
      Tho' ne'er another trow me.

THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK.

This little lyric piece, with those which immediately follow in the collection, relates to the fatal battle of Flodden, in which the flower of the Scottish nobility fell around their sovereign, James IV.

The ancient and received tradition of the burgh of Selkirk affirms, that the citizens of that town distinguished themselves by their gallantry on

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that disastrous occasion. Eighty in number, and headed by their town-clerk, they joined their monarch on his entrance into England. James, pleased with the appearance of this gallant troop, knighted their leader, William Brydone, upon the field of battle, from which few of the men of Selkirk were destined to return. They distinguished themselves in the conflict, and were almost all slain. The few survivors, on their return home, found, by the side of Lady-Wood Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear a female, holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish lion; in the background a wood.

A learned antiquary,[1] whose judgment and accuracy claim respect, has made some observations upon the probability of this tradition, which the Editor shall take the liberty of quoting, as an introduction to what he has to offer upon the same subject. And if he shall have the misfortune to differ from the learned gentleman, he will at least lay candidly before the public the grounds of his opinion.

"That the souters of Selkirk should, in 1513, amount to fourscore fighting men, is a circumstance utterly incredible. It is scarcely to be supposed that all the shoemakers in Scotland could have produced such an army, at a period when shoes must have been still less worn than they are at present. Dr. Johnson, indeed, was told at Aberdeen, that the people learned the art of making shoes from Cromwell's soldiers.—'The numbers,' he adds, 'that go barefoot, are still sufficient to show that shoes may be spared; they are not yet considered as necessaries of life; for tall boys, not otherwise meanly dressed, run without them in the streets; and, in the islands, the sons of gentlemen pass several of their first years with naked feet.'—(*Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 55.) Away, then, with the fable of the Souters of Selkirk! Mr. Tytler, though he mentions it as the subject of a song, or ballad, 'does not remember ever to have seen the original genuine words,'—as he obligingly acknowledged in a letter to the Editor. Mr. Robertson, however, who gives the Statistical Account of the Parish of Selkirk, seems to know something more of the matter.—'Some,' says he, 'have *very falsely* attributed to this event (the battle of Flowden,) that song,

> 'Up wi' the souters of Selkirk,
> And down with the Earl of Home.

"'There was no Earl of Home,' he adds, 'at that time, nor was this song composed till long after. It arose from a bet betwixt the Philiphaugh and Home families; the souters (or shoemakers) of Selkirk, against the men of Home, at a match of football, in which the souters of Selkirk completely gained, and afterwards perpetuated their victory in that song.' This is decisive; and so much for Scottish tradition."—Note to *Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, prefixed to *Scottish Songs*, in 2 vols. 1794.

It is proper to remark, that the passage of Mr. Robertson's Statis-

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[1] [The late Mr. Joseph Ritson.]

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tical Account, above quoted, does not relate to the authenticity of the tradition, but to the origin of the song, which is obviously a separate and distinct question. The entire passage in the Statistical Account (of which a part only is quoted in the essay) runs thus :—

"Here, too, the inhabitants of the town of Selkirk, who breathed the manly spirit of real freedom, justly merit particular attention. Of one hundred citizens, who followed the fortunes of James IV. on the plains of Flowden, a few returned, loaded with the spoils taken from the enemy. Some of these trophies still survive the rust of time, and the effects of negligence. The desperate valour of the citizens of Selkirk, which, on that fatal day, was eminently conspicuous to both armies, produced very opposite effects. The implacable resentment of the English reduced their defenceless town to ashes; while their grateful sovereign (James V.) showed his sense of their valour, by a grant of an extensive portion of the forest, the trees for building their houses, and the property as the reward of their heroism."—A note is added by Mr. Robertson.—"A standard, the appearance of which bespeaks its antiquity, is still carried annually (on the day of riding their common) by the corporation of weavers, by a member of which it was taken from the English in the field of Flowden. It may be added, that the sword of William Brydone, the town-clerk, who led the citizens to the battle, (and who is said to have been knighted for his valour,) is still in the possession of John Brydone, a citizen of Selkirk, his lineal descendant."—An additional note contains the passage quoted in the *Essay on Scottish Song*.

If the testimony of Mr. Robertson is to be received as decisive of the question, the learned author of the essay will surely admit, upon re-perusal, that the passage in the Statistical Account contains the most positive and unequivocal declaration of his belief in the tradition.

Neither does the story itself, upon close examination, contain any thing inconsistent with probability. The towns upon the Border, and especially Selkirk and Jedburgh, were inhabited by a race of citizens, who, from the necessity of their situation, and from the nature of their possessions, (held by burgage tenure,) were inured to the use of arms. Selkirk was a county town, and a royal burgh; and when the array of the kingdom, amounting to no less than one hundred thousand warriors, was marshalled by the royal command, eighty men seems no unreasonable proportion from a place of consequence, lying so very near the scene of action.

Neither is it necessary to suppose, literally, that the men of Selkirk were all *souters*. This appellation was obviously bestowed on them, because it was the trade most generally practised in the town, and therefore passed into a general epithet. Even the existence of such a craft, however, is accounted improbable by the learned essayist, who seems hardly to allow, that the Scottish nation was, at that period, acquainted with the art "of accommodating their feet with shoes." And here he attacks us with our own weapons, and wields the tradition of Aberdeen against that of Selkirk. We shall not stop to enquire, in what respect Cromwell's regiment of missionary cobblers deserves, in point of probability, to take precedence of the souters of Selkirk. But, allowing that all the shoemakers in England, with *Praise-the-Lord Barebones* at their head, had generously combined to instruct the men of Aberdeen in the arts of psalmody and cobbling, it by no means bears upon the present question. If

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instruction was at all necessary, it must have been in teaching the natives how to make *shoes*, properly so called, in opposition to *brogues*: For there were cordiners in Aberdeen long before Cromwell's visit, and several fell in the battle of the Bridge of Dee, as appears from Spalding's *History of the Troubles in Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 140. Now, the "single-soled shoon," made by the souters of Selkirk, were a sort of brogues, with a single thin sole; the purchaser himself performing the farther operation of sewing on another of thick leather. The rude and imperfect state of this manufacture sufficiently evinces the antiquity of the craft. Thus, the profession of the citizens of Selkirk, instead of invalidating, confirms the traditional account of their valour.

The total devastation of this unfortunate burgh, after the fatal battle of Flodden, is ascertained by the charters under which the corporation hold their privileges. The first of these is granted by James V., and is dated 4th March, 1535-6. The narrative or inductive clause of the deed, is in these words: "Sciatis quia nos considerantes et intelligentes quod "Carte Evidencie et litere veteris fundacionis et infeofamenti burgi nostri "de Selkirk et libertatum ejusdem burgensibus et communitati ipsius per "nobilissimos progenitores nostros quorum animabus propicietur Deus "dat. et concess. per guerrarum assultus pestem combustionem et alias "pro majore parte vastantur et distruuntur unde mercantiarum usus "inter ipsos burgenses cessavit in eorum magnam lesionem ac reipu-"blice et libertatis Burgi nostri antediet. destruccionem et prejudicium "ac ingens nobis dampnum penes nostras Custumas et firmas burgales "ab eodem nobis debit. si subitum in eisdem remedium minime habitum "fuerit—NOS igitur pietate et justicia moti ac pro policia et edificiis in-"fra regnum nostrum habend. de novo infeodamus," etc. The charter proceeds, in common form, to erect anew the town of Selkirk into a royal burgh, with all the privileges annexed to such corporations. This mark of royal favour was confirmed by a second charter, executed by the same monarch, after he had attained the age of majority, and dated April 8, 1538. This deed of confirmation first narrates the charter, which has been already quoted, and then proceeds to mention other grants, which had been conferred upon the burgh, during the minority of James V., and which are thus expressed: "We for the gude trew and thankful service done and to be done to ws be owre lovittis the baillies burgesses and communite of our burgh of Selkirk and for certain otheris reasonable causis and considerationis moving ws be the tennor hereof grantis and gevis license to thame and thair successors to ryfe out breke and teil yeirlie ane thousand[1] acres of their common landis of our said burgh in what part thairof thea pleas for polecy strengthing and bigging of the samyn for the wele of ws and of lieges repair and thairto and defence againis owre auld innemyis of Ingland and other wayis and will and

[1] It is probable that Mr. Robertson had not seen this deed, when he wrote his Statistical Account of the Parish of Selkirk; for it appears, that, instead of a grant of lands, the privilege granted to the community was a right of tilling one thousand acres of those which already belonged to the burgh. Hence it follows, that, previous to the field of Flodden, the town must have been possessed of a spacious domain, to which a thousand acres in tillage might bear a due proportion. This circumstance ascertains the antiquity and power of the burgh; for, had this large tract of land been granted during the minority of James V. the donation, to be effectual, must have been included in the charters of confirmation.

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grantis that thai sall nocht be callit accusit nor incur ony danger or skaith thairthrow in thair personis landis nor gudes in ony wise in time coming NOCHTWITHSTANDING ony owre actis or statutis maid or to be maid in the contrar in ony panys contenit tharein anent the quhilkis we dispens with thame be thir owre letters with power to them to occupy the saidis landis with thare awne gudis or to set theme to tenentis as thai sall think maist expedient for the wele of our said burgh with frei ische and entri and with all and sindry utheris commoditeis freedomes asiamentis and richtuis pertenentis whatsumever pertenyng or that rychtuisly may pertene thairto perpetually in tyme cuming frelie quietlie wele and in peace but ony revocatioun or agane calling whatsumever Gevin under owre signet and subscrivit with owre hand at Striveling the twenty day of Junii The yere of God ane thousand five hundreth and thretty six yeris and of our regne the twenty thre year." Here follows another grant: "We UNDERSTANDING that owre burgh of Selkirk and inhabitants thairof CONTINUALIE SEN THE FIELD OF FLODOUNE has been oppressiit heriit and owre runin be theves and traitors whairthrow the haunt of merchandice has cessit amangis thame of langtyme bygane and thai heriit thairthrow and we defraudit of owre custumis and dewites—THAIRFOR and for divers utheris resonable causis and considerationes moving us be the tenor heirof of our kinglie power fre motive and autoritie ryall grantis and givis to thame and thair successors ane fair day begynand at the feist of the Conception of owre Lady next to cum aftere the day of the date hereof and be the octavis of the sammyn perpetualy in time cuming To be usit and exercit be thame als frelie in time cuming as ony uther fair is usit or exercit be ony otheris owre burrowis within owre realme payand yeirlie custumis and doweities aucht and wont as effeiris frelie quietlie wele and in pece but ony revocation obstakill impediment or agane calling whatsumever Subscrivet with owre hand and gevin under owre Signet at KIRKALDY the secund day of September The yere of God ane thousand five hundreth and threty sex yeris and of owre regne the twenty three yeir." The charter of confirmation, in which all these deeds and letters of donation are engrossed, proceeds to ratify and confirm them in the most ample manner. The testing clause, as it is termed in law language, is in these words: "In cujus rei Testimonium huic presente carte nostre "confirmationis magnum sigillum nostrum apponi precepimus TESTIBUS "Reverendissimo reverendisque in Christo Patribus Gawino Archiepis-"copo Glasguen. Cancellario nostro; Georgio Episcopo Dunkelden. "Henrico Episcopo Candide Case nostreque Capelle regie Strivilengen. "decano; dilectis nostris consanguineis Jacobo Moravie Comite, etc. "Archibaldo Comite de Ergile Domino Campbell et Lorne Magistro Hos-"picii nostri, Hugone Comite de Eglinton Domino Montgomery, Mal-"colmo Domino Flemyng magno Camerario nostro, Venerabilibus in "Christo Patribus Patricio Priore Ecclesie Metropolitane Sanctiandree, "Alexandro Abbate Monasterii nostri de Cambuskynneth—dilectis fami-"liaribus nostris Thomæ Erskiin de Brechin, Secretario nostro Jacobo "Colville de Estwemis compotorum nostrorum rotulatore et nostre can-"cellarie directore, militibus, et Magistro Jacobo Foulis de Colintoun "nostrorum rotulorum Registri et Concilii clerico—apud Edinburgh oc-"tavo die mensis Aprilis Anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo trigesimo "octavo et regni nostri vicesimo quinto."

From these extracts, which are accurately copied from the original

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charters,[1] it may be safely concluded, 1st, that Selkirk was a place of importance before it was ruined by the English; and, 2d, "that the voice of merchants had ceased in her streets," in consequence of the fatal field of Flodden. But further, it seems reasonable to infer, that so many marks of royal favour, granted within so short a time of each other, evince the gratitude, as well as the compassion, of the monarch, and were intended to reward the valour, as well as to relieve the distress, of the men of Selkirk. Thus every circumstance of the written evidence, as far as it goes, tallies with the oral tradition of the inhabitants; and, therefore, though the latter may be exaggerated, it surely cannot be dismissed as entirely void of foundation. That William Brydone actually enjoyed the honour of knighthood, is ascertained by many of the deeds, in which his name appears as a notary-public. John Brydone, lineal descendant of the gallant town-clerk, is still alive, and possessed of the relics mentioned by Mr. Robertson. The old man, though in an inferior station of life, receives considerable attention from his fellow-citizens, and claims no small merit to himself on account of his brave ancestor.[2]

Thus far concerning the tradition of the exploits of the men of Selkirk, at Flodden field. Whether the following verses do, or do not, bear any allusion to that event, is a separate and less interesting question. The opinion of Mr. Robertson, referring them to a different origin, has been already mentioned; but his authority, though highly respectable, is not absolutely decisive of the question.

The late Mr. Plummer,[3] sheriff-depute of the county of Selkirk, a faithful and accurate antiquary, entertained a very opposite opinion. He has thus expressed himself upon the subject, in the course of his literary correspondence with Mr. Herd:—

"Of the Souters of Selkirk, I never heard any words but the following verse:

> 'Up with the Souters of Selkirk,
> And down wi' the Earl of Home;
> And up wi' a' the bra' lads
> That sew the single-soled shoon.'

"It is evident that these words cannot be so ancient as to come near the time when the battle was fought; as Lord Home was not created an Earl till near a century after that period.

"Our clergyman, in the 'Statistical Account,' vol. ii. p. 48, note, says, that these words were composed upon a match at foot-ball, between the Philiphaugh and Home families. I was five years at school at Selkirk, have lived all my days within two miles of that town, and never once heard a tradition of this imaginary contest till I saw it in print.

"Although the words are not very ancient, there is every reason to believe, that they allude to the battle of Flodden, and to the different behaviour of the souters, and Lord Home, upon that occasion. At election dinners, etc., when the Selkirk folks begin to get *fou'* (merry), they always call for music, and for that tune in particular.[4] At such times I

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[1] The charters are preserved in the records of the burgh.

[2] This person is lately dead, but his son is in possession of the weapons in question. 1810.

[3] [Andrew Plummer, Esq., of Sunderland Hall, Selkirkshire.—Ed.]

[4] A singular custom is observed at conferring the freedom of the burgh. Four or five

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never heard a souter hint at the foot-ball, but many times speak of the battle of Flodden."—*Letter from Mr. Plummer to Mr. Herd, 13th January,* 1793.

The Editor has taken every opportunity, which his situation [1] has afforded him, to obtain information on this point, and has been enabled to recover two additional verses of the song.

The yellow and green, mentioned in the second verse, are the liveries of the house of Home. When the Lord Home came to attend the governor, Albany, his attendants were arrayed in Kendal-green.—GODSCROFT.

THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK.

Up wi' the Souters of Selkirk,
  And down wi' the Earl of Home;
And up wi' a' the braw lads,
  That sew the single-soled shoon.

Fye upon yellow and yellow,
  And fye upon yellow and green,
But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,
  And up wi' the single-soled sheen.

Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
  For they are baith trusty and leal;
And up wi' the Men o' the Forest,[2]
  And down wi' the Merse[3] to the deil.[4]

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bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, are attached to the seal of the burgess ticket. These the new-made burgess must dip in his wine, and pass through his mouth, in token of respect for the souters of Selkirk. This ceremony is on no account dispensed with.

[1] That the Editor succeeded Mr. Plummer in his office of sheriff-depute, and has himself the honour to be a souter of Selkirk, may perhaps form the best apology for the length of this dissertation.

[2] Selkirkshire, otherwise called Ettrick Forest.

[3] Berwickshire, otherwise called the Merse.

[4] It is unnecessary here to enter into a formal refutation of the popular calumny, which taxed Lord Home with being the murderer of his sovereign, and the cause of the defeat at Flodden. So far from exhibiting any marks of cowardice or disaffection, the division headed by that unfortunate nobleman, was the only part of the Scottish army which was conducted with common prudence on that fatal day. This body formed the vanguard, and entirely routed the division of Sir Edmund Howard, to which they were opposed; but the reserve of the English cavalry rendered it impossible for Home, notwithstanding his success, to come to the aid of the king, who was irretrievably ruined by his own impetuosity of temper.—PINKERTON'S *History*, vol. ii. p. 105. The escape of James from the field of battle has long been deservedly ranked with that of King Sebastian, and similar *speciosa miracula* with which the vulgar have been amused in all ages. Indeed, the Scottish nation were so very unwilling to admit any advantage on the English part, that they seem actually to have set up pretensions to the victory.* The same temper of mind led them

> "Against the proud Scotte's clattering,
> That never wyll leave their trattlying;
> Wan they the field and lost theyr king?
> They may well say, fie on that winning!
> "Lo these fond sottes and trattlying Scottes,
> How they are blinde in their own minde,

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THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

PART FIRST.

The following well-known and beautiful stanzas were composed, many years ago, by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the Editor that the song was of modern date. Such evidence, however, he has been able to procure; having been favoured, through the kind intervention of Dr. Somerville (well known to the literary world, as the historian of King William, etc.), with the following authentic copy of the *Flowers of the Forest.*

From the same respectable authority, the Editor is enabled to state, that the tune of the ballad is ancient, as well as the two following lines of the first stanza :—

I've heard them lilting at the ewes milking,
— — — — —
— — — — —
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

Some years after the song was composed, a lady, who is now dead, repeated to the author another imperfect line of the original ballad, which presents a simple and affecting image to the mind ;—

"I ride single on my saddle,
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

The first of these trifling fragments, joined to the remembrance of the fatal battle of Flodden, (in the calamities accompanying which the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest suffered a distinguished share,) and to the pre-

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eagerly to ascribe the loss of their monarch, and his army, to any cause, rather than to his own misconduct, and the superior military skill of the English. There can be no doubt, that James actually fell on the field of battle, the slaughter-place of his nobles.—PINKERTON, *ibid.* His dead body was interred in the monastery of Sheen, in Surrey; and Stowe mentions, with regard to it, the following degrading circumstances :—

"After the battle the bodie of the said king, being found, was closed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and to the monasterie of Sheyne, in Surry, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certaine; but, since the dissolution of that house, in the reign of Edward VI., Henry Gray, Duke of Norfolke, being lodged, and keeping house there, I have been shewed the same bodie, so lapped in lead, close to the head and bodie, throwne into a waste room, amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since the which time, workmen there, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head; and Lancelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining, with haire of the head, and beard red, brought it to London, to his house in Wood-street, where, for a time, he kept it, for its sweetness, but, in the end, caused the sexton of that church (St. Michael's, Wood-street) to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnel."—STOWE'S *Survey of London,* p. 539.

And will not know theyr overthrow,
At Branxton moore they are so stowre,
So frantike mad, and say they had,
And won the field with speare and shielde:
That is as true as black is blue," etc.
Skelton Laureate against the Scottes.

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sent solitary and desolate appearance of the country, excited, in the mind of the author, the ideas, which she has expressed in a strain of elegiac simplicity and tenderness, which has seldom been equalled.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

PART FIRST.

I've heard them lilting, [1] at the ewe-milking,
  Lasses a' lilting, before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning;
  The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning;
  Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
  Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering:
  Bandsters are runkled, and lyart or gray;
At fair, or at preaching, [2] nae wooing, nae fleeching;
  The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
  'Bout stacks with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—
  The flowers of the forest are weded awae.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
  The English, for ance, by guile wan the day:
The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,
  The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

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[1] The following explanation of provincial terms may be found useful.
Lilting—Singing cheerfully. *Loaning*—A broad lane. *Wede awae*—Weeded out. *Scorning*—Rallying. *Dowie*—Dreary. *Daffing and gabbing*—Joking and chatting. *Leglin*—Milk-pail. *Har'st*—Harvest. *Shearing*—Reaping. *Bandsters*—Sheaf-binders. *Runkled*—Wrinkled. *Lyart*—Inclining to grey. *Fleeching*—Coaxing. *Gloaming*—Twilight.

[2] These lines have been said to contain an anachronism; the supposed date of the lamentation being about the period of the Field of Flodden. The Editor can see no ground for this charge. Fairs were held in Scotland from the most remote antiquity; and are, from their very nature, scenes of pleasure and gallantry. The preachings of the friars were, indeed, professedly, meetings for a graver purpose; but we have the authority of the *Wife of Bath*, (surely most unquestionable in such a point,) that they were frequently perverted to places of rendezvous:—

> "I had the better leisur for to piele,
> And for to see, and eke to be scie
> Of lusty folk. What wist I where my grace
> Was shapen for to be, or in what place
> Therefore I made my visitations
> To vigilies and to processions;
> *To preachings eke*, and to thise pilgrimages,
> To plays of miracles, and marriages," etc.
>
> *Canterbury Tales.*

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We'll hear nae mair lilting, at the ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.[1]

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

PART SECOND.

The following verses, adapted to the ancient air of the *Flowers of the Forest*, are like the elegy which precedes them, the production of a lady. The late Mrs. Cockburn, daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr. Cockburn of Ormiston, (whose father was Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland,) was the authoress. Mrs. Cockburn has been dead but a few years.[2] Even at an age, advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but were almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration. The Editor, who knew her well, takes this opportunity of doing justice to his own feelings; and they are in unison with those of all who knew his regretted friend.[3]

The verses which follow were written at an early period of life, and without peculiar relation to any event, unless it were the depopulation of Ettrick Forest.

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay:
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorn'd of the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay
Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
But now are they wither'd, and a' wede awae.

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[1] ["It is the business of poetry to delineate feeling; and where shall we look for feeling so undisguised and powerful, as in those early periods of civilisation, which have already excited men to the cultivation of their intellectual energies—but have not yet fettered them with that multiplicity of rules which forms them into the mere machines of polished society? The minds of men in such a state are indeed less delicate, less attractive of general sympathy, than in succeeding periods; but they are more poetic, more interesting in particular contemplation, more distinctly marked and intelligible. We are not, then, to view these poems as *facta ad unguem*—high-polished and elaborate specimens of art—but as exhibiting the true sparks and flashes of individual nature. Hence we shall find a savage wildness in the superstition of the *Lyke-wake Dirge*, and in the tumultuous rage of the *Fray of Suport*; but we may trace gradations from these to the exquisite tenderness of the *Flowers of the Forest*."—*Edin. Rev.* 1805.]

[2] Edition of 1805.

[3] [Mrs. Cockburn was an intimate friend of Mrs. Scott, and among the first persons who discovered the expanding genius of her son.—Ed.]

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I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the red storm roaring, before the parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
Turn drumly[1] and dark, as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

THE LAIRD OF MUIRHEAD.

This Ballad is a fragment from Mr. Herd's MS., communicated to him by J. GROSSETT MUIRHEAD, Esq. of Breadesholm, near Glasgow; who stated that he extracted it, as relating to his own family, from the complete Song, in which the names of twenty or thirty gentlemen were mentioned, contained in a large Collection, belonging to Mr. ALEXANDER MONRO, merchant in Lisbon, but supposed now to be lost.

It appears, from the Appendix to NISBET's Heraldry, p. 264, that MUIRHEAD of Lachop and Bullis, the person here called the Laird of MUIRHEAD, was a man of rank, being rentaller, or perhaps feuar, of many crown lands in Galloway; and was, in truth, slain in "Campo Belli de Northumberland sub vexillo Regis," i. e. in the Field of Flodden.

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* * * * * *

Afore the King in order stude
The stout laird of Muirhead,
Wi' that same twa-hand muckle sword
That Bartram fell'd stark dead.

He sware he wadna lose his right
To fight in ilka field;
Nor budge him from his liege's sight,
Till his last gasp should yield.

Twa hunder mair, of his ain name,
Frae Torwood and the Clyde,
Sware they would never gang to hame,
But a' die by his syde.

And wondrous well they kept their troth;
This sturdy royal band
Rush'd down the brae, wi' sic a pith,
That nane could them withstand.

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[1] *Drumly*—Discoloured.

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Mony a bloody blow they dealt,
The like was never seen;
And hadna that braw leader fall'n,
They ne'er had slain the king.

ODE

ON VISITING FLODDEN.

BY J. LEYDEN.[1]

Green Flodden! on thy blood-stain'd head
Descend no rain nor vernal dew;
But still, thou charnel of the dead,
May whitening bones thy surface strew!
Soon as I tread thy rush-clad vale,
Wild fancy feels the clasping mail;
The rancour of a thousand years
Glows in my breast; again I burn
To see the banner'd pomp of war return,
And mark, beneath the moon, the silver light of spears.

Lo! bursting from their common tomb,
The spirits of the ancient dead
Dimly streak the parted gloom
With awful faces, ghastly red;
As once, around their martial king,
They closed the death-devoted ring,
With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield;
In slow procession round the pile
Of heaving corses, moves each shadowy file,
And chants, in solemn strain, the dirge of Flodden field.

What youth, of graceful form and mien,
Foremost leads the spectred brave,
While o'er his mantle's folds of green
His amber locks redundant wave?
When slow returns the fated day,
That view'd their chieftain's long array,
Wild to the harp's deep plaintive string,
The virgins raise the funeral strain,
From Ord's black mountain to the northern main,
And mourn the emerald hue which paints the vest of spring.[2]

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[1] [These verses of Dr. Leyden appear to have been introduced in this place, as forming a sort of *note* on the Flowers of the Forest. Among them are the four beautiful lines which were selected for the motto to Marmion—

"Alas! that Scottish maid should sing," etc.—Ed.]

[2] Under the vigorous administration of James IV., the young Earl of Caithness incurred

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Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!
Yet Teviot's sons, with high disdain,
Have kindled at the thrilling strain,
That mourn'd their martial fathers' bier;
And at the sacred font, the priest
Through ages left the master-hand unblest,
To urge, with keener aim, the blood-encrusted spear.

Red Flodden! when thy plaintive strain
In early youth rose soft and sweet,
My life-blood, through each throbbing vein,
With wild tumultuous passion beat;
And oft, in fancied might, I trode
The spear-strewn path to Fame's abode,
Encircled with a sanguine flood;
And thought I heard the mingling hum,
When, croaking hoarse, the birds of carrion come
Afar, on rustling wing, to feast on English blood.

Rude Border Chiefs, of mighty name,
And iron soul, who sternly tore
The blossoms from the tree of fame,
And purpled deep their tints with gore,
Rush from brown ruins, scarr'd with age,
That frown o'er haunted Hermitage;
Where, long by spells mysterious bound,
They pace their round, with lifeless smile,
And shake, with restless foot, the guilty pile,
Till sink the mouldering towers beneath the burden'd ground.[3]

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the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture, for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by 300 young warriors, arrayed in green, he presented himself before the King, and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike prince, that he granted an immunity to the Earl and all his followers. The parchment on which this immunity was inscribed, is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caithness, and is marked with the drum-strings, having been cut out of a drumhead, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The Earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the battle of Flodden; since which period, it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness to *wear green*, or *cross the Ord on a Monday*, the day of the week on which the Chieftain advanced into Sutherland.

[1] In the Border counties of Scotland, it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of male children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly, or, according to the popular phrase, "unhallowed" blows to their enemies. By this superstitious rite, they were devoted to bear the family feud, or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland, as appears from the following passage in CHAMPION'S *History of Ireland*, published in 1653. "In some corners of the land they used a damnable superstition, leaving the right armes of their infants, males, unchristened, (as they termed it,) to the end it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow."—P. 15.

[2] Popular superstition in Scotland still retains so formidable an idea of the *guilt of blood*, that those ancient edifices, or castles, where enormous crimes have been committed, are

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Shades of the dead! on Alfer's plain
  Who scorned with backward step to move,
But struggling 'mid the hills of slain,
  Against the Sacred Standard strove; [1]
Amid the lanes of war I trace
Each broad claymore and ponderous mace:
Where'er the surge of arms is tost,
Your glittering spears, in close array,
Sweep, like the spider's filmy web, away
The flower of Norman pride, and England's victor host.

But distant fleets each warrior ghost,
  With surly sounds that murmur far;
Such sounds were heard when Syria's host
  Roll'd from the walls of proud Samàr.
Around my solitary head
Gleam the blue lightnings of the dead,
While murmur low the shadowy band—
"Lament no more the warrior's doom!
Blood, blood alone, should dew the hero's tomb,
Who falls, 'mid circling spears, to save his native land."

ESSAY

ON

IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.[2]

The invention of printing necessarily occasioned the downfall of the Order of Minstrels, already reduced to contempt by their own bad habits, by the disrepute attached to their profession, and by the laws calculated to repress their license. When the Metrical Romances were very many of them in the hands of every one, the occupation of those who made their living by reciting them was in some degree abolished, and the minstrels either disappeared altogether, or sunk into mere musi-

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supposed to sink gradually into the ground. With regard to the castle of Hermitage, in particular, the common people believe, that thirty feet of the walls sunk, thirty feet fell, and thirty feet remain standing.

[1] The fatal battle of the Standard was fought on Cowton Moor, near Northallerton, (A. S. Ealfertun,) in Yorkshire, 1138. David I. commanded the Scottish army. He was opposed by Thurston, Archbishop of York, who, to animate his followers, had recourse to the impression of religious enthusiasm. The mast of a ship was fitted into the perch of a four-wheeled carriage; on its top was placed a little casket, containing a consecrated host. It also contained the banner of St. Cuthbert, round which were displayed those of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Rippon. This was the English standard, and was stationed in the centre of the army. Prince Henry, son of David, at the head of the men-of-arms, chiefly from Cumberland and Teviotdale, charged, broke, and completely dispersed the centre; but unfortunately was not supported by the other divisions of the Scottish army. The expression of Alfred, (p. 343,) describing this encounter, is more spirited than the general tenor of monkish historians;—"*Ipsa globi australis parte instar cassis araneæ dissipata*"—that division of the phalanx was dispersed like a cobweb.

[2] [This essay was written in April 1830, and forms a continuation of the "Remarks on Popular Poetry," printed in the beginning of the first volume.—Ed.]

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cians, whose utmost acquaintance with poetry was being able to sing a ballad. Perhaps old Anthony, who acquired, from the song which he accounted his masterpiece, the name of *Anthony Now Now*, was one of the last of this class in the capital; nor does the tenor of his poetry evince whether it was his own composition, or that of some other.[1]

But the taste for popular poetry did not decay with the class of men by whom it had been for some generations practised and preserved. Not only did the simple old ballads retain their ground, though circulated by the new art of printing, instead of being preserved by recitation; but in the *Garlands*, and similar collections for general sale, the authors aimed at a more ornamental and regular style of poetry than had been attempted by the old minstrels, whose composition, if not extemporaneous, was seldom committed to writing, and was not, therefore, susceptible of accurate revision. This was the more necessary, as even the popular poetry was now feeling the effects arising from the advance of knowledge, and the revival of the study of the learned languages, with all the elegance and refinement which it induced.

In short, the general progress of the country led to an improvement in the department of popular poetry, tending both to soften and melodize the language employed, and to ornament the diction beyond that of the rude minstrels, to whom such topics of composition had been originally abandoned. The monotony of the ancient recitals was, for the same causes, altered and improved upon. The eternal descriptions of battles, and of love dilemmas, which, to satiety, filled the old romances with trivial repetition, were retrenched. If any one wishes to compare the two eras of lyrical poetry, a few verses taken from one of the latest minstrel ballads, and one of the earliest that were written for the press, will afford him, in some degree, the power of doing so.

The rude lines from Anthony Now Now, which we have just quoted, may, for example, be compared, as Ritson requests, with the ornamented commencement of the ballad of Fair Rosamond:

"When as King Henry ruled this land,
The second of the name,
Besides his queen he dearly loved
A fair and comely dame.

"Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in the world
Did never king embrace.

"Her crisped locks, like threads of gold
Appear'd to each man's sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light.

"The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As if the lily and the rose
For mastery did strive."

It may be rash to affirm, that those who lived by singing this more refined poetry, were a class of men different from the ancient minstrels; but it appears, that both the name of the professors, and the character of the Minstrel poetry, had sunk in reputation.

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[1] He might be supposed a contemporary of Henry VIII., if the greeting which he pretends to have given to that monarch is of his own composition, and spoken in his own person.

"Good morrow to our noble king, quoth I;
Good morrow, quoth he, to thou:
And then he said to Anthony,
O Anthony now now now."

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The facility of versification, and of poetical diction, is decidedly in favour of the moderns, as might reasonably be expected from the improved taste, and enlarged knowledge, of an age which abounded to such a degree in poetry, and of a character so imaginative as was the Elizabethan era. The poetry addressed to the populace, and enjoyed by them alone, was animated by the spirit that was breathed around. We may cite Shakspeare's unquestionable and decisive evidence in this respect. In *Twelfth Night* he describes a popular ballad, with a beauty and precision which no one but himself could have affixed to its character; and the whole constitutes the strongest appeal in favour of that species of poetry which is written to suit the taste of the public in general, and is most naturally preserved by oral tradition. But the remarkable part of the circumstance is, that when the song is actually sung by Festé the clown, it differs in almost all particulars from what we might have been justified in considering as attributes of a popular ballad of that early period. It is simple, doubtless, both in structure and phraseology, but is rather a love song than a minstrel ballad—a love song, also, which, though its imaginative figures of speech are of a very simple and intelligible character, may nevertheless be compared to any thing rather than the boldness of the preceding age, and resembles nothing less than the ordinary minstrel ballad. The original, though so well known, may be here quoted, for the purpose of showing, what was, in Shakspeare's time, regarded as the poetry of "the old age." Almost every one has the passage by heart, yet I must quote it, because there seems a marked difference between the species of poem which is described, and that which is sung:

> "Mark it, Cæsario; it is old and plain:
> The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
> And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
> Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
> And dallies with the innocence of love,
> Like the old age."

The song, thus beautifully prefaced, is as follows:

> "Come away, come away, death,
> And in sad cypress let me be laid;
> Fly away, fly away, breath;
> I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
> My shroud of white, stuck all with yew.
> O prepare it;
> My part of death no one so true
> Did share it.
>
> "Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
> On my black coffin let there be strown;
> Not a friend, not a friend greet
> My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
> A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
> Lay me, O, where
> Sad true lover never find my grave.
> To weep there."

On comparing this love elegy, or whatever it may be entitled, with the ordinary, and especially the earlier popular poetry, I cannot help thinking that a great difference will be observed in the structure of the verse, the character of the sentiments, the ornaments and refinement of the language. Neither indeed, as might be expected from the progress of human affairs, was the change in the popular style of poetry achieved without some disadvantages, which counterbalanced, in a certain degree, the superior art and exercise of fancy which had been introduced of late times.

The expressions of Sir Philip Sidney, an unquestionable judge of poetry, flourishing in Elizabeth's golden reign, and drawing around him, like a magnet, the

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most distinguished poets of the age, amongst whom we need only name Shakspeare and Spenser, still show something to regret when he compared the highly wrought and richly ornamented poetry of his own time, with the ruder but more energetic diction of Chevy Chase. His words, often quoted, cannot yet be dispensed with on the present occasion. They are a chapter in the history of ancient poetry. 'Certainly," says the brave knight, "I must confess my own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet. And yet it is sung by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?" [1]

If we enquire more particularly what were the peculiar charms by which the old minstrel ballad produced an effect like a trumpet-sound upon the bosom of a real son of chivalry, we may not be wrong in ascribing it to the extreme simplicity with which the narrative moves forward, neglecting all the more minute ornaments of speech and diction, to the grand object of enforcing on the hearer a striking and affecting catastrophe. The author seems too serious in his wish to affect the audience, to allow himself to be drawn aside by any thing which can, either by its tenor, or the manner in which it is spoken, have the perverse effect of distracting attention from the catastrophe.

Such grand and serious beauties, however, occurred but rarely to the old minstrels; and, in order to find them, it became necessary to struggle through long passages of monotony, languor, and inanity. Unfortunately it also happened, that those who, like Sidney, could ascertain, feel, and do full justice to the beauties of the heroic ballad, were few, compared to the numbers who could be sensible of the trite *verbiage* of a bald passage, or the ludicrous effect of an absurd rhyme. In England, accordingly, the popular ballad fell into contempt during the seventeenth century; and although in remote counties [2] its inspiration was occasionally the source of a few verses, it seems to have become almost entirely obsolete in the capital. Even the Civil Wars, which gave so much occasion for poetry, produced rather song and satire, than the ballad or popular epic. The curious reader may satisfy himself on this point, should he wish to ascertain the truth of the allegation, by looking through D'Urfey's large and curious collection,[3] when he will be aware that the few ballads which it contains are the most ancient productions in the book, and very seldom take their date after the commencement of the seventeenth century.

In Scotland, on the contrary, the old minstrel ballad long continued to preserve its popularity. Even the last contests of Jacobitism were recited with great vigour in ballads of the time, the authors of some of which are known and remembered; nor is there a more spirited ballad preserved than that of Mr. Skirving,[4] (father of Skirving the artist,) upon the battle of Prestonpans, so late as 1745. But this was owing to circumstances connected with the habits of the people in a remote and rude country, which could not exist in the richer and wealthier provinces of England.

On the whole, however, the ancient Heroic ballad, as it was called, seemed to be fast declining among the enlightened and literary part of both countries; and if retained by the lower classes in Scotland, it had in England ceased to exist, or degenerated into doggerel of the last degree of vileness.

Subjects the most interesting were abandoned to the poorest rhymers, and one would have thought that, as in an ass-race, the prize had been destined to the slowest of those who competed for the prize. The melancholy fate of Miss Ray,[5]

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[1] Sir Philip Sidney's Defence of Poesy.

[2] A curious and spirited specimen occurs in Cornwall, as late as the trial of the Bishops before the Revolution. The President of the Royal Society of London [Mr. Davies Gilbert] has not disdained the trouble of preserving it from oblivion.

[3] [Pills to Purge Melancholy.]

[4] [See Hogg's Jacobite Relics, vol. I.—Ed.]

[5] [Miss Ray, the beautiful mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was

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who fell by the hands of a frantic lover, could only inspire the Grub Street muse with such verses as these,—that is, if I remember them correctly:

"A Sandwich favourite was this fair,
And her he dearly loved;
By whom six children had, we hear;
This story fatal proved.

"A clergyman, O wicked one,
In Covent Garden shot her;
No time to cry upon her God,
It's hoped He's not forgot her."

If it be true, as in other cases, that when things are at the worst they must mend, it was certainly time to expect an amelioration in the department in which such doggerel passed current.

Accordingly, previous to this time, a new species of poetry seems to have arisen, which in some cases endeavoured to pass itself as the production of genuine antiquity, and in others, honestly avowed an attempt to emulate the merits and avoid the errors with which the old ballad was encumbered; and in the effort to accomplish this, a species of composition was discovered, which is capable of being subjected to peculiar rules of criticism, and of exhibiting excellences of its own.

In writing for the use of the general reader, rather than the poetical antiquary, I shall be readily excused from entering into any enquiry respecting the authors who first shewed the way in this peculiar department of modern poetry, which I may term the imitation of the old ballad, especially that of the latter or Elizabethan era. One of the oldest, according to my recollection, which pretends to engraft modern refinement upon ancient simplicity, is extremely beautiful, both from the words and the simple and affecting melody to which they are usually sung. The title is, "Lord Henry and Fair Catherine." It begins thus:

"In ancient days, in Britain's isle,
Lord Henry well was known;
No knight in all the land more famed,
Or more deserved renown.

"His thoughts were all on honour bent,
He ne'er would stoop to love:
No lady in the land had power
His frozen heart to move."

Early in the eighteenth century, this peculiar species of composition became popular. We find Tickell, the friend of Addison, who produced the beautiful ballad, "Of Leinster famed for maidens fair." Mallet, Goldsmith, Shenstone, Percy, and many others, followed an example which had much to recommend it, especially as it presented considerable facilities to those who wished, at as little exertion or trouble as possible, to attain for themselves a certain degree of literary reputation.

Before, however, treating of the professed imitators of Ancient Ballad Poetry, I ought to say a word upon those who have written their imitations with the preconceived purpose of passing them for ancient.

There is no small degree of cant in the violent invectives with which impostors of this nature have been assailed. In fact, the case of each is special, and ought to be separately considered according to its own circumstances. If a young, perhaps a female author, chooses to circulate a beautiful poem, we will suppose that of Hardyknute, under the disguise of antiquity, the public is surely more enriched by the contribution than injured by the deception.[1] It is hardly possible, indeed,

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assassinated by Mr. Hackman. "In a fit of frantic jealous love," as Boswell expresses it, in 1779. See Croker's Boswell, vol. iv. p. 254.—Ed.]

[1] ["Hardyknute was the first poem that I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget." *MS.* note of Sir Walter Scott on a leaf of Allan Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany.]

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without a power of poetical genius, and acquaintance with ancient language and manners possessed by very few, to succeed in deceiving those who have made this branch of literature their study. The very desire to unite modern refinement with the *verve* of the ancient minstrels, will itself betray the masquerade. A minute acquaintance with ancient customs, and with ancient history, is also demanded, to sustain a part which, as it must rest on deception, cannot be altogether an honourable one.

Two of the most distinguished authors of this class have, in this manner, been detected; being deficient in the knowledge requisite to support their genius in the disguise they meditated. Hardyknute, for instance, already mentioned, is irreconcilable with all chronology, and a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion, at the battle of Largs: the "needle-work so rare," introduced by the fair authoress, must have been certainly long posterior to the reign of Alexander III. In Chatterton's ballad of "Sir Charles Baudwin," we find an anxious attempt to represent the composition as ancient, and some entries in the public accounts of Bristol were appealed to in corroboration. But neither was this ingenious but most unhappy young man, with all his powers of poetry, and with the antiquarian knowledge which he had collected with indiscriminating but astonishing research, able to impose on that part of the public qualified to judge of the composition, which it had occurred to him to pass off as those of a monk of the 13th century. It was in vain that he in each word doubled the consonants, like the sentinels of an endangered army. The art used to disguise and mis-spell the words only overdid what was intended, and afforded sure evidence that the poems published as antiques had been, in fact, tampered by a modern artist, as the newly forged medals of modern days stand convicted of imposture from the very touches of the file, by which there is an attempt to imitate the cracks and fissures produced by the hammer upon the original.[1]

I have only met, in my researches into these matters, with one poem, which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence. It is the "War Song upon the victory at Brunnanburg, translated from the Anglo-Saxon into Anglo-Norman," by the Right Honourable John Hookham Freere. See Ellis's Specimens of Ancient English Poetry, vol. i. p. 32. The accomplished Editor tell us, that this very singular poem was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century, and was written during

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[1] This failure applies to the repairs and rifacimentos of old ballads, as well as to complete imitations. In the beautiful and simple ballad of Gil Morris, some affected person has stuck in one or two factitious verses, which, like vulgar persons in a drawing-room, betray themselves by their over finery. Thus, after the simple and affecting verse which prepares the readers for the coming tragedy,

"Gil Morrice sat in good green wood,
He whistled and he sang;
'O, what mean a' yon folk coming,
My mother tarries lang?'"

some such "vicious intromitter" as we have described, (to use a barbarous phrase for a barbarous proceeding,) has inserted the following quintessence of affectation:—

"His locks were like the threads of gold
Drawn from Minerva's toom;
His lips like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

"His brow was like the mountain snow,
Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roses blow,
His een like azure stream.

"The boy was clad in robes of green,
Sweet as the infant spring;
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the valleys ring."

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the controversy occasioned by the poems attributed to Rowley. Mr. Ellis adds, "the reader will probably hear with some surprise, that this singular instance of critical ingenuity was the composition of an Eton schoolboy."

The author may be permitted to speak as an artist on this occasion, (disowning, at the same time, all purpose of imposition,) as having written, at the request of the late Mr. Ritson, one or two things of this kind,—among others, a continuation of the romance of Thomas of Ercildoune, the only one which chances to be preserved, and which the reader will find in a subsequent part of this edition.[1] And he thinks himself entitled to state, that a modern poet engaged in such a task, is much in the situation of an architect of the present day, who, if acquainted with his profession, finds no difficulty in copying the external forms of a Gothic castle or abbey, but when it is completed, can hardly, by any artificial tints or cement, supply the spots, weather-stains, and hues of different kinds, with which time alone had invested the venerable fabric which he desires to imitate.

Leaving this branch of the subject, in which the difficulty of passing off what is modern for what is ancient cannot be matter of regret, we may bestow with advantage some brief consideration on the fair trade of manufacturing modern antiques, not for the purpose of passing them as contraband goods on the skillful antiquary, but in order to obtain the credit due to authors as successful imitators of the ancient simplicity, while their system admits of a considerable infusion of modern refinement. Two classes of imitation may be referred to as belonging to this species of composition. When they approach each other, there may be some difficulty in assigning to individual poems their peculiar character, but in general the difference is distinctly marked. The distinction lies betwixt the authors of ballads or legendary poems, who have attempted to imitate the language, the manners, and the sentiments of the ancient poems which were their prototypes; and those, on the contrary, who, without endeavouring to do so, have struck out a particular path for themselves, which cannot with strict propriety be termed either ancient or modern.

In the actual imitation of the ancient ballad, Dr. Percy, whose researches made him well acquainted with that department of poetry, was peculiarly successful. The "Hermit of Warkworth," the "Childe of Elle," and other minstrel tales of his composition, must always be remembered with fondness by those who have perused them in that period of life when the feelings are strong, and the taste for poetry, especially of this simple nature, is keen and poignant. This learned and amiable prelate was also remarkable for his power of restoring the ancient ballad, by throwing in touches of poetry, so adapted to its tone and tenor, as to assimilate with its original structure, and impress every one who considered the subject as being coeval with the rest of the piece. It must be owned that such freedoms, when assumed by a professed antiquary, addressing himself to antiquaries, and for the sake of illustrating literary antiquities, are subject to great and licentious abuse; and herein the severity of Ritson was to a certain extent justified. But when the license is avowed, and practised without the intention to deceive, it cannot be objected to but by scrupulous pedantry.

The poet, perhaps, most capable, by verses, lines, even single words, to relieve and heighten the character of ancient poetry, was the Scottish bard, Robert Burns. We are not here speaking of the avowed lyrical poems of his own composition, which he communicated to Mr. George Thomson, but of the manner in which he recomposed and repaired the old songs and fragments for the collection of Johnson and others, when, if his memory supplied the theme, or general subject of the song, such as it existed in Scottish lore, his genius contributed that part which was to give life and immortality to the whole If this praise should be thought extravagant, the reader may compare his splendid lyric, "My heart's in the Highlands," with the tame and scarcely half-intelligible remains of that song as preserved by Mr. Peter Buchan. Or, what is perhaps a still more magnificent example of what

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[1] [See Sir Tristrem, *post.*]

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we mean, "Macpherson's Farewell," with all its spirit and grandeur, as repaired by Burns, may be collated with the original poem called "Macpherson's Lament," or sometimes the "Ruffian's Rant." In Burns's brilliant rifacimento, the same strain of wild ideas is expressed as we find in the original; but with an infusion of the savage and impassioned spirit of Highland chivalry, which gives a splendour to the composition, of which we find not a trace in the rudeness of the ancient ditty. I can bear witness to the older verses having been current while I was a child, but I never knew a line of the inspired edition of the Ayrshire bard until the appearance of Johnson's Museum.

Besides Percy, Burns, and others, we must not omit to mention Mr. Finlay, whose beautiful song,

"There came a knight from the field of the slain,"

is so happily descriptive of antique manners; or Mickle, whose accurate and interesting imitations of the ancient ballad we have already mentioned with approbation in the former Essay on Ballad Composition. These, with others of modern date, at the head of whom we must place Thomas Moore, have aimed at striking the ancient harp with the same bold and rough note to which it was awakened by the ancient minstrels. Southey, Wordsworth, and other distinguished names of the present century, have, in repeated instances, dignified this branch of literature; but no one more than Coleridge, in the wild and imaginative tale of the "Ancient Mariner," which displays so much beauty with such eccentricity. We should act most unjustly in this department of Scottish ballad poetry, not to mention the names of Leyden, Hogg, and Allan Cunningham. They have all three honoured their country, by arriving at distinction from a humble origin, and there is none of them under whose hand the ancient Scottish harp has not sounded a bold and distinguished tone. Miss Anne Bannerman likewise should not be forgotten, whose "Tales of Superstition and Chivalry" appeared about 1802. They were perhaps too mystical and too abrupt; yet if it be the purpose of this kind of ballad poetry powerfully to excite the imagination, without pretending to satisfy it, few persons have succeeded better than this gifted lady, whose volume is peculiarly fit to be read in a lonely house by a decaying lamp.

As we have already hinted, a numerous class of the authors (some of them of the very first class) who condescended to imitate the simplicity of ancient poetry, gave themselves no trouble to observe the costume, style, or manner, either of the old minstrel or ballad-singer, but assumed a structure of a separate and peculiar kind, which could not be correctly termed either ancient or modern, although made the vehicle of beauties which were common to both. The discrepancy between the mark which they avowed their purpose of shooting at, and that at which they really took aim, is best illustrated by a production of one of the most distinguished of their number. Goldsmith describes the young family of his Vicar of Wakefield, as amusing themselves with conversing about poetry. Mr. Burchell observes, that the British poets, who imitated the classics, have especially contributed to introduce a false taste, by loading their lines with epithets, so as to present a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion;—a string of epithets that improve the sound, without carrying on the sense. But when an example of popular poetry is produced as free from the fault which the critic has just censured, it is the well-known and beautiful poem of Edwin and Angelina! which, in felicitous attention to the language, and in fanciful ornament of imagery, is as unlike to a minstrel ballad, as a lady assuming the dress of a Shepherdess for a masquerade, is different from the actual Sisly of Salisbury Plain. Tickell's beautiful ballad is equally formed upon a pastoral, sentimental, and ideal model, not, however, less beautifully executed; and the attention of Addison's friend had been probably directed to the ballad stanza (for the stanza is all which is imitated) by the praise bestowed on Chevy Chase in the Spectator.

Upon a later occasion, the subject of Mallet's fine poem, Edwin and Emma, being absolutely rural in itself, and occurring at the hamlet of Bowes, in Yorkshire, might

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have seduced the poet from the *beau idéal*, which he had pictured to himself, into something more immediately allied to common life. But Mallet was not a man to neglect what was esteemed fashionable, and poor Hannah Railton and her lover Wrightson were enveloped in the elegant but tinsel frippery appertaining to Edwin and Emma; for the similes, reflections, and suggestions of the poet are, in fact, too intrusive and too well said to suffer the reader to feel the full taste of the tragic tale. The verses are doubtless beautiful, but I must own the simple prose of the Curate's letter, who gives the narrative of the tale as it really happened, has to me a tone of serious veracity more affecting than the ornaments of Mallet's fiction. The same author's ballad, "William and Margaret," has, in some degree, the same fault. A disembodied spirit is not a person before whom the living spectator takes leisure to make remarks of a moral kind, as,

> "So will the fairest face appear,
> When youth and years are flown,
> And such the robe that Kings must wear
> When death has reft their crown."

Upon the whole, the ballad, though the best of Mallet's writing, is certainly inferior to its original, which I presume to be the very fine and even terrific old Scottish tale, beginning,

> "There came a ghost to Margaret's door."

It may be found in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany."

We need only stop to mention another very beautiful piece of this fanciful kind, by Dr. Cartwright, called Armin and Elvira, containing some excellent poetry, expressed with unusual felicity. I have a vision of having met this accomplished gentleman in my very early youth, and am the less likely to be mistaken, as he was the first living poet I recollect to have seen.[1] His poem had the distinguished honour to be much admired by our celebrated philosopher, Dugald Stewart, who was wont to quote with much pathos, the picture of resignation in the following stanza:—

> "And while his eye to Heaven he raised,
> Its silent waters stole away."[2]

After enumerating so many persons of undoubted genius, who have cultivated the Arcadian style of poetry, (for to such it may be compared,) it would be endless to enumerate the various Sir Eldreds of the hills and downs whose stories were woven into *legendary tales*—which came at length to be the name assigned to this half-ancient half-modern style of composition.

In general I may observe, that the supposed facility of this species of composition, the alluring simplicity of which was held sufficient to support it, afforded great attractions for those, whose ambition led them to exercise their untried talents in verse, but who were desirous to do so with the least possible expense of thought. The task seems to present, at least to the inexperienced acolyte of the Muses, the same advantages which an instrument of sweet sound and small compass offers to those who begin their studies in music. In either case, however, it frequently happens that the scholar, getting tired of the palling and monotonous character of the poetry or music which he produces, becomes desirous to strike a more independent note, even at the risk of its being a more difficult one.

The same simplicity involves an inconvenience fatal to the continued popularity of any species of poetry, by exposing it in a peculiar degree to ridicule and to parody. Dr. Johnson, whose style of poetry was of a very different and more stately description, could ridicule the ballads of Percy, in such stanzas as these,—

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[1] If I am right in what must be a very early recollection, I saw Mr. Cartwright (then a student of medicine at the Edinburgh university) at the house of my maternal grandfather, John Rutherford, M. D.

[2] Happily altered by an admiring foreigner, who read

> "*The* silent waters stole away."

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"The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon a stone;
The nurse took up the squalling child,
But still the child squall'd on;"

with various slipshod imitations of the same quality.[1] It did not require his talents to pursue this vein of raillery, for it was such as most men could imitate, and all could enjoy. It is, therefore, little wonderful that this sort of composition should be repeatedly laid aside for considerable periods of time, and certainly as little so, that it should have been repeatedly revived, like some forgotten melody, and have again obtained some degree of popularity, until it sunk once more under satire, as well as parody, but, above all, the effects of satiety.

During the thirty years that I have paid some attention to literary matters, the taste for the ancient ballad melody, and for the closer or more distant imitation of that strain of poetry, has more than once arisen, and more than once subsided, in consequence, perhaps, of too unlimited indulgence. That this has been the case in other countries, we know; for the Spanish poet, when he found that the beautiful Morisco romances were excluding all other topics, confers upon them a hearty malediction.[2]

A period when this particular taste for the popular ballad was in the most extravagant degree of fashion, became the occasion, unexpectedly indeed, of my deserting the profession to which I was educated, and in which I had sufficiently advantageous prospects for a person of limited ambition. I have, in a former publication, undertaken to mention this circumstance; and I will endeavour to do so with becoming brevity, and without more egotism than is positively exacted by the nature of the story.

I may, in the first place, remark, that although the assertion has been made, and that by persons who seemed satisfied with their authority, it is a mistake to suppose that my situation in life or place in society were materially altered by such success as I attained in literary attempts. My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and accomplished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full benefit by indifferent health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it. The young men with whom I was brought up, and lived most familiarly, were those, who, from opportunities, birth, and talents, might be expected to make the greatest advances in the career for which we were all destined; and I have the pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no inconsiderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honours of their profession. Neither was I in a situation to be embarrassed by the *res angusta domi*, which might have otherwise brought painful additional obstructions to a path in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration and influence efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune, also, which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me considerably beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these particulars merely because they are true. Many better men than myself have owed their rise from indigence and obscurity to their own talents, which were, doubtless, much more adequate to the task of raising them than any which I possess. But although it would be absurd and ungracious in me to deny, that I owe

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[1] [Percy was especially annoyed, according to Boswell, with

"I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand."—Ed.]

[2] See the Introduction to Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, 1823, p. xxii.

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to literature many marks of distinction to which I could not otherwise have aspired, and particularly that of securing the acquaintance, and even the friendship, of many remarkable persons of the age, to whom I could not otherwise have made my way; it would, on the other hand, be ridiculous to affect gratitude to the public favour, either for my general position in society, or the means of supporting it with decency, matters which had been otherwise secured under the usual chances of human affairs. Thus much I have thought it necessary to say upon a subject, which is, after all, of very little consequence to any one but myself. I proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits.

During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation that posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, though he still lived beloved and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and He of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius, was still alive, indeed; but the hypochondria, which was his mental malady, impeded his popularity. Burns, whose genius our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song-writing. Names which are now known and distinguished wherever the English language is spoken, were then only beginning to be mentioned; and, unless among the small number of persons who habitually devote a part of their leisure to literature, even those of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, were still but little known. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could show a legitimate title of sovereignty.

As far back as 1788, a new species of literature began to be introduced into this country. Germany, long known as a powerful branch of the European confederacy, was then, for the first time, heard of as the cradle of a style of poetry and literature, of a kind much more analogous to that of Britain than either the French, Spanish, or Italian schools, though all three had been at various times cultivated and imitated among us. The names of Lessing, Klopstock, Schiller, and other German poets of eminence, were only known in Britain very imperfectly. "The Sorrows of Werter" was the only composition that had attained any degree of popularity, and the success of that remarkable novel, notwithstanding the distinguished genius of the author, was retarded by the nature of its incidents. To the other compositions of Goethe, whose talents were destined to illuminate the age in which he flourished, the English remained strangers, and much more so to Schiller, Bürger, and a whole cycle of foreigners of distinguished merit. The obscurity to which German literature seemed to be condemned, did not arise from want of brilliancy in the lights by which it was illuminated, but from the palpable thickness of the darkness by which they were surrounded. Frederic II. of Prussia had given a partial and ungracious testimony against his native language and native literature, and impolitically and unwisely, as well as unjustly, had yielded to the French that superiority in letters, which, after his death, paved the way for their obtaining, for a time, an equal superiority in arms. That great Prince, by setting the example of undervaluing his country in one respect, raised a belief in its general inferiority, and destroyed the manly pride with which a nation is naturally disposed to regard its own peculiar manners and peculiar literature.

Unmoved by the scornful neglect of its sovereigns and nobles, and encouraged by the tide of native genius, which flowed in upon the nation, German literature began to assume a new, interesting, and highly impressive character, to which it became impossible for strangers to shut their eyes. That it exhibited the faults of exaggeration and false taste, almost inseparable from the first attempts at the heroic and at the pathetic, cannot be denied. It was, in a word, the first crop of a rich soil, which throws out weeds as well as flowers with a prolific abundance.

It was so late as the 21st day of April, 1788, that the literary persons of Edinburgh, of whom, at that period, I am better qualified to speak than of those of Britain generally, or especially those of London, were first made aware of the

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existence of works of genius in a language cognate with the English, and possessed of the same manly force of expression. They learned, at the same time, that the taste which dictated the German compositions was of a kind as nearly allied to the English as their language. Those who were accustomed from their youth to admire Milton and Shakspeare, became acquainted, I may say for the first time, with the existence of a race of poets who had the same lofty ambition to spurn the flaming boundaries of the universe,[1] and investigate the realms of chaos and old night; and of dramatists, who, disclaiming the pedantry of the unities, sought, at the expense of occasional improbabilities and extravagancies, to present life in its scenes of wildest contrast, and in all its boundless variety of character, mingling, without hesitation, livelier with more serious incidents, and exchanging scenes of tragic distress, as they occur in common life, with those of a comic tendency. This emancipation from the rules so servilely adhered to by the French school, and particularly by their dramatic poets, although it was attended with some disadvantages, especially the risk of extravagance and bombast, was the means of giving free scope to the genius of Goethe, Schiller, and others, which, thus relieved from shackles, was not long in soaring to the highest pitch of poetic sublimity. The late venerable Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," in an Essay upon the German Theatre, introduced his countrymen to this new species of national literature, the peculiarities of which he traced with equal truth and spirit, although they were at that time known to him only through the imperfect and uncongenial medium of a French translation. Upon the day already mentioned (21st April, 1788,) he read to the Royal Society an Essay on German Literature, which made much noise, and produced a powerful effect. "Germany," he observed, "in her literary aspect, presents herself to observation in a singular point of view; that of a country arrived at maturity, along with the neighbouring nations, in the arts and sciences, in the pleasures and refinements of manners, and yet only in its infancy with regard to writings of taste and imagination. This last path, however, from these very circumstances, she pursues with an enthusiasm which no other situation could perhaps have produced, the enthusiasm which novelty inspires, and which the servility incident to a more cultivated and critical state of literature does not restrain." At the same time, the accomplished critic showed himself equally familiar with the classical rules of the French stage, and failed not to touch upon the acknowledged advantages which these produced, by the encouragement and regulation of taste, though at the risk of repressing genius.

But it was not the dramatic literature alone of the Germans which was hitherto unknown to their neighbours—their fictitious narratives, their ballad poetry, and other branches of their literature, which are particularly apt to bear the stamp of the extravagant and the supernatural, began to occupy the attention of the British literati.

In Edinburgh, where the remarkable coincidence between the German language and that of the Lowland Scottish, encouraged young men to approach this newly discovered spring of literature, a class was formed, of six or seven intimate friends, who proposed to make themselves acquainted with the German language. They were in the habit of living much together, and the time they spent in this new study was felt as a period of a great amusement. One source of this diversion was the laziness of one of their number, the present author, who, averse to the necessary toil of grammar and its rules, was in the practice of fighting his way to the knowledge of the German by his acquaintance with the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon dialects, and, of course, frequently committed blunders which were not lost on his more accurate and more studious companions. A more general source of amusement, was the despair of the teacher, on finding it impossible to extract from his Scottish students the degree of sensibility necessary, as he thought, to enjoy the beauties of the author to whom he considered it proper first to introduce them. We were desirous to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature,

[1] [—"Flammantia mœnia mundi."—LUCRETIUS.]

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and therefore were ambitious of perusing Goethe and Schiller, and others whose fame had been sounded by Mackenzie. Dr. Willich, (a medical gentleman,) who was our teacher, was judiciously disposed to commence our studies with the more simple diction of Gesner, and prescribed to us "The Death of Abel," as the production from which our German tasks were to be drawn. The pietistic style of this author was ill adapted to attract young persons of our age and disposition. We could no more sympathize with the overstrained sentimentality of Adam and his family, than we could have had a fellow-feeling with the jolly Faun of the same author, who broke his beautiful jug, and then made a song on it which might have affected all Staffordshire. To sum up the distresses of Dr. Willich, we, with one consent, voted Abel an insufferable bore, and gave the preeminence, in point of masculine character, to his brother Cain, or even to Lucifer himself. When these jests, which arose out of the sickly monotony and affected ecstasies of the poet, failed to amuse us, we had for our entertainment the unutterable sounds manufactured by a Frenchman, our fellow-student, who, with the economical purpose of learning two languages at once, was endeavouring to acquire German, of which he knew nothing, by means of English, concerning which he was nearly as ignorant. Heaven only knows the notes which he uttered, in attempting, with unpractised organs, to imitate the gutturals of these two intractable languages. At length, in the midst of much laughing and little study, most of us acquired some knowledge, more or less extensive, of the German language, and selected for ourselves, some in the philosophy of Kant, some in the more animated works of the German dramatists, specimens more to our taste than "The Death of Abel."

About this period, or a year or two sooner, the accomplished and excellent Lord Woodhouselee,[1] one of the friends of my youth, made a spirited version of "The Robbers" of Schiller, which I believe was the first published, though an English version appeared soon afterwards in London, as the metropolis then took the lead in every thing like literary adventure. The enthusiasm with which this work was received, greatly increased the general taste for German compositions.

While universal curiosity was thus distinguishing the advancing taste for the German language and literature, the success of a very young student, in a juvenile publication, seemed to show that the prevailing taste in that country might be easily employed as a formidable auxiliary to renewing the spirit of our own, upon the same system as when medical persons attempt, by the transfusion of blood, to pass into the veins of an aged and exhausted patient, the vivacity of the circulation and liveliness of sensation which distinguish a young subject. The person who first attempted to introduce something like the German taste into English fictitious dramatic and poetical composition, although his works, when first published, engaged general attention, is now comparatively forgotten. I mean Matthew Gregory Lewis, whose character and literary history are so immediately connected with the subject of which I am treating, that a few authentic particulars may be here inserted by one to whom he was well known.

Lewis's rank in society was determined by his birth, which, at the same time, assured his fortune. His father was Under-Secretary at War, at that time a very lucrative appointment, and the young poet was provided with a seat in Parliament as soon as his age permitted him to fill it. But his mind did not incline him to politics, or, if it did, they were not of the complexion which his father, attached to Mr. Pitt's administration, would have approved. He was, moreover, indolent, and though possessed of abilities sufficient to conquer any difficulty which might stand in the way of classical attainments, he preferred applying his exertions in a path where they were rewarded with more immediate applause. As he completed his education abroad, he had an opportunity of indulging his inclination for the extraordinary and supernatural, by wandering through the whole enchanted land

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[1] [Alexander Fraser Tytler, a Judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Woodhouselee, author of the well-known "Elements of General History," and long eminent as Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh. He died in 1810.—Ed.]

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of German faery and *diablerie*, not forgetting the paths of her enthusiastic tragedy and romantic poetry.

We are easily induced to imitate what we admire, and Lewis early distinguished himself by a romance in the German taste, called "The Monk." In this work, written in his twentieth year, and founded on the Eastern apologue of the Santon Barsisa, the author introduced supernatural machinery with a courageous consciousness of his own power to manage its ponderous strength, which commanded the respect of his reader. "The Monk" was published in 1795, and, though liable to the objections common to the school to which it belonged, and to others peculiar to itself, placed its author at once high in the scale of men of letters. Nor can that be regarded as an ordinary exertion of genius, to which Charles Fox paid the unusual compliment of crossing the House of Commons that he might congratulate the young author, whose work obtained high praise from many other able men of that able time. The party which approved "The Monk" was at first superior in the lists, and it was some time before the anonymous author of the "Pursuits of Literature" denounced as puerile and absurd the supernatural machinery which Lewis had introduced—

> "———I bear an English heart,
> Unused at ghosts or rattling bones to start."

Yet the acute and learned critic betrays some inconsistency in praising the magic of the Italian poets, and complimenting Mrs. Radcliffe for her success in supernatural imagery, for which at the same moment he thus sternly censures her brother novelist.

A more legitimate topic of condemnation was the indelicacy of particular passages. The present author will hardly be deemed a willing, or at least an interested apologist for an offence equally repugnant to decency and good breeding. But as Lewis at once, and with a good grace, submitted to the voice of censure, and expunged the objectionable passages, we cannot help considering the manner in which the fault was insisted on, after all the amends had been offered of which the case could admit, as in the last degree ungenerous and uncandid. The pertinacity with which the passages so much found fault with were dwelt upon, seemed to warrant a belief that something more was desired than the correction of the author's errors; and that, where the apologies of extreme youth, foreign education, and instant submission, were unable to satisfy the critics' fury, they must have been determined to act on the severity of the old proverb, "Confess and be hanged." Certain it is, that other persons, offenders in the same degree, have been permitted to sue out their pardon without either retractation or palinode. [1]

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[1] In justice to a departed friend, I have subjoined his own defence against an accusation so remorselessly persisted in. The following is an extract of a letter to his father :—

"MY DEAR FATHER, *Feb.* 23, 1798.

'Though certain that the clamour raised against 'The Monk' cannot have given you the smallest doubt of the rectitude of my intentions, or the purity of my principles, yet I am conscious that it must have grieved you to find any doubts on the subject existing in the minds of other people. To express my sorrow for having given you pain is my motive for now addressing you, and also to assure you, that you shall not feel that pain a second time on my account. Having made you feel it at all, would be a sufficient reason, had I no others, to make me regret having published the first edition of 'The Monk;' but I have others, weaker, indeed, than the one mentioned, but still sufficiently strong. I perceive that I have put too much confidence in the accuracy of my own judgment; that, convinced of my object being unexceptionable, I did not sufficiently examine whether the means by which I attained that object were equally so; and that, upon many accounts, I have to accuse myself of high imprudence. Let me, however, observe, that twenty is not the age at which prudence is most to be expected. Inexperience prevented my distinguishing what would give offence; but as soon as I found that offence was given, I made the only reparation in my power,—I carefully revised the work, and expunged every syllable on which could be grounded the slightest construction of immorality. This, indeed, was no difficult task; for the objections rested entirely on expressions too strong and words carelessly chosen, not on the sentiments, *characters*, or general *tendency* of the work;—that the *latter* is *undeserving* censure, Addison will vouch for me. The moral and outline of my story are taken from an allegory inserted by him in the 'Guardian,' and which he commends highly for ability of invention, and '*propriety of object*.' Unluckily, in working it

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Another peccadillo of the author of "The Monk" was his having borrowed from Musæus, and from the popular tales of the Germans, the singular and striking adventure of the "Bleeding Nun." But the bold and free hand with which he traced some scenes, as well of natural terror as of that which arises from supernatural causes, shows distinctly that the plagiarism could not have been occasioned by any deficiency of invention on his part, though it might take place from wantonness or wilfulness.

In spite of the objections we have stated, "The Monk" was so highly popular, that it seemed to create an epoch in our literature. But the public were chiefly captivated by the poetry with which Mr. Lewis had interspersed his prose narrative. It has now passed from recollection among the changes of literary taste; but many may remember, as well as I do, the effect produced by the beautiful ballad of "Durandarte," which had the good fortune to be adapted to an air of great sweetness and pathos; by the ghost tale of "Alonzo and Imogine;" and by several other pieces of legendary poetry, which addressed themselves in all the charms of novelty and of simplicity to a public who had for a long time been unused to any regale of the kind. In his poetry as well as his prose, Mr. Lewis had been a successful imitator of the Germans, both in his attachment to the ancient ballad, and in the tone of superstition which they willingly mingle with it. New arrangements of the stanza, and a varied construction of verses, were also adopted, and welcomed as an addition of a new string to the British harp. In this respect, the stanza in which "Alonzo the Brave" is written, was greatly admired, and received as an improvement worthy of adoption into English poetry.

In short, Lewis's works were admired, and the author became famous, not merely through his own merit, though that was of no mean quality, but because he had in some measure taken the public by surprise, by using a style of composition, which, like national melodies, is so congenial to the general taste, that, though it palls by being much hackneyed, it has only to be for a short time forgotten in order to recover its original popularity.

It chanced that, while his fame was at the highest, Mr. Lewis became almost a yearly visitor to Scotland, chiefly from attachment to the illustrious family of Argyle. The writer of these remarks had the advantage of being made known to the most distinguished author of the day, by a lady who belongs by birth to that family, and is equally distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments.[1] Out of this accidental acquaintance, which increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life.

In early youth I had been an eager student of Ballad Poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of Oriental platanus to which it belonged.[2] The taste of another person had strongly encouraged my own researches into this species of legendary lore. But I had never dreamed of an attempt to imitate what gave me so much pleasure.

I had, indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recom-

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up, I thought that the stronger my colours, the more effect would my picture produce; and it never struck me, that the exhibition of vice in her *temporary triumph*, might possibly do as much harm, as her final *exposure* and *punishment* could do good. To do *much* good, indeed, was more than I expected of my book; having always believed that our conduct depends on our own hearts and characters, not on the books we read, or the sentiments we hear. But though I did not hope much benefit to arise from the perusal of a trifling romance, written by a *youth* of *twenty*, I was in my own mind convinced, that no harm could be produced by a work whose subject was furnished by one of our best moralists, and in the composition of which, I did not introduce a single incident, or a single character, without meaning to illustrate some maxim universally allowed. It was then with infinite surprise, that I heard the outcry raised against the" * * * * * *

[I regret that the letter, though once perfect, now only exists in my possession as a fragment.]

[1] [The Lady Charlotte Bury.—Ed.]

[2] This tree grew in a very large garden attached to a cottage at Kelso, the residence of my father's sister, where I spent many of the happiest days of my youth. [1831].

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mended to us at the High School. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was performed, and I used to feel not a little mortified when my versions were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my schoolboy days I was so far left to my own desires as to become guilty of Verses on a Thunder-storm, which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up, in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife, who affirmed that my most sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman's memory. She indeed accused me unjustly, when she said I had stolen my brooms ready made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of daw-plucking at the hands of the apothecary's wife; but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire, and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though "with a swelling heart." In short, excepting the usual tribute to a mistress's eye-brow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as *love* and *dove*, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style of poetry by which he had raised himself to fame.

This idea was hurried into execution, in consequence of a temptation which others, as well as the author, found it difficult to resist. The celebrated ballad of "Lenoré," by Bürger, was about this time introduced into England; and it is remarkable, that, written as far back as 1775, it was upwards of twenty years before it was known in Britain, though calculated to make so strong an impression. The wild character of the tale was such as struck the imagination of all who read it, although the idea of the lady's ride behind the spectre horseman had been long before hit upon by an English ballad-maker. But this pretended English original, if in reality it be such, is so dull, flat, and prosaic, as to leave the distinguished German author all that is valuable in his story, by clothing it with a fanciful wildness of expression, which serves to set forth the marvellous tale in its native terror. The ballad of "Lenoré" accordingly possessed general attractions for such of the English as understood the language in which it is written; and, as if there had been a charm in the ballad, no one seemed to cast his eyes upon it without a desire to make it known by translations to his own countrymen, and six or seven versions were accordingly presented to the public. Although the present author was on eof those who intruded his translation on the world at this time, he may fairly exculpate himself from the rashness of entering the lists against so many rivals. The circumstances which threw him into this competition were quite accidental, and of a nature tending to show how much the destiny of human life depends upon unimportant occurrences, to which little consequence is attached at the moment.

About the summer of 1793 or 1794, the celebrated Miss Lætitia Aikin, better known as Mrs. Barbauld, paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was received by such literary society as the place then boasted, with the hospitality to which her talents and her worth entitled her. Among others, she was kindly welcomed by the late excellent and admired Professor Dugald Stewart, his lady, and family. It was in their evening society that Miss Aikin drew from her pocket-book a version of "Lenoré," executed by William Taylor, Esq. of Norwich, with as much freedom as was consistent with great spirit and scrupulous fidelity. She read this composition to the company, who were electrified by the tale. It was the more successful, that Mr. Taylor had boldly copied the imitative harmony of the German, and described the spectral journey in language resembling that of the original. Bürger had thus painted the ghostly career:

"Und hurre, hurre, hop, hop, hop,
Gings fort in sausendem Galopp,

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Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,
Und Kies und Funken stoben."

The words were rendered by the kindred sounds in English:

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede,
Splash, splash, across the sea;
Hurra, the dead can ride apace!
Dost fear to ride with me?"

When Miss Aikin had finished her recitation, she replaced in her pocket-book the paper from which she had read it, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having made a strong impression on the hearers, whose bosoms thrilled yet the deeper, as the ballad was not to be more closely introduced to them.

The author was not present upon this occasion, although he had then the distinguished advantage of being a familiar friend and frequent visitor of Professor Stewart and his family. But he was absent from town while Miss Aikin was in Edinburgh, and it was not until his return that he found all his friends in rapture with the intelligence and good sense of their visitor, but in particular with the wonderful translation from the German; by means of which she had delighted and astonished them. The enthusiastic description given of Bürger's ballad, and the broken account of the story, of which only two lines were recollected, inspired the author, who had some acquaintance, as has been said, with the German language, and a strong taste for popular poetry, with a desire to see the original.

This was not a wish easily gratified; German works were at that time seldom found in London for sale—in Edinburgh never. A lady of noble German descent,[1] whose friendship I have enjoyed for many years, found means, however, to procure me a copy of Bürger's works from Hamburgh. The perusal of the original rather exceeded than disappointed the expectations which the report of Mr. Stewart's family had induced me to form. At length, when the book had been a few hours in my possession, I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English ballad verse.

I well recollect that I began my task after supper, and finished it about daybreak the next morning, by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up were rather of an uncomfortable character. As my object was much more to make a good translation of the poem for those whom I wished to please, than to acquire any poetical fame for myself, I retained in my translation the two lines which Mr. Taylor had rendered with equal boldness and felicity.

My attempt succeeded far beyond my expectations; and it may readily be believed, that I was induced to persevere in a pursuit which gratified my own vanity, while it seemed to amuse others. I accomplished a translation of "Der Wilde Jager"—a romantic ballad founded on a superstition universally current in Germany, and known also in Scotland and France. In this I took rather more license than in versifying "Lenoré;" and I balladized one or two other poems of Bürger with more or less success. In the course of a few weeks, my own vanity, and the favourable opinion of friends, interested by the temporary revival of a species of poetry containing a germ of popularity of which perhaps they were not themselves aware, urged me to the decisive step of sending a selection, at least, of my translations to the press, to save the numerous applications which were made for copies. When was there an author deaf to such a recommendation? In 1796, the present author was prevailed on, "by request of friends," to indulge his own vanity by publishing the translation of "Lenoré," with that of "The Wild Huntsman," in a thin quarto.[2]

The fate of this, my first publication, was by no means flattering. I distributed

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[1] Born Countess Harriet Bruhl of Martinskirchen, and married to Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, the author's relative, and much-valued friend almost from infancy.

[2] [This thin quarto was published by Messrs. Manners and Miller of Edinburgh.—Ed.]

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so many copies among my friends as, according to the booksellers, materially to interfere with the sale; and the number of translations which appeared in England about the same time, including that of Mr. Taylor, to which I had been so much indebted, and which was published in "The Monthly Magazine," were sufficient to exclude a provincial writer from competition. However different my success might have been, had I been fortunate enough to have led the way in the general scramble for precedence, my efforts sunk unnoticed when launched at the same time with those of Mr. Taylor (upon whose property I had committed the kind of piracy already noticed, and who generously forgave me the invasion of his rights);—of my ingenious and amiable friend of many years, William Robert Spenser;—of Mr. Pye, the laureate of the day, and many others besides. In a word, my adventure, where so many pushed off to sea, proved a dead loss, and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker. Nay, so complete was the failure of the unfortunate ballads, that the very existence of them was soon forgotten; and, in a newspaper, in which I very lately read, to my no small horror, a most appalling list of my own various publications, I saw this, my first offence, had escaped the industrious collector, for whose indefatigable research I may in gratitude wish a better object.[1]

The failure of my first publication did not operate, in any unpleasant degree, either on my feelings or spirits. I was coldly received by strangers, but my reputation began rather to increase among my own friends, and, on the whole, I was more bent to show the world that it had neglected something worth notice, than to be affronted by its indifference. Or rather, to speak candidly, I found pleasure in the literary labour in which I had, almost by accident, become engaged, and laboured, less in the hope of pleasing others, though certainly without despair of doing so, than in the pursuit of a new and agreeable amusement to myself. I pursued the German language keenly, and, though far from being a correct scholar, became a bold and daring reader, nay even translator of various dramatic pieces from that tongue.[2]

The want of books at that time, (about 1796,) was a great interruption to the rapidity of my movements; for the young do not know, and perhaps my own contemporaries may have forgotten, the difficulty with which publications were then procured from the continent. The worthy and excellent friend, of whom I gave a sketch many years afterwards in the person of Jonathan Oldbuck,[3] procured me Adelung's Dictionary, through the mediation of Father Pepper, a monk of the Scotch College of Ratisbon. Other wants of the same nature were supplied by Mrs. Scott of Harden, whose kindness in a similar instance I have had already occasion to acknowledge. Through this lady's connexions on the continent, I obtained copies of Bürger, Schiller, Goethe, and other standard German works; and though the obligation be of a distant date, it still remains impressed on my memory, after a life spent in a constant interchange of friendship and kindness with that family, which is, according to Scottish ideas, the head of my house.

Being thus furnished with the necessary originals, I began to translate on all sides, certainly without any thing like an accurate knowledge of the language; and although the dramas of Goethe, Schiller, and others, powerfully attracted one whose early attention to the German had been arrested by Mackenzie's Dissertation, and the play of "The Robbers," yet the ballad poetry, in which I had made a bold essay, was still my favourite. I was yet more delighted on finding, that the old English, and especially the Scottish language, were so nearly similar to the

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[1] [The list here referred to was drawn up and inserted in the Caledonian Mercury, by Mr. James Shaw, for thirty years past in the house of Sir Walter Scott's publishers, Messrs. Constable and Cadell, of Edinburgh; and use will be made of it hereafter.—Ed.]

[2] [Sir Walter Scott's second publication was a translation of Goethe's drama of Goetz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, which appeared in 1799. He about the same time translated several other German plays, which yet remain in MS.—Ed.]

[3] [The late George Constable, Esq. See Introduction to the Antiquary, Waverley Novels, vol. v. p. iv. —Ed.]

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German, not in sound merely, but in the turn of phrase, that they were capable of being rendered line for line, with very little variation.[1]

By degrees, I acquired sufficient confidence to attempt the imitation of what I admired. The ballad called "Glenfinlas" was, I think, the first original poem which I ventured to compose. As it is supposed to be a translation from the Gaelic, I considered myself as liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the Minstrel ballad. A versification of an Ossianic fragment came nearer to the idea I had formed of my task; for although controversy may have arisen concerning the authenticity of these poems, yet I never heard it disputed, by those whom an accurate knowledge of the Gaelic rendered competent judges, that in their spirit and diction they nearly resemble fragments of poetry extant in that language, to the genuine antiquity of which no doubt can attach. Indeed the celebrated dispute on that subject, is something like the more bloody, though scarce fiercer controversy, about the Popish Plot in Charles the Second's time, concerning which Dryden has said—

> "Succeeding times will equal folly call,
> Believing nothing, or believing all."

The Celtic people of Erin and Albyn had, in short, a style of poetry properly called national, though Mac Pherson was rather an excellent poet than a faithful editor and translator. This style and fashion of poetry, existing in a different language, was supposed to give the original of "Glenfinlas," and the author was to pass for one who had used his best command of English to do the Gaelic model justice. In one point, the incidents of the poem were irreconcilable with the costume of the times in which they were laid. The ancient Highland chieftains, when they had a mind to "hunt the dun deer down," did not retreat into solitary bothies, or trust the success of the chase to their own unassisted exertions, without a single gillie to help them; they assembled their clan, and all partook of the sport, forming a ring, or enclosure, called the Tinchell, and driving the prey towards the most distinguished persons of the hunt. This course would not have suited me, so Ronald and Moy were cooped up in their solitary wigwam, like two moorfowl-shooters of the present day.

After "Glenfinlas," I undertook another ballad, called "The Eve of St. John." The incidents, except the hints alluded to in the marginal notes, are entirely imaginary, but the scene was that of my early childhood. Some idle persons had of late years, during the proprietor's absence, torn the iron-grated door of Smallholm Tower from its hinges, and thrown it down the rock. I was an earnest suitor to my friend and kinsman, Mr. Scott of Harden, already mentioned, that the dilapidation might be put a stop to, and the mischief repaired. This was readily pro-

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[1] Among the popular Ballads or Volkslieder, of the celebrated Herder, is (take one instance out of many) a version of the old Scottish song of "Sir Patrick Spence," in which, but for difference of orthography, the two languages can be scarcely distinguished from each other. For example—

"The King sits in Dumfermling town, Drinking the blood-red wine; Where will I get a good skipper To sail this ship of mine?'"	"Der Kœnig sitzt in Dumfermling Schloss: Er trinkt bluttröthen Wein; 'O wo triff ich einen Segler gut Dies Schiff zu seglen mein?'"

In like manner, the opening stanza of "Child Waters," and many other Scottish ballads, fall as naturally and easily into the German habits and forms of speech, as if they had originally been composed in that language:

"About Yule, when the wind was cule, And the round tables began, O there is come to our king's court Mony weel favour'd man."	"In Christmessfest, in Winter kalt, Als Tafel rund began, Da kam zu Konig's Hoff und Hall Manch wackner Ritter an."

It requires only a smattering of both languages, to see at what cheap expense, even of vocables and rhymes, the popular poetry of the one may be transferred to the other. Hardly any thing is more flattering to a Scottish student of German; it resembles the unexpected discovery of an old friend in a foreign land.

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mised, on condition that I should make a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smallholm Tower, and among the crags where it is situated.[1] The ballad was approved of, as well as its companion "Glenfinlas;" and I remember that they procured me many marks of attention and kindness from Duke John of Roxburghe, who gave me the unlimited use of that celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburghe Club derives its name.

Thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon, and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintances, showing my precious wares, and requesting criticism—a boon which no author asks in vain. For it may be observed, that, in the fine arts, those who are in no respect able to produce any specimens themselves, hold themselves not the less entitled to decide upon the works of others; and, no doubt, with justice to a certain degree; for the merits of composition produced for the express purpose of pleasing the world at large, can only be judged of by the opinion of individuals, and perhaps, as in the case of Molière's old woman, the less sophisticated the person consulted so much the better.[2] But I was ignorant, at the time I speak of, that though the applause of the many may justly appreciate the general merits of a piece, it is not so safe to submit such a performance to the more minute criticism of the same individuals, when each, in turn, having seated himself in the censor's chair, has placed his mind in a critical attitude, and delivers his opinion sententiously and *ex cathedrâ*. General applause was in almost every case freely tendered, but the abatements in the way of proposed alterations and corrections, were cruelly puzzling. It was in vain the young author, listening with becoming modesty, and with a natural wish to please, cut and carved, tinkered and coopered, upon his unfortunate ballads—it was in vain that he placed, displaced, replaced, and misplaced; every one of his advisers was displeased with the concessions made to his co-assessors, and the author was blamed by some one, in almost every case, for having made two holes in attempting to patch up one.

At last, after thinking seriously on the subject, I wrote out a fair copy, (of Glenfinlas, I think,) and marked all the various corrections which had been proposed. On the whole, I found that I had been required to alter every verse, almost every line, and the only stanzas of the whole ballad which escaped criticism were two which could neither be termed good nor bad, speaking of them as poetry, but were of a mere commonplace character, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advisement told me, that a manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticisms, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honour to consult me. I am convinced, that, in general, in removing even errors of a trivial or venial kind, the character of originality is lost, which, upon the whole, may be that which is most valuable in the production.

About the time that I shook hands with criticisms, and reduced my ballads back to their original form, stripping them without remorse of those "lendings" which I had adopted at the suggestion of others, an opportunity unexpectedly offered of introducing to the world what had hitherto been confined to a circle of friends. Lewis had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of "Tales of Terror," and afterwards published under that of "Tales of Wonder." As this was to be a collection of tales turning on the preternatural, there were risks in the plan of which the ingenious editor was not aware. The supernatural, though ap-

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[1] This is of little consequence, except in as far as it contradicts a story which I have seen in print, averring that Mr. Scott of Harden was himself about to destroy this ancient building; than which nothing can be more inaccurate.

[2] [See the account of a conversation between Sir Walter Scott and Sir Thomas Lawrence, in "Cunningham's Lives of British Painters," etc. vol. vi. p. 236.—Ed.]

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pealing to certain powerful emotions very widely and deeply sown amongst the human race, is, nevertheless, a spring which is peculiarly apt to lose its elasticity by being too much pressed on, and a collection of ghost stories is not more likely to be terrible, than a collection of jests to be merry or entertaining. But although the very title of the proposed work carried in it an obstruction to its effect, this was far from being suspected at the time, for the popularity of the editor, and of his compositions, seemed a warrant for his success. The distinguished favour with which the "Castle Spectre" was received upon the stage, seemed an additional pledge for the safety of his new attempt. I readily agreed to contribute the ballads of "Glenfinlas" and of "The Eve of Saint John," with one or two others of less merit; and my friend Dr. Leyden became also a contributor. Mr. Southey, a tower of strength, added "The Old Woman of Berkeley," "Lord William," and several other interesting ballads of the same class, to the proposed collection.

In the meantime, my friend Lewis found it no easy matter to discipline his northern recruits. He was a martinet, if I may so term him, in the accuracy of rhymes and of numbers; I may add, he had a right to be so, for few persons have exhibited more mastery of rhyme, or greater command over the melody of verse. He was, therefore, rigid in exacting similar accuracy from others, and as I was quite unaccustomed to the mechanical part of poetry, and used rhymes which were merely permissible, as readily as those which were legitimate, contests often arose amongst us, which were exasperated by the pertinacity of my Mentor, who, as all who knew him can testify, was no granter of propositions. As an instance of the obstinacy with which I had so lately adopted a tone of defiance to criticism, the reader will find in the Appendix (see p. 178, *post*) a few specimens of the lectures which I underwent from my friend Lewis, and which did not at the time produce any effect on my inflexibility, though I did not forget them at a future period.

The proposed publication of the "Tales of Wonder" was, from one reason or another, postponed till the year 1801, a circumstance by which, of itself, the success of the work was considerably impeded, for protracted expectation always leads to disappointment. But besides, there were circumstances of various kinds which contributed to its depreciation, some of which were imputable to the editor, or author, and some to the bookseller.

The former remained insensible of the passion for ballads and ballad-mongers having been for some time on the wane, and that with such alteration in the public taste, the chance of success in that line was diminished. What had been at first received as simple and natural, was now sneered at as puerile and extravagant. Another objection was, that my friend Lewis had a high but mistaken opinion of his own powers of humour. The truth was, that though he could throw some gaiety into his lighter pieces, after the manner of the French writers, his attempts at what is called pleasantry in English wholly wanted the quality of humour, and were generally failures. But this he would not allow; and the "Tales of Wonder" were filled, in a sense, with attempts at comedy, which might be generally accounted abortive.

Another objection, which might have been more easily foreseen, subjected the editor to a charge of which Mat Lewis was entirely incapable,—that of collusion with his publisher in an undue attack on the pockets of the public. The "Tales of Wonder" formed a work in royal octavo, and were, by large printing, *driven out*, as it is technically termed, to two volumes, which were sold at a high price. Purchasers murmured at finding that this size had been attained by the insertion of some of the best known pieces of the English language, such as Dryden's "Theodore and Honoria," Parnell's "Hermit," Lisle's "Porsenna King of Russia," and many other popular poems of old date, and generally known, which ought not in conscience to have made part of a set of tales, "written and collected" by a modern author. His bookseller was also accused in the public prints, whether truly or not I am uncertain, of having attempted to secure to himself the entire profits of the large sale which he expected, by refusing to his brethren the allowances usually, if not in all cases, made to the retail trade.

Lewis, one of the most liberal as well as benevolent of mankind, had not the least

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participation in these proceedings of his bibliopolist; but his work sunk under the obloquy which was heaped on it by the offended parties. The book was termed "Tales of Plunder," was censured by reviewers, and attacked in newspapers and magazines. A very clever parody was made on the style and the person of the author, and the world laughed as willingly as if it had never applauded.

Thus, owing to the failure of the vehicle I had chosen, my efforts to present myself before the public as an original writer proved as vain as those by which I had previously endeavoured to distinguish myself as a translator. Like Lord Home, however, at the battle of Flodden, I did so far well, that I was able to stand and save myself; and amidst the general depreciation of the "Tales of Wonder," my small share of the obnoxious publication was dismissed without much censure, and in some cases obtained praise from the critics.

The consequence of my escape made me naturally more daring, and I attempted, in my own name, a collection of ballads of various kinds, both ancient and modern, to be connected by the common tie of relation to the Border districts in which I had gathered the materials. The original preface explains my purpose, and the assistance of various kinds which I met with. The edition was curious, as being the first work printed by my friend and school-fellow, Mr. James Ballantyne, who, at that period, was editor of a provincial newspaper, called "The Kelso Mail." When the book came out, in 1802, the imprint, Kelso, was read with wonder by amateurs of typography, who had never heard of such a place, and were astonished at the example of handsome printing which so obscure a town produced.

As for the editorial part of the task, my attempt to imitate the plan and style of Bishop Percy, observing only more strict fidelity concerning my originals, was favourably received by the public, and there was a demand within a short space for a second edition, to which I proposed to add a third volume. Messrs. Cadell and Davies, the first publishers of the work, declined the publication of this second edition, which was undertaken, at a very liberal price, by the well-known firm of Messrs. Longman and Rees of Paternoster Row. My progress in the literary career in which I might now be considered as seriously engaged, the reader will find briefly traced in an Introduction prefixed to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

In the meantime the Editor has accomplished his proposed task of acquainting the reader with some particulars respecting the modern imitations of the Ancient Ballad, and the circumstances which gradually, and almost insensibly, engaged himself in that species of literary employment.[1]

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, *April*, 1830.

APPENDIX

TO THE ESSAY ON IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF M. G. LEWIS.

My attention was called to this subject, which is now of an old date, by reading the following passage in Medwin's "Account of Some Passages in Lord Byron's later Years." Lord Byron is supposed to speak. "When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was not at a very early age, Monk Lewis corrected his verse: he understood little then of the mechanical part of the art.[2] The Fire King, in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' was almost all Lewis's. One of the Ballads in that work, and, except some of Leyden's, perhaps one of the best, was made from a story picked up in a stage-coach;—I mean that of 'Will Jones.'

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[1] [The early Ballads from the German alluded to in this Essay, will all be reprinted in a subsequent part of this collection.—ED.]

[2] See p. 177, *ante*.

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'They boil'd Will Jones within the pot,
And not much fat had Will.'

"I hope Walter Scott did not write the review on 'Christabel;' for he certainly, in common with many of us, is indebted to Coleridge. But for him, perhaps, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' would never have been thought of. The line,

'Jesu Maria shield thee well!'

is word for word from Coleridge."

There are some parts of this passage extremely mistaken and exaggerated, as generally attends any attempt to record what passes in casual conversation, which resembles, in difficulty, the experiments of the old chemists for fixing quicksilver.

The following is a specimen of my poor friend Lewis's criticism on my juvenile attempts at ballad poetry; severe enough, perhaps, but for which I was much indebted to him, as forcing upon the notice of a young and careless author hints which the said author's vanity made him unwilling to attend to, but which were absolutely necessary to any hope of his ultimate success.

Supposed 1799.

"Thank you for your revised 'Glenfinlas.' I *grumble*, but say no more on *this* subject, although I hope you will not be so inflexible on that of your other Ballads; for I do not despair of convincing you in time, that a *bad* rhyme is, in fact, no rhyme at all. You desired me to point out my objections, leaving you at liberty to make use of them or not; and so have at 'Frederic and Alice.' Stanza 1st, '*hies*' and '*joys*' are not rhymes; the 1st stanza ends with '*joys;*' the 2d begins with '*joying.*' In the 4th, there is too sudden a change of tenses, '*flows*' and '*rose.*' 6th, 7th, and 8th, I like much. 9th, Does not '*ring his ears*' sound ludicrous in yours? The first idea that presents itself is, that his ears were pulled; but even *the ringing of the ears* does not please. 12th, '*Shower*' and '*roar*' not rhymes. '*Soil*' and '*aisle,*' in the 13th, are not much better; but '*head*' and '*descried*' are execrable. In the 14th, '*bar*' and '*stair*' are ditto; and '*groping*' is a nasty word. *Vide* Johnson, '*He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.*' In the 15th, you change your metre, which has always an unpleasant effect; and '*safe*' and '*receive*' rhyme just about as well as Scott and Lewis would. 16th, '*within*' and '*strain*' are not rhymes. 17th, '*hear*' and '*air,*' not rhymes. 18th, two metres are mixed; the same objection to the third line of the 9th. Observe, that, in the Ballad, I do not always object to a variation of metre; but then it ought to increase the melody, whereas, in my opinion, in these instances, it is diminished.

"THE CHASE.—12th, The 2d line reads very harshly; and '*choir*' and '*lore*' are not rhymes. 13th, '*Rides*' and '*side*' are not rhymes. 30th, '*Pour*' and '*obscure,*' not rhymes. 40th, '*Spreads*' and '*invades*' are not rhymes. 46th, 'Rends' and '*ascend*' are not rhymes.

WILLIAM AND HELEN.—In order that I may bring it nearer the original title, pray introduce, in the first stanza, the name of *Ellenora*, instead of Ellen. '*Crusade*' and '*sped*' not rhymes in the 2d. 3d, '*Made*' and '*shed*' are not rhymes; and if they were, come too close to the rhymes in the 2d. In the 4th, '*Joy*' and '*victory*' are not rhymes. 7th, The first line wants a verb, otherwise is not intelligible. 13th, '*Grace*' and '*bliss*' are not rhymes. 14th, '*Bale*' and '*hell*' are not rhymes. 16th, '*Vain*' and '*fruitless*' is tautology; and as a verb is wanted, the line will run better thus, 'And vain is every prayer.' 19th, Is not '*to her*' absolutely necessary in the 4th line? 20th, '*Grace*' and '*bliss,*' not rhymes. 21st, '*Bale*' and '*hell*' not rhymes. 22d, I do not like the word '*spent.*' 23d, '*O'er*' and '*star*' are vile rhymes. 26th, A verb is wanted in the 4th line; better thus, "Then whispers thus a voice.' 28th, Is not, 'Is't thou, my love?' better than 'My love! my love!' 31st, If '*wight*' means, as I conjecture, '*enchanted,*' does not this let the cat out of the bag? Ought not the spur to be *sharp* rather than *bright?* In the 4th line, '*Stay*' and '*day*' jingle together; would it not be better, 'I must be gone e'er day?' 32d, '*Steed*' and '*bed*' are not rhymes. 34th, '*Bride*' and '*bed,*' not rhymes. 35th, '*Seat*' and '*await,*' not rhymes. 39th, '*Keep hold*' and '*sit fast*' seem to *my* ear vulgar and prosaic. 40th, The 4th line is defective in point of English, and, indeed, I do not quite understand the meaning. 43d, '*Arose*' and '*pursues*' are not rhymes. 45th, I am not pleased with the epithet '*savage;*' and the latter part of the stanza is, to me, unintelligible. 49th, Is it not closer to the original in line 3d to say, 'Swift ride the dead?' 50th, Does the rain '*whistle?*' 53th, line 3d, *Does* it express, 'Is Helen afraid of them?' 59th, '*Door*' and '*flower*' do not rhyme together. 60th, '*Scared*' and '*heard*' are not rhymes. 63d, '*Bone*' and '*skeleton,*' not rhymes. 64th, The last line sounds ludicrous; one fancies the heroine coming down with a plump, and sprawling upon her bottom. I have now

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finished my *severe* examination, and pointed out every objection which I think can be suggested."

6th January, 1799.

"WELLWYN—99.

"DEAR SCOTT,

"Your last Ballad reached me just as I was stepping into my chaise to go to Brocket Hall, (Lord Melbourne's,) so I took it with me, and exhibited both that and *Glenfinlas* with great success. I must not, however, conceal from you, that nobody understood the *Lady* Flora of Glengyle to be a disguised demon till the catastrophe arrived; and that the opinion was universal, that some previous stanzas ought to be introduced descriptive of the nature and office of *the wayward Ladies of the Wood*. William Lambe,[1] too, (who writes good verses himself, and, therefore, may be allowed to judge those of other people,) was decidedly for the omission of the last stanza but one.) These were the only objections started. I thought it as well that you should know them, whether you attend to them or not. With regard to *St. John's Eve*, I like it much, and instead of finding fault with its broken metre, I approve of it highly. I think, in this last Ballad, you have hit off the ancient manner better than in your former ones. Glenfinlas, for example, is more like a polished tale, than an old Ballad. But why, in verse 6th, is the Baron's helmet hacked and hewed, if (as we are given to understand) he had assassinated his enemy? Ought not *tore* to be *torn? Tore* seems to me not English. In verse 16th, the last line is word for word from *Gil Morrice*. 21st, '*Floor*' and '*bower*' are not rhymes," etc. etc.

The gentleman noticed in the following letter, as partaker in the author's heresies respecting rhyme, had the less occasion to justify such license, as his own have been singularly accurate. Mr. Smythe is now Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

LONDON, *January* 24, 1799.

"I must not omit telling you, for your own comfort, and that of all such persons as are *wicked* enough to make bad rhymes, that Mr. Smythe (a very clever man at Cambridge) took great pains the other day to convince me, not merely that a bad rhyme might pass, but that occasionally a bad rhyme was better than a good one!!!!! I need not tell you that he left me as great an infidel on this subject as he found me.

"Ever yours,

"M. G. LEWIS."

The next letter respects the Ballad called the "Fire King," stated by Captain Medwin to be almost all Lewis's. This is an entire misconception. Lewis, who was very fond of his idea of four elementary kings, had prevailed on me to supply a Fire King. After being repeatedly urged to the task, I sat down one day after dinner, and wrote the "Fire King," as it was published in the "Tales of Wonder." The next extract gives an account of the manner in which Lewis received it, which was not very favourable; but instead of writing the greater part, he did not write a single word of it. Dr. Leyden, now no more, and another gentleman who still survives, were sitting at my side while I wrote it; nor did my occupation prevent the circulation of the bottle.

Leyden wrote a Ballad for the Cloud King, which is mentioned in the ensuing extract. But it did not answer Mat's ideas, either in the colour of the wings, or some point of costume equally important; so Lewis, who was otherwise fond of the Ballad, converted it into the Elfin King, and wrote a Cloud King himself, to finish the hierarchy in the way desired.

There is a leading mistake in the passage from Captain Medwin. "The Minstrelsy of the Border" is spoken of, but what is meant is the "Tales of Wonder." The former work contains none of the Ballads mentioned by Mr. Medwin—the latter has them all. Indeed, the dynasty of Elemental Kings were written entirely for Mr. Lewis's publication.

My intimate friend, William Clerk, Esq. was the person who heard the legend of Bill Jones told in a mail-coach by a sea captain, who imagined himself to have seen the ghost to which it relates. The tale was versified by Lewis himself. I forget where it was published, but certainly in no miscellany or publication of mine.

I have only to add, in allusion to the passage I have quoted, that I never wrote a word parodying either Mr. Coleridge or any one else, which, in that distinguished instance, it would have been most ungracious in me to have done; for which the reader will see reasons in the Introduction to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."[2].

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[1] [Now Lord Melbourne.—ED.]

[2] [In a subsequent part of this Edition.—ED.]

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"LONDON, 3d *February*, 1800.

"DEAR SCOTT,

"I return you many thanks for your Ballad, and the Extract, and I shall be very much obliged to your friend for the 'Cloud King.' I must, however, make one criticism upon the Stanzas which you sent me. The Spirit, being a wicked one, must not have such delicate wings as pale blue ones. He has nothing to do with Heaven except to deface it with storms; and therefore, in 'The Monk,' I have fitted him with a pair of sable pinions, to which I must request your friend to adapt his Stanza. With the others I am much pleased, as I am with your *Fire King;* but every body makes the same objection to it, and expresses a wish that you had conformed your Spirit to the description given of him in 'The Monk,' where his office is to play the Will o' the Wisp, and lead travellers into bogs, etc. It is also objected to his being removed from his native land, Denmark, to Palestine; and that the office assigned to him in your Ballad has nothing peculiar to the 'Fire King,' but would have suited Arimanes, Beelzebub, or any other evil spirit as well. However, the Ballad itself I think very pretty. I suppose you have heard from Bell respecting the copies of the Ballads. I was too much distrest at the time to write myself," etc. etc.

"M. G. L."

IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

CHRISTIE'S WILL.

In the reign of Charles I., when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called, for distinction's sake, *Christie's Will,* a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V.[1] The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion; and, upon some marauding party, he was seized, and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, enquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters); but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged that there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the Earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a lawsuit, of importance to Lord Traquair, was to be decided in the Court of Session; and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote, in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the Earl had recourse to Christie's Will; who, at once, offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air, on horseback, on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were

[1] For his pedigree, the reader may consult the Supplement to the ballad of Johnie Armstrong, vol. i. p. 139.

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so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Frigate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off, with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle, in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham.[1] The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog, by the name of *Batty,* and when a female domestic called upon *Maudge,* the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair; and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more in the cloak, without speaking a single word, and, using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court, to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted, once more, with the sounds of *Maudge* and *Batty*—the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but, in those disorderly times, it was only laughed at, as a fair *ruse de guerre.*

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge, upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports, well known in the Scottish law, under the title of *Durie's Decisions.* He was advanced to the station of an ordinary Lord of Session, 10th July, 1621, and died, at his own house of Durie, July 1646. Betwixt these periods this whimsical adventure must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

"We may frame," says Forbes, "a rational conjecture of his great learning and parts, not only from his collection of the Decisions of the Session, from July 1621, till July 1642, but also from the following circumstances:—1. In a tract of more as twenty years, he was frequently chosen vice-president, and no other lord in that time. 2. 'Tis commonly reported, that some party, in a considerable action before the Session, finding that the Lord Durie could not be persuaded to think his plea good, fell upon a stratagem to prevent the influence and weight which his lordship might have to his prejudice, by causing some strong masked men kidnap him, in the Links of Leith, at his diversion on a Saturday after-

[1] It stands upon the water of Dryfe, not far from Moffat.

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noon, and transport him to some blind and obscure room in the country, where he was detained captive, without the benefit of daylight, a matter of three months (though otherwise civilly and well entertained;) during which time his lady and children went in mourning for him as dead. But after the cause aforesaid was decided, the Lord Durie was carried back by incognitos, and dropt in the same place where he had been taken up.' —FORBES'S *Journal of the Session,* Edin. 1714. *Preface*, p. 28.

Tradition ascribes to Christie's Will another memorable feat, which seems worthy of being recorded. It is well known, that, during the troubles of Charles I., the Earl of Traquair continued unalterably fixed in his attachment to his unfortunate master, in whose service he hazarded his person and impoverished his estate. It was of consequence, it is said, to the King's service, that a certain packet, containing papers of importance, should be transmitted to him from Scotland. But the task was a difficult one, as the Parliamentary leaders used their utmost endeavours to prevent any communication betwixt the King and his Scottish friends. Traquair, in this strait, again had recourse to the services of Christie's Will; who undertook the commission, conveyed the papers safely to his majesty, and received an answer, to be delivered to Lord Traquair. But, in the meantime, his embassy had taken air, and Cromwell had despatched orders to intercept him at Carlisle. Christie's Will, unconscious of his danger, halted in the town to refresh his horse, and then pursued his journey. But, as soon as he began to pass the long, high, and narrow bridge, which crosses the Eden at Carlisle, either end of the pass was occupied by a party of Parliamentary soldiers, who were lying in wait for him. The Borderer disdained to resign his enterprise, even in these desperate circumstances; and at once forming his resolution, spurred his horse over the parapet. The river was in high flood. Will sunk—the soldiers shouted—he emerged again, and guiding his horse to a steep bank, called the Stanners, or Stanhouse, endeavoured to land, but ineffectually, owing to his heavy horseman's cloak, now drenched in water. Will cut the loop, and the horse, feeling himself disembarrassed, made a desperate exertion, and succeeded in gaining the bank. Our hero set off, at full speed, pursued by the troopers, who had for a time stood motionless in astonishment at his temerity. Will, however, was well mounted; and, having got the start, he kept it, menacing, with his pistols, any pursuer who seemed likely to gain on him,—an artifice which succeeded, although the arms were wet and useless. He was chased to the river Eske, which he swam without hesitation; and, finding himself on Scottish ground, and in the neighbourhood of friends, he turned on the northern bank, and, in the true spirit of a Border rider, invited his followers to come through, and drink with him. After this taunt, he proceeded on his journey, and faithfully accomplished his mission. Such were the exploits of the very last Border freebooter of any note.

The reader is not to regard the ballad as of genuine and unmixed antiquity, though some stanzas are current upon the Border, in a corrupted state. They have been eked and joined together, in the rude and ludicrous manner of the original; but as it must be considered as, on the whole, a modern ballad, it is transferred to this department of the work.

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CHRISTIE'S WILL.

Traquair has riden up Chapelhope,
  And sae has he down by the Grey Mare's Tail;[1]
He never stinted the light gallop,
  Until he speer'd for Christie's Will.

Now Christie's Will peep'd frae the tower,
  And out at the shot-hole keeked he;
"And ever unlucky," quo' he, "is the hour,
  That the Warden comes to speer for me!"—

"Good Christie's Will, now, have nae fear!
  Nae harm, good Will, shall hap to thee:
I saved thy life at the Jeddart air,
  At the Jeddart air frae the justice tree.

"Bethink how ye sware, by the salt and the bread,[2]
  By the lightning, the wind, and the rain,
That if ever of Christie's Will I had need,
  He would pay me my service again."—

"Gramercy, my lord," quo' Christie's Will,
  "Gramercy, my lord, for your grace to me!
When I turn my cheek, and claw my neck,
  I think of Traquair and the Jeddart tree."

And he has open'd the fair tower yate,
  To Traquair and a' his companie;
The spule o' the deer on the board he has set,
  The fattest that ran on the Hutton Lee.

"Now, wherefore sit ye sad, my lord?
  And wherefore sit ye mournfullie?
And why eat ye not of the venison I shot,
  At the dead of night on Hutton Lee?"

"O weel may I stint of feast and sport,
  And in my mind be vexed sair!
A vote of the canker'd Session Court,
  Of land and living will make me bare.

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[1] *Grey Mare's Tail*—A cataract above Moffat, so called. [See the Introduction to the Second canto of Marmion:—

——"deep, deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale," etc.—Ed.]

[2] "He took bread and salt, by this light, that he would never open his lips."—*The Honest Whore*, Act v. Scene 2.

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"But if auld Durie to heaven were flown,
Or if auld Durie to hell were gane,
Or . . . . if he could be but ten days stoun . . . .
My bonny braid lands would still be my ain."—

"O, mony a time, my lord," he said,
"I've stown the horse frae the sleeping loon;
But for you I'll steal a beast as braid,
For I'll steal Lord Durie frae Edinburgh toun.

"O, mony a time, my lord," he said,
"I've stown a kiss frae a sleeping wench;
But for you I'll do as kittle a deed,
For I'll steal an auld lurdane aff the bench."—

And Christie's Will is to Edinburgh gane;
At the Borough Muir then enter'd he;
And as he pass'd the gallow-stane,
He cross'd his brow, and he bent his knee.

He lighted at Lord Durie's door,
And there he knock'd most manfullie;
And up and spake Lord Durie sae stour,
"What tidings, thou stalward groom, to me?"

"The fairest lady in Teviotdale
Has sent, maist reverent sir, for thee;
She pleas at the Session for her land, a' haill,
And fain she wad plead her cause to thee."—

"But how can I to that lady ride,
With saving of my dignitie?"—
"O, a curch and mantle ye may wear,
And in my cloak ye sall muffled be."—

Wi' curch on head, and cloak ower face,
He mounted the judge on a palfrey fyne;
He rode away, a right round pace,
And Christie's Will held the bridle reyn.

The Lothian Edge they were not o'er,
When they heard bugles bauldly ring,
And, hunting over Middleton Moor,[1]
They met, I ween, our noble King.

When Willie look'd upon our King,
I wot a frighted man was he!
But ever auld Durie was startled mair,
For tyning of his dignitie.

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[1] Middleton Moor is about fifteen miles from Edinburgh on the way to the Border.

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The King he cross'd himself, I wis,
  When as the pair came riding bye—
"An uglier crone, and a sturdier loon,
  I think, were never seen with eye!"—

Willie has hied to the tower of Græme,
  He took auld Durie on his back,
He shot him down to the dungeon deep,
  Which garr'd his auld banes gie mony a crack.

For nineteen days, and nineteen nights,
  Of sun, or moon, or midnight stern,
Auld Durie never saw a blink,
  The lodging was sae dark and dern.

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross,[1]
  Had fang'd him in their nets sae fast;
Or that the gipsie's glamour'd gang[2]
  Had lair'd[3] his learning at the last.

"Hey! Batty, lad! far yaud! far yaud!"[4]
  These were the morning sounds heard he:
And ever "Alack!" auld Durie cried,
  "The deil is hounding his tykes on me!"—

And whiles a voice on *Baudrons* cried,
  With sound uncouth, and sharp, and hie;
"I have tar-barrell'd mony a witch,[5]
  But now, I think, they'll clear scores wi' me!"—

The King has caused a bill be wrote,
  And he has set in on the Tron,
"He that will bring Lord Durie back,
  Shall have five hundred merks and one."—

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[1] See Note A, *post*. [2] See Note B, *post*.

[3] *Lair'd*—Bogged.

[4] *Far yaud*—The signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance. From Yoden, to go. *Ang. Sax.*

[5] Human nature shrinks from the brutal scenes produced by the belief in witchcraft. Under the idea that the devil imprinted upon the body of his miserable vassals a mark, which was insensible to pain, persons were employed to run needles into the bodies of the old women who were suspected of witchcraft. In the dawning of common sense upon this subject, a complaint was made before the Privy Council of Scotland, 11th September, 1678, by Catherine Liddell, a poor woman, against the Baron-bailie of Preston-Grange, and David Cowan (a professed pricker), for having imprisoned, and most cruelly tortured her. They answered, 1st, She was searched by her own consent, *et volenti non fit injuria*; 2d, The pricker had learned his trade from Kincaid, a famed pricker; 3d, He never acted, but when called upon by magistrates or clergymen, so what he did was *auctore prætore*; 4th, His trade was lawful; 5th, Perkins, Delrio, and all divines and lawyers, who treat of witchcraft, assert the existence of the marks, or *stigmata sagarum*; and, 6thly, Were it otherwise, *Error communis facit jus*.—Answered, 1st, Denies consent; 2d, Nobody can validly consent to their own torture; for *Nemo est dominus membrorum suorum*; 3d, The pricker was a common cheat. The last arguments prevailed; and it was found, that inferior "judges might not use any torture by pricking, or by withholding them from sleep;" the council reserving all that to themselves, the justices, and those acting by commission from them. But Lord Durie, a Judge of the Court of Session, could have no share in such inflictions.

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Traquair has written a privie letter,
And he has seal'd it wi' his seal,—
"Ye may let the auld brock [1] out o' the poke;
The land's my ain, and a's gane weel."—

O Will has mounted his bonny black,
And to the tower of Græme did trudge,
And once again, on his sturdy back,
Has he hente up the weary judge.

He brought him to the council stairs,
And there full loudly shouted he,
"Gie me my guerdon, my sovereign liege,
And take ye back your auld Durie!"

APPENDIX TO CHRISTIE'S WILL.

NOTE A.

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross.

"As for the rencounter betwixt Mr. Williamson, schoolmaster at Cowper, (who has wrote a grammar,) and the Rosicrucians, I never trusted it, till I heard it from his own son, who is present minister of Kirkaldy. He tells, that a stranger came to Cowper and called for him: after they had drank a little, and the reckoning came to be paid, he whistled for spirits; one, in the shape of a boy, came, and gave him gold in abundance; no servant was seen riding with him to the town, nor enter with him into the inn. He caused his spirits, again next day, bring him noble Greek wine from the Pope's cellar, and tell the freshest news then at Rome; then trysted Mr. Williamson at London, who met the same man in a coach, near to London Bridge, and who called on him by his name; he marvelled to see any know him there; at last he found it was his Rosicrucian. He pointed to a tavern, and desired Mr. Williamson to do him the favour to dine with him at that house; whither he came at twelve o'clock, and found him and many others of good fashion there, and a most splendid and magnificent table, furnished with all the varieties of delicate meats, where they are all served by spirits. At dinner, they debated upon the excellency of being attended by spirits; and, after dinner, they proposed to him to assume him into their society, and make him participant of their happy life; but among the other conditions and qualifications requisite, this was one, that they demanded his abstracting his spirit from all materiality, and renouncing his baptismal engagements. Being amazed at this proposal, he falls a-praying; whereat they all disappear, and leave him alone. Then he began to forethink what would become of him, if he were left to pay that vast reckoning; not having as much on him as would defray it. He calls the boy, and asks, what was become of these gentlemen, and what was to pay? He answered, there was nothing to pay, for they had done it, and were gone about their affairs in the city."—FOUNTAINHALL'S *Decisions*, vol. i. p. 15. With great deference to the learned reporter, this story has all the appearance of a joke upon the poor schoolmaster, calculated at once to operate upon his credulity, and upon his fears of being left in pawn for the reckoning.

NOTE B.

Or that the gipsies' glamour'd gang, etc.

Besides the prophetic powers ascribed to the gipsies in most European countries, the Scottish peasants believe them possessed of the power of throwing upon bystanders a spell,

[1] *Brock*—Badger.

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to fascinate their eyes, and cause them to see the thing that is not. Thus, in the old ballad of Johnie Faa, the elopement of the Countess of Cassillis, with a gipsy leader, is imputed to fascination :—

> "As sune as they saw her weel-far'd face,
> They cast the *glamour* ower her."

Saxo Grammaticus mentions a particular sect of *Mathematicians*, as he is pleased to call them, who, "*per summam ludificandorum oculorum peritiam, proprios alienosque vultus, variis rerum imaginibus, adumbrare callebant; illicibusque formis veros obscurare conspectus.*" Merlin, the son of Ambrose, was particularly skilled in this art, and displays it often in the old metrical romance of *Arthour and Merlin* :—

> "Tho' thai com the Kinges neighe
> Merlin hef his heued on heighe,
> And kest on hem enchauntement
> That he hem alle allmest blent
> That none other sen no might
> A gret while y you plight," etc.

The *jongleurs* were also great professors of this mystery, which has in some degree descended, with their name, on the modern jugglers. But durst Breslaw, the Sieur Boaz, or Katterfelto himself, have encountered, in a magical sleight, the *tragetoures* of Father Chaucer, who

> ——"within a hall large
> Have made come in a water and a barge,
> And in the halle rowen up and down;
> Somtime hath seemed come a grim leoun,
> And somtime flowres spring as in a mede,
> Somtime a vine and grapes white and rede,
> Somtime a castel al of lime and ston;
> And when hem liketh voideth it anon.
> Thus semeth it to every mannes sight."
>
> *Franklyeene's Tale.*

And again, the prodigies exhibited by the Clerk of Orleans to Aurelius :—

> "He shewd him or they went to soupere
> Forestes, parkes, ful of wilde dere;
> Ther saw he harles with hir hornes hie,
> The gretest that were ever seen with eie;
> He saw of hem an hundred slain with houndes,
> And some with arwes blede of bitter woundes;
> He saw, when voided were the wilde dere,
> Thise fauconers upon a faire rivere,
> That with hir haukes han the heron slain:
> Tho saw he knightes justen on a plain;
> And after this he did him swiche plesance,
> That he him shewd his lady on a dance,
> On which himselven danced, as him thought:
> And whan this maister that this magike wrought,
> Saw it was time, he clapt his handes two,
> And farewell! all the revel is ago.
> And yet remued they never out of the house,
> While they saw all thise sights mervellous:
> But in his studie ther his bookes be,
> They saten still and no wight but this three."
>
> *Ibidem.*

Our modern professors of the *magic natural* would likewise have been sorely put down by the *Jogulours* and *Enchantours* of the *Grete Chan*; "for they maken to come in the air the sone and the mone, beseminge to every mannes sight; and aftre, they maken the nyght so dirke, that no man may se no thing; and aftre, they maken the day to come agen, fair and plesant, with bright sone to every mannes sight; and than, they bringen in daunces of the fairest damyselles of the world, and richest arrayed; and aftre, they maken to comen in other damyselles, bringing coupes of gold, fulle of mylke of diverse bestes; and geven drinke to lordes and to ladyes; and than they maken knightes to justen in armes fulle lustyly; and they rennen togidre a gret randoun, and they frusschen togidre full fiercely,

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and they broken her speres so rudely, that the trenchouns flen in sprotis and pieces alle aboute the halle; and than they make to come in hunting for the hert and for the boor, with houndes renning with open mouth: and many other things they dow of her enchauntements, that it is marveyle for to see."—Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE'S *Travels*, p. 283.

I question much, also, if the most artful *illuminatus* of Germany could have matched the prodigies exhibited by Pacolet and Adramain, "Adonc Adramain leva une cappe par "dessus une pillier, et en telle sort, qu'il sembla a ceux qui furent presens, que parmi la "place couroit une rivière fort grande et terrible. Et en icelle riviere sembloit avoir poissons en grand abondance, grands et petits. Et quand ceux de palais virent l'eau si grande, "ils commencerent tous a lever leur robes, et a crier fort, comme s'ils eussent eu peur "d'estre noyés; et Pacolet, qui l'enchantement regarda, commenca a chanter, et fit en sort "si subtil en son chant qu'il sembla a tous ceux de lieu que parmy la riviere couroit un cerf "grand et cornu, qui jettoit et abbatoit a terre tout ce que devant lui trouvoit, puis leur fut "advis que voyoyent chasseurs et veneurs courir apris le Cerf, avec grande puissance de "levriers et des chiens. Lors y eut plusieurs de la campagnie qui saillirent au devant "pour le Cerf attraper et cuyder prendre; "mais Pacolet fist lost le Cerf sailer. 'Bien avez "joué,' dit Orson, 'et bien scavez vostre art user.'" L'Histoire des Valentin et Orson, à Rouen, 1631.

The receipt, to prevent the operation of these deceptions, was, to use a sprig of four-leaved clover. I remember to have heard, (certainly very long ago, for at that time I believed the legend,) that a gipsy exercised his glamour over a number of people at Haddington, to whom he exhibited a common dunghill cock, trailing, what appeared to the spectators, a massy oaken trunk. An old man passed with a cart of clover; he stopped, and picked out a four-leaved blade; the eyes of the spectators were opened, and the oaken trunk appeared to be a bulrush.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.—ANCIENT.

Few personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas o' Ercildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give any thing like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard, was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his sirname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer*, was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon the subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length,[1] the son of our

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[1] *From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra. Advocates' Library*, W. 4. 14.

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noveritis me per fustem et baculum in pleno judicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clamco quæ ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra

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poet designed himself "Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun," which seems to imply that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper sirnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when sirnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300, (*List of Scottish Poets,*) which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find the son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation[1] as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr. Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Chartulary of Melrose.*

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wintown's *Chronicle*—

> "Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas
> Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in derne,

---

alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millesimo cc. Nonagesimo Nono.

[1] The lines alluded to are these:—

> "I hope that Thomas's prophecie,
> Of Erceldoun, shall truly be,
> In him," etc.

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There suld meit stalwartly, starke and sterne.
He sayd it in his prophecy;
But how he wist it was *ferly*."

Book viii. *chap.* 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel) in Wintown's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the Prior of Lochleven.[1]

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure.[2] Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village.[3] The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

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[1] Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge:—

"Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
With the minister, which was a worthy man.
He used oft to that religious place;
The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
In rule of war whether they tint or wan:
Which happened sooth in many divers case;
I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
It may be deemed by division of grace," etc.

History of Wallace, Book ii.

[2] See the Dissertation on Fairies, prefixed to *Tamlane*, vol. i. p. 261.

[3] There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius, which the reader will find a few pages onwards.

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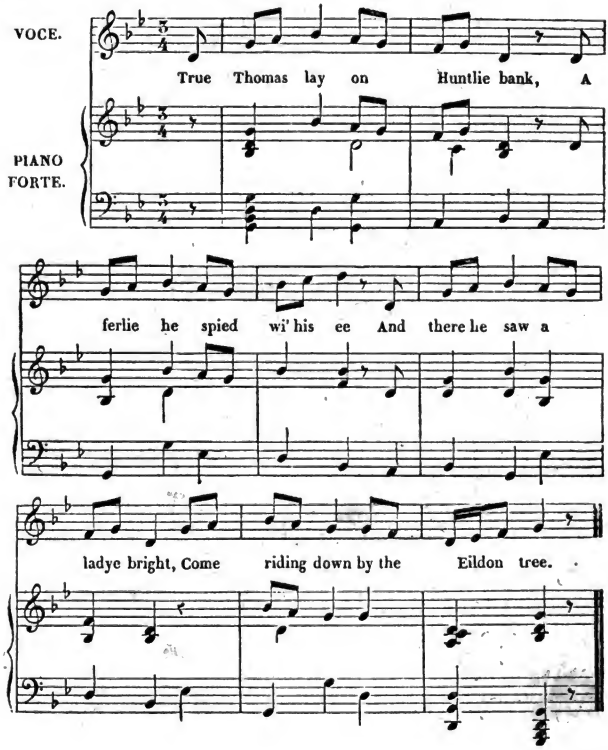
It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind, to the Land of Faëry. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the Editor has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST.—ANCIENT.



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True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;[1]
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me:
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."—

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me."—[2]
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind:
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

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[1] [Huntly Bank, and the adjoining ravine, called, from immemorial tradition, *the Rymer's Glen*, were ultimately included in the domain of Abbotsford. The scenery of this glen forms the background of Edwin Landseer's portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted in 1833.—ED.]

[2] *That weird*, etc.—That destiny shall never frighten me.

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"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—[1]
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."—

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—

---

[1] The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

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"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

APPENDIX

TO THE FIRST PART OF THOMAS THE RHYMER.

The reader is here presented, from an old, and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymer's intrigue with the Queen of Faëry. It will afford great amusement to those who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the foregoing ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same; yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day.

Incipit Prophesia Thomæ de Erseldoun.

In a land as I was lent,
In the gryking of the day,
Ay alone as I went,
In Huntlie bankys me for to play;
I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
Ye mawes movyde of her song,
Ye wodwale sange notes gay,
That al the wod about range.
In that longyng as I lay,
Undir nethe a dern tre,
I was war of a lady gay,
Come rydyng ouyr a fair le:
Zogh I suld slit to domysday,
With my tong to wrabbe and wry,
Certenly all hyr aray,
It beth neuyer discryuyd for me.
Hyr palfra was dappyll gray,
Sycke on say neuer none;
As the son in somers day,
All abowte that lady schone.
Hyr sadel was of a rewel bone,
A semly syght it was to se,
Bryht with mony a precyous stone,
And compasyd all with crapste;
Stones of oryens, gret plente,
Her hair about her hede it hang,
She rode ouer the farnyle,
A while she blew, a while she sang,
Her girlis of nobil slike they were.
Her boculs were of beryl stone,
Sadyll and brydil war. . . .:
With sylk and sendel about bedone,
Hyr patyrel was of a pall fyne,
And hyr croper of the arase,
Her brydil was of gold fyne,
On euery syde forsothe hang bells thre,
Her brydil reynes . . .
A semly syst . . . .
Crop and patyrel . . .
In every joynt . . .

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She led thre grew houndes in a leash,
And ratches cowpled by her ran;
She bar an horn about her haise,
And undir her gyrdil mene flene.
Thomas lay and sa . . . .
In the bankes of . . . .
He sayd Yonder is Mary of Might,
That bar the child that died for me,
Certes bot I may speke with that lady bright,
Myd my hert will breke in three;
I schal me hye with all my might,
Hyr to mete at Eldyn Tre.
Thomas rathly up her rase,
And ran ouer mountayn hye,
If it be sothe the story says,
He met her euyn at Eldyn Tre.
Thomas knelyd down on his kne
Undir nethe the grenewood spray,
And sayd, Lovely lady, thou rue on me,
Queen of Heaven as you may well be.
But I am a lady of another countrie,
If I be pareld most of prise,
I ride after the wild fee,
My ratches rinnen at my devys.
If thou be pareld most of prise,
And rides a lady in strang foly,
Lovely lady, as thou art wise,
Giue you me leue to lige ye by.
Do way, Thomas, that were foly,
I pray ye, Thomas, late me be,
That sin will fordo all my bewtie.
Lovely ladye, rewe on me,
And euer more I shall with ye dwell,
Here my trowth I plyght to thee,
Where you belieues in heuin or hell.
Thomas, and you myght lyge me by,
Undir nethe this grene wode spray,
Thou would tell full hastely,
That thou had layn by a lady gay.
Lady, mote I lyge by the,
Undir nethe the grene wode tre,
For all the gold in chrystenty,
Suld you neuer be wryede for me.
Man on molde you will me marre,
And yet bot you may haf your will,
Trow you well, Thomas, you cheuyst ye warre;
For all my bewtie will you spill.
Down lyghtyd that lady bryzt,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
And as ye story sayth full ryzt,
Seuyn tymes by her he lay.
She sayd, Man, you lyst thi play,
What berde in bouyr may dele with thee,
That maries me all this long day;
I pray ye, Thomas, let me be.
Thomas stode up in the stede,
And behelde the lady gay,
Her heyre hang down about hyr hede,
The tane was blak, the other gray,
Her eyn semyt onte before was gray,
Her gay clethyng was all away,
That he before had sene in that stede
Hyr body as blow as ony bede.
Thomas sighede, and sayd, Allas,
Me thynke this a dullfull syght,
That thou art fadyd in the face,
Before you shone as son so bryzt.
Tak thy leue, Thomas, at son and mone,
At gresse, and at euery tre,

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This twelmonth sall you with me gone,
Medyl erth you sall not se.
Alas, he seyd, fut wo is me,
I trow my dedes will werke me care,
Jesu, my sole tak to ye,
Whedir so euyr my body sal fare.
She rode furth with all her myzt,
Undir neihe the derne lee,
It was as derke as at midnizt,
And euyr in water unto the kne;
Through the space of days thre,
He herde but swowyng of a flode;
Thomas seyd, Full wo is me,
Now I spyll for fawte of fode;
To a garden she lede him tyte,
There was fruyte in grete plente,
Peyres and appless ther were rype,
The date and the damese,
The figge and als fylbert tre;
The nyghtyngale bredyng in her neste,
The papigaye about gan fle,
The throstylcock sang wald hafe no rest.
He pressed to pulte fruyt with his hand,
As man for faute that was faynt.
She seyd, Thomas, lat al stand,
Or els the deuyl wil the atayntt.
Sche seyd, Thomas, I the hyzt,
To tay thi bede upon my kne,
And thou shalt see fayrer syght,
Than euyr sawe man in their kintre.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon fayr way,
That lyggs ouyr yone fayr playn?
Yonder is the way to henyn for ay,
Whan synful sawles hef derayed their payne.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon secund way,
That lygges lawe undir the ryse?
Streight is the way, sothly to say,
To the joyes of paradyce.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon thyrd way,
That lygges ouyr yone how?
Wide is the way, sothly to say,
To the brynyng fyres of helle.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayr castell,
That standes ouyr yone fair hill?
Of town and tower it beereth the belle,
In middell erth is none like therettil.
Whan thou comyst in yone castell gaye,
I pray thee curteis man to be;
What so any man to you say,
Loke thu answer none but me.
My lord is servyd at yche messe,
With xxx knistes feir and fre;
I shall say syttyng on the dese,
I toke thy speche beyond the le.
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And beheide that ladye gaye;
Than was sche fayr, and ryche anone,
And also ryal on hir palfreye.
The grewhoundes had fylde thaim on the dere,
The raches coupled, by my fay,
She blewe her horne Thomas to chere,
To the castell she went her way.
The ladye into the halt went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand;
Thar kept her mony a lady gent,
With curtasy and lawe.
Harp and fedyl both he fande,
The getern and the sawtry,
Lut and rybid ther gon gan,

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Thai: was al maner of mynstralsy,
The most fertly that Thomas thoght,
When he com emyddes the flore,
Fourty hertes to quarry were broght,
That had ben befor both long and store.
Lymors lay lappyng blode,
And kokes standyng with dressyng knyfe,
And dressyd dere ae thai wer wode,
And rewell was thair wonder.
Knyghtes dansyd by two and thre,
All that lene long day.
Ladyes that were gret of gre,
Sat and sang of rych aray.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can descryve,
Til on a day, alas, alas,
My lovelye ladye sayd to me,
Busk ye, Thomas, you must agayn,
Here you may no longer be:
Hy then serne that you were at hame,
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
Thomas answerd with heuy
And said, Lowely ladye, lat me be,
For I say ye certenly here
Haf I be bot the space of dayes three.
Sothly, Thomas, as I telle ye,
You hath ben here thre yeres,
And here you may no longer be;
And I sal tele ye a skele,
To-morowe of helle ye foule fende
Amang our folke shall chuse his fee;
For you art a larg man and an hende,
Trowe you wele he will chuse thee.
Fore all the golde that may be,
Fro hens unto the wordles ende,
Sall you not be betrayed by me,
And thairfor sall you hens wende.
She broght hym eayn to Eldyn Tre,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,
Ther breddes syng both nyst and day.
Ferre ouyr yon montayns gray,
Ther hathe my facon;
Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.
* * * * * *

The Elfin Queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Duplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the Museum of the Cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection in Peterborough, but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr. Jamieson, in his curious Collection of Scottish Ballads and Songs, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The *lacunæ* of the former editions have been supplied from his copy.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

The prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance "amongst the sons of his people." The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the

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vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of *Schir Gawain,*" if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Wintoun, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry,* as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr. Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoune to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes* of Dunbar. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:—

"*La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Essedoune quant la guerre d'Escoce prendreit fyn. E yl l'a repoundy et dyt.*

When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;
When man is levere other mones thyng than his owen;
When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde;
When hares kendles o' the her'stane;
When Wyt and Wille werres togedere;
When mon makes stables of kyrkes, and steles castels with stye;
When Rokesboroughe nys no burgh ant market is at Forwyleye;
When Bambourne is donged with dede men;
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and to sellen;
When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten markes;
When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in prisoun:
When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in forme that the English ne shall hym fynde;
When rycht ant wronge astente the togedere;
When laddes weddeth lovedies;
When Scottes flen so faste, that, for faute of shep, hy drowneth hemselve;
When shal this be?
Nouther in thine tyme ne in mine;
Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

PINKERTON'S *Poems, from* MAITLAND'S *MSS. quoting from Harl. Lib.* 2253. *F.* 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr. Pinkerton makes this extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age) to the reign of Edward I. or II., it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt, that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the production of our Thomas the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I. or II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter, by his son, in the introduction to the foregoing ballad). It seems, therefore, very improbable, that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters,

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previous to 1299; whereas she is described as a young, or a middle-aged woman, at the period of her being besieged in the fortress, which she so well defended. If the Editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose, that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of Dunbar, and of Thomas of Ercildoune, were used for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the Countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver, that there shall be no end of the Scottish war (concerning which the question was proposed), till a final conquest of the country by England, attended by all the usual severities of war. "When the cultivated country shall become forest," says the prophecy;—"when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode of men;—when Scots shall not be able to escape the English, should they crouch as hares in their form"—all these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III., upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten marks, and a quarter of "whaty [indifferent] wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine, about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition, as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having either crouched like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight, "for faute of ships,"—thank God for that too.—The prophecy, quoted page 199, is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose.

A minute search of the records of the time would, probably, throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family:

> "The hare sall kittle [titter] on my hearth stane,
> And there will never be a Laird Learmont again."

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library.—"When hares kendles o' the her'stane"—an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613:

> "This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
> The hare shall hirple on the hard [hearth] stane."

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoune. "The prophecies, yet extant in Scottish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called *Thomas the Rhymer,* may justly be admired; having foretold, so many ages before, the union of England and Scotland in the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, and other divers particulars, which the event hath ratified and make good. Boethius, in his story, relateth his prediction of King Alexander's death, and that he did foretel the same to the Earl of March, the day before it fell out; saying, 'That before

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the next day at noon, such a tempest should blow, as Scotland had not felt for many years before.' The next morning, the day being clear, and no change appearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying, calling him an impostor. He replied, that noon was not yet passed. About which time a post came to advertise the earl of the king his sudden death. 'Then,' said Thomas, 'this is the tempest I foretold; and so it shall prove to Scotland.' Whence, or how, he had this knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come."—SPOTTISWOODE, p. 47. Besides that notable voucher, Master Hector Boece, the good archbishop might, had he been so minded, have referred to Fordun for the prophecy of King Alexander's death. That historian calls our bard "*ruralis ille vates.*"—FORDUN, lib. x. cap. 40.

What Spottiswoode calls "the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme," are the metrical productions ascribed to the seer of Ercildoune, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. Nisbet the herald (who claims the prophet of Ercildoune as a brother-professor of his art, founding upon the various allegorical and emblematical allusions to heraldry) intimates the existence of some earlier copy of his prophecies than that of Andro Hart, which, however, he does not pretend to have seen.[1] The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compo-

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[1] "The *muscle* is a square figure like a *lozenge*, but it is always voided of the *field*. They are carried as principal figures by the name of Learmont. Learmont of Earlstoun, in the Merss, carried *or* on a bend azure three muscles; of which family was Sir Thomas Learmont, who is well known by the name of Thomas the Rhymer, because he wrote his prophecies in rhime. This prophetick herauld lived in the days of King Alexander the Third, and prophesied of his death, and of many other remarkable occurrences; particularly of the union of Scotland with England, which was not accomplished until the reign of James the Sixth, some hundred years after it was foretold by this gentleman, whose prophecies are much esteemed by many of the vulgar even at this day. I was promised by a friend a sight of his prophecies, of which there is everywhere to be had an epitome, which, I suppose, is erroneous, and differs in many things from the original, it having been oft reprinted by some unskilful persons. Thus many things are amissing in the small book which are to be met with in the original, particularly these two lines concerning his neighbour, Bemerside:—

'Tyde what may betide,
Haig shall be laird of Bemerside.'

And indeed his prophecies concerning that ancient family have hitherto been true; for, since that time to this day, the Haigs have been lairds of that place. They carrie, Azure a saltier cantoned with two stars in chief and in base argent, as many crescents in the flanques or; and for crest a rock proper, with this motto, taken from the above-written rhyme —'Tide what may.'"—NISBET *on Marks of Cadency*, p. 158. He adds, "that Thomas' meaning may be understood by heralds when he speaks of kingdoms whose insignia seldom vary, but that individual families cannot be discovered, either because they have altered their bearings, or because they are pointed out by their crests and exterior ornaments, which are changed at the pleasure of the bearer." Mr. Nisbet, however, comforts himself for this obscurity, by reflecting, that "we may certainly conclude, from his writings, that herauldry was in good esteem in his days, and well known to the vulgar."—*Ibid.* p. 160. It may be added, that the publication of predictions, either printed or hieroglyphical, in which noble families were pointed out by their armorial bearings, was, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, extremely common; and the influence of such predictions on the minds of the common people was so great as to occasion a prohibition, by statute, of prophecy by reference to heraldic emblems. Lord Henry Howard also (afterwards Earl of Northampton) directs against this practice much of the reasoning in his learned treatise, entitled, "A Defensation against the Poyson of pretended Prophecies."

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sitions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland.* His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing, that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a King, son of a French Queen, and related to Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The groundwork of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:

"Of Bruce's left side shall spring out a leafe,
As neere as the ninth degree;
And shall be fleemed of faire Scotland,
In France farre beyond the sea.
And then shall come again ryding,
With eyes that many men may see.
At Aberladie he shall light,
With hempen helteres and horse of tre.
— — — — —
However it happen for to fall,
The lyon shall be lord of all;
The French Quen shall bearre the sonne,
Shall rule all Britainne to the sea;
Ane from the Bruce's blood shal come also,
As neere as the ninth degree.
— — — — — —
Yet shal there come a keene knight over the salt sea,
A keene man of courage and bold man of armes;
A duke's son dowbled [*i. e.* dubbed], a born man in France,
That shall our mirths augment, and mend all our harmes;
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three thereafter;
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to himself.
Between 13 and thrice three the threip shall be ended,
The Saxons shall never recover after."

There cannot be any doubt that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The Regent was descended of Bruce by the left, *i. e.* by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—"fleemit of fair Scotland." His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer *upon a land beside a lee,* who shows him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future halcyon days, which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:—

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"Our Scottish King sal come ful keene,
The red lyon beareth he,
A feddered arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him winke and warre to see.
Out of the field he shall be led,
When he is bludie and woe for blood;
Yet to his men shall he say,
'For God's love turn you againe,
And give yon sutherne folk a frey!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My date is not to die this day.'"

Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV.? Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign:—

"The sternes three that day shall die,
That bears the harte in silver sheen."

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:—

"At Pinken Cluch there shall be spilt
Much gentle blood that day;
There shall the bear lose the guilt,
And the eagill bear it away."

To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured, so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI., which had just then taken place. The insertion is made with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question, put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who showed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question:—

"Then to the Beirne could I say,
Where dwells thou, or in what countrie?
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britane,
From the north to the south sby?
A French queene shall bear the sonne,
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea;
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As neere as the nint degree:
I frained fast what was his name,
Where that he came, from what country.]
In Erslingtoun I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymour men cals me."

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, enclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions in Hart's Collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation,

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during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraine refer to that of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses :—

> "Take a thousand in calculation,
> And the longest of the lyon,
> Four crescents under one crowne,
> With Saint Andrew's croce thrise,
> Then threescore and thrise three:
> Take tent to Merling truely,
> Then shall the wars ended be,
> And never again rise.
> In that yere there shall a king,
> A duke, and no crowned king:
> Becaus the prince shall be yong,
> And tender of yeares."

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish Regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the "Moldwarte [England] by the fained hart," (the Earl of Angus.) The Regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The Regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of Chatelherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority, throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus :—

> "True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,'
> In a hervest morn at Eldoun hills."
>
> *The Prophecy of Gildas.*

In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

> "Marvellous Merlin, that many men of tells,
> And Thomas's sayings comes all at once."

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwynn Wyllt, or *Merlin the Wild,* in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued? That this personage resided at Drummelziar, and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the *Scotichronicon,* lib. 3, cap. 31, is an account of an interview betwixt St. Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called *Lailoken,* from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance which he performs was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Car-

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wanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net :—

> "Sude perfossus, lapide percussus, et unda,
> Hæc tria Merlinum fertur inire necem.
> Sicque ruit, mersusque fuit lignoque prehensus,
> Et fecit vatem per terna pericula verum."

But, in a metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welsh bards, this mode of death is attributed to a page, whom Merlin's sister, desirous to convict the prophet of falsehood, because he had betrayed her intrigues, introduced to him, under three various disguises, enquiring each time in what manner the person should die. To the first demand Merlin answered, the party should perish by a fall from a rock; to the second, that he should die by a tree; and to the third, that he should be drowned. The youth perished, while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the French authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drummelziar, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the east-side of the churchyard, the brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union :—

> "When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's grave,
> Scotland and England shall one monarch have."

On the day of the coronation of James VI. the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet's grave.—PENNYCUIK's *History of Tweeddale,* p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the south-west of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate; for I presume that Merlin would retain sense enough to choose for the scene of his wanderings, a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the reign of James V. Waldhave,[1] under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes[2] pursued

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[1] I do not know whether the person here meant be Waldhave, an abbot of Melrose, who died in the odour of sanctity, about 1460.

[2] The strange occupation, in which Waldhave beholds Merlin engaged, derives some illustration from a curious passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth's life of Merlin, above quoted. The poem, after narrating that the prophet had fled to the forest in a state of distraction, proceeds to mention, that, looking upon the stars one clear evening, he discerned from his astrological knowledge, that his wife, Guendolen, had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had presaged to her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight,) he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighbourhood; and, having seated himself upon a buck, drove the herd before him

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over the mountain by a savage figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise till he swear, by the law and lead he lives upon, "to do him no harm." This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance :—

> "He was formed like a freike [man] all his four quarters;
> And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
> With haire growing so grime, fearful to see."

He answers briefly to Waldhave's enquiry concerning his name and nature, that he "drees his weird," *i. e.* does penance in that wood; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes,

> "Go musing upon Merlin if thou wilt:
> For I mean no more, man, at this time."

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of James V.; for, among the amusements with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are,

> "The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin."
>
> *Sir* DAVID LINDSAY'S *Epistle to the King.*

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to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him with the stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus :—

> "Dixerat : et silvas et saltus circuit omnes,
> Cervorumque greges agmen collegit in unum,
> Et damas, capreasque simul ; cervoque resedit,
> Et veniente die, compellens agmina præ se,
> Festinans vadit quo nubit Guendolæna.
> Postquam venit eo, patienter ipse coegit
> Cervos ante fores, proclamans, 'Guendolæna,
> Guendolæna, veni, te talia munera spectant.'
> Ocius ergo venit subridens Guendolæna,
> Gestarique virum cervo miratur, et illum
> Sic parere viro, tantum quoque posse ferarum
> Uniri numerum quas præ se solus agebat,
> Sicut pastor oves, quas ducere suevit ad herbas.
> Stabat ab excelsa sponsus spectando fenestra,
> In solio mirans equitem, risumque movebat.
> Ast ubi vidit eum vates, animoque quis esset
> Calluit, extemplo divulsit cornua cervo
> Quo gestabatur, vibrataque jecit in illum,
> Et caput illius penitus contrivit, eumque
> Reddidit exanimem, vitamque fugavit in auras ;
> Ocius inde suum, talorum verbere, cervum
> Diffugiens egit, silvasque redire paravit."

For a persual of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton Library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr. Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining *Specimens of Early English Romances*, published by Mr. Ellis.

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And we find, in Waldhave, at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the Countess of Dunbar;—

> "This is a true token that Thomas of tells
> When a ladde with a ladye shall go over the fields."

The original stands thus :—

> "When laddes weddeth lovedies."

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the regent Morton's execution. When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says, that he asked, "'Who was Earl of Arran?' and being answered that Captain James was the man, after a short pause, he said, 'And is it so? I know then what I may look for!' meaning, as was thought, that the old prophecy of the 'Falling of the heart' by the mouth of Arran,' should then be fulfilled. Whether this was his mind or not, it is not known; but some spared not, at the time when the Hamiltons were banished, in which business he was held too earnest, to say, that he stood in fear of that prediction, and went that course only to disappoint it. But if so it was, he did find himself now deluded; for he fell by the mouth of another Arran than he imagined."—SPOTTISWOODE, p. 313. The fatal words alluded to seem to be these in the prophecy of Merlin :—

> "In the mouthe of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
> Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,
> And derfly dung down without any dome."

To return from these desultory remarks, into which I have been led by the celebrated name of Merlin, the style of all these prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and somewhat similar to that of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*; a circumstance which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V., did we not know that *Sir Galloran of Galloway*, and *Gawaine and Gologras*, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that, during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Hart have obviously been so often vamped and re-vamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to the last prophecy, as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sibyl: "Here followeth a prophecie, pronounced by a noble queene and matron, called Sybilla, Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the which she compiled four bookes, at the instance of the said King Sol, and others

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[1] The heart was the cognizance of Morton.

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divers: and the fourth book was directed to a noble king, called Baldwine, King of the broad isle of Britain; in the which she maketh mention of two noble princes and emperours, the which is called Leones. How these two shall subdue and overcome all earthlie princes to their diademe and crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the heaven among saints. The first of these two is Constantinus Magnus; that was Leprosus. the son of Saint Helena, that found the croce. The second is the sixt king of the name of Steward of Scotland, the which is our most noble king." With such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text became unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prediction?

If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the Editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Ercildoune, a share of the admiration bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming.[1] For example:—

> "But then the lilye shal be loused when they least think;
> Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death;
> For churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
> And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.
> — — — — — —
> Thereafter, on every side, sorrow shal arise;
> The barges of clear barons down shal be sunken;
> Seculars shall sit in spiritual seats,
> Occupying offices anointed as they were."

Taking the lily for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy?

But, without looking farther into the signs of the times, the Editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking, that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

Hart's collection of prophecies was frequently reprinted during the last century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stuart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see *Fordun*, lib. 3.

Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus, he is said to have prophesied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,

> "Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

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[1] [The Rev. R. Fleming, pastor of a Scotch congregation in London, published in 1701, "Discourses on the Rise and Fall of Papacy," in which he expressed his belief, founded on a text in the Apocalypse, that the French Monarchy would undergo some remarkable humiliation about 1794.—Ed.]

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The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr. Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk at Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the Abbey, should "fall when at the fullest." At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they, who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:

> "At Eildon Tree if you shall be,
> A brigg ower Tweed you there may see."

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corspatrick, (Comes Patrick,) Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Ercildoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the Editor has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Hart's publication.[1]

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

When seven years were come and gane,
  The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
  Like one awaken'd from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
  He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
  Come riding down by the Eildon-tree.

---

[1] [An exact reprint of Hart's volume, from the copy in the Library at Abbotsford, is about to appear under the care of the learned antiquary, Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh. —ED. 1833.]

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He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
  Of giant make he 'pear'd to be :
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
  Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true Thomas!
  Some uncouth ferlies show to me."—
Says—"Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
  Thrice welcume, good Dunbar, to me!

"Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave!
  And I will show thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
  And change the green to the black livery.

"A storm shall roar this very hour,
  From Ross's Hills to Solway sea."—
"Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
  For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."—

He put his hand on the Earlie's head;
  He show'd him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,[1]
  And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

"The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:
  By Flodden's high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner red as blude,
  And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

"A Scottish King shall come full keen,
  The ruddy lion beareth he;
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
  Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
  Thus to his men he still shall say—
'For God's sake, turn ye back again,
  And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
  My doom is not to die this day.'[2]

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
  And woe and wonder ye sall see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
  Where yon rank river meets the sea.

"There shall the lion lose the gylte,
  And the libbards bear it clean away;

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[1] King Alexander, killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.
[2] The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland, concerning the fate of James IV., is well known.

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At Pinkyn Cleuch there shalt be spilt
  Much gentil bluid that day."—

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
  Some blessings show thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
  "Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!"—

"The first of blessings I shall thee show,
  Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread;[1]
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
  And find their arrows lack the head.

"Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
  Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
  And knights shall die in battle keen.

"Beside a headless cross of stone,
  The libbards there shall lose the gree;
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
  And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
  So thick the corses there shall be."—

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
  "True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
  Even from the north to the southern sea?"—

"A French Queen shall bear the son,
  Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blood shall come,
  As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship shall his race;
  Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride over ocean wide,
  With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."

---

[1] One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:—

"The burn of breid
Shall run fow reid."

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

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THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.—MODERN.

BY W. SCOTT.

Thomas the Rhymer was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once-admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The Editor, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Ercildoune, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr. ELLIS's *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. p. 165, iii. p. 410; a work to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best-selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author—a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brunne, the annalist:—

"I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale,
Now thame says as they thame wroght,
And in thare saying it semes nocht.
That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gestes it has the steme,
Over all that is or was;
If men it said as made Thomas," etc.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, *penes* Mr. Douce of London, containing a French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Ercildoune:

"Plusurs de nos granter ne volent,
Co que del naim dire se solent,
Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer,
Li naim redut Tristram narrer,
E entusché par grant engin,
Quant il afole Kaherdin;
Pur cest plai e pur cest mal,
Enveiad Tristram Guvernal,
En Engleterre pur Ysolt:
THOMAS ico granter ne volt,
Et si volt par raisun mostrer,
Qu' ico ne put pas esteer," etc.

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS., is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puise, and analyzed by M. de Tressan;

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but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

The following attempt to commemorate the Rhymer's poetical fame, and the traditional account of his marvellous return to Fairy Land, being entirely modern, would have been placed with greater propriety among the class of Modern Ballads, had it not been for its immediate connexion with the first and second parts of the same story.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

When seven years more were come and gone,
  Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw show'd high Dunyon [1]
  His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow, [2]
  Pitch'd palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a-rowe,
  Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
  Resounds the ensenzie; [3]
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
  To distant Torwoodlee. [4]

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
  In Learmont's high and ancient hall:
And there were knights of great renown,
  And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
  The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
  Nor mantling quaighs [5] of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
  When as the feast was done:

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[1] Ruberslaw and Dunyon, are two hills near Jedburgh.

[2] An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus;—

> "Vengeance! vengeance! when and where?
> On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair!"

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody called the *Broom o' the Cowdenknows*.

[3] *Ensenzie*—War-cry, or gathering word.

[4] Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire; both the property of Mr. Pringle of Torwoodlee.

[5] *Quaighs*—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

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(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords leaned on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet pour'd along;
No after bard might e'er avail [1]
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.[2]

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
The Warrior of the Lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound, [3]
And bled for ladie's sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excell'd in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.[4]

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech's part:
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
For, doom'd in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

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[1] See Introduction to this ballad.

[2] [This stanza was quoted by the Edinburgh Reviewer, of 1804, as a noble *contrast* to the ordinary humility of the genuine ballad diction.—Ed.]

[3] See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq., the tale of the *Knight and the Sword.* [Vol. ii. p. 3.]

[4] [See Sir Tristrem, *post.*]

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Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard,
  In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
  In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
  High rear'd its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
  In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
  And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
  O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
  In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
  O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
  With agony his heart is wrung;
O where is Isolde's lilye hand,
  And where her soothing tongue?

She comes! she comes!—like flash of flame
  Can lovers' footsteps fly:
She comes! she comes!—she only came
  To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
  Join'd in a kiss his parting breath;
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
  United are in death.

There paus'd the harp: its lingering sound
  Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
  For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak:
  Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh:
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
  Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
  The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
  Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
  Dream'd o'er the woeful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
  The warrior's ears assail.

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He starts, he wakes;—"What, Richard, ho!
Arise, my page, arise!
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies!"—

Then forth they rush'd: by Leader's tide,
A selcouth[1] sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.[2]

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red,
Never a word he spake but three;
"My sand is run; my thread is spun;
This sign regardeth me."

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turn'd him oft
To view his ancient hall:
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moonbeams fall;

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

"Farewell, my father's ancient tower!
A long farewell," said he:
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

---

[1] *Selcouth*—Wondrous.

[2] An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the Fairy Queen thus addresses him:—

"Gin ye wad meet wi' me again,
Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie."

[Fairnilee is now one of the seats of Mr. Pringle of Clifton, M. P. for Selkirkshire. 1833.]

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"To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,
And, on thy hospitable hearth,
The hare shall leave her young.

"Adieu! adieu!" again he cried,
All as he turned him roun'—
"Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Ercildoune!"

The hart and hind approach'd the place,
As lingering yet he stood;
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leap'd on his berry-brown steed,
And spurr'd him the Leader o'er;
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

GLENFINLAS;

OR,

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.[1]

BY W. SCOTT.

"For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless oft, like moody madness stare,
To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare."
COLLINS.

The simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy,* (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he

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[1] *Coronach* is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

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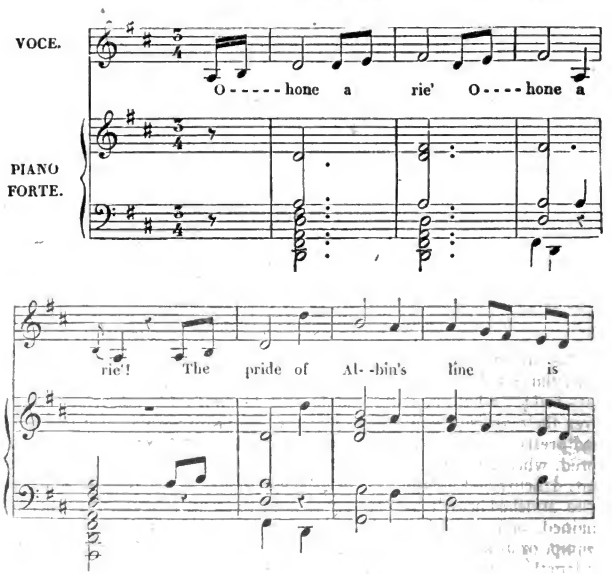
found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the *Tales of Wonder*.[1]

GLENFINLAS, OR LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

TO AN ANCIENT HIGHLAND AIR.



[1] [The scenery of this, the author's first serious attempt in poetry, reappears in the Lady of the Lake, in Waverley, and in Rob Roy.—Ed.]

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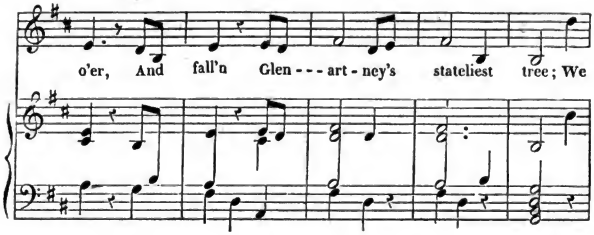

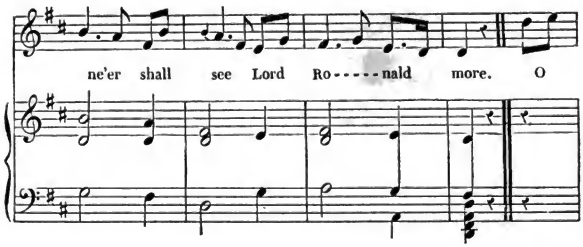

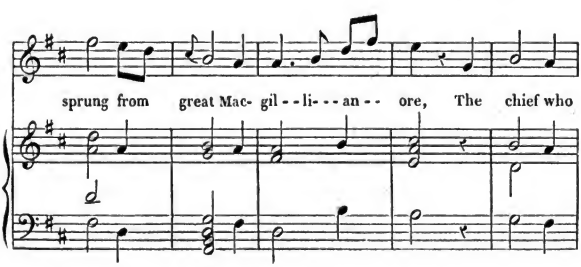

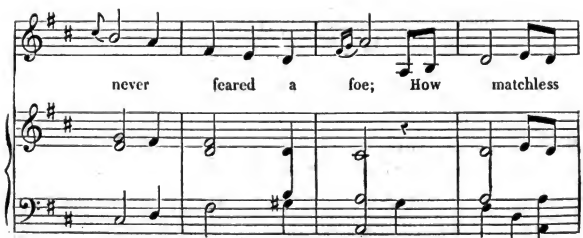

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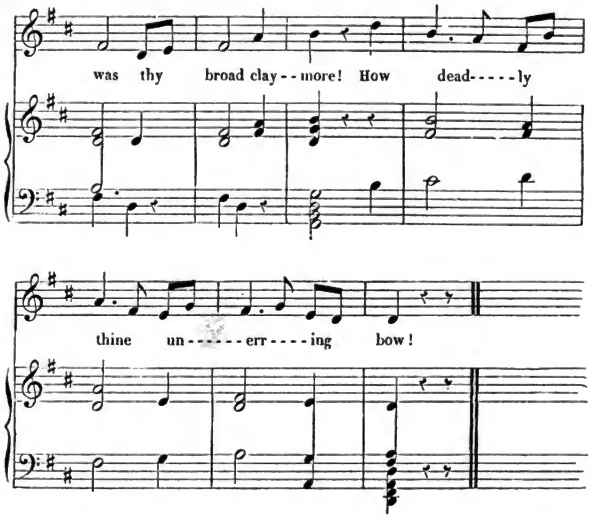

"O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'![1]
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!"—

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never fear'd a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,[2]
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, in festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree,[3]
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee!

---

[1] *O hone a rie'* signifies—"Alas for the prince or chief."

[2] The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-Country neighbours.

[3] The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed *The Beltane-tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

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Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
  E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
  O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,
  The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
  That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
  The seer's prophetic spirit found,[1]
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
  He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
  Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
  Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said in mystic mood,
  High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud,
  That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
  To rouse the red deer from their den,
The Chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
  And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
  To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
  Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
  Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
  The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
  The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
  Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
  When three successive days had flown;

---

[1] I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr. Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

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And summer mist in dewy balm
  Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
  Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
  And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
  Their silvan fare the Chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
  As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
  While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
  Her panting breath and melting eye?

"To chase the deer of yonder shades,
  This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
  The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
  And dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art,
  Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou mayst teach that guardian fair,
  While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
  And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
  The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
  Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale,
  All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,[1]
  Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"—

---

[1] St. Oran was a friend and follower of St. Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Relig Ouran*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

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"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

"The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

"Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

"Thou only saw'st their tartans [1] wave,
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch, [2] answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

"I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and now...
No more is given to gifted eye!"——

"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

---

[1] *Tartans*—The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.
[2] *Pibroch*—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bagpipe.

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"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
  Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear:
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
  Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

"E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
  My Mary's buskins brush the dew."
He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,
  But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;
  In rush'd the rousers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
  Then closely couch'd beside the seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
  And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
  He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
  And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
  By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
  As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
  As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
  Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
  All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
  Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
  She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
  "O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
  A lovely maid in vest of green:

"With her a Chief in Highland pride;
  His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
  Far on the wind his tartans flow?"—

"And who art thou? and who are they?"
  All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:

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"And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?"—

"Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

"To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

"O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost."—

"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;"
Then first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep."—

"O first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day"—

"First, three times tell each Ave-bead
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy rede;
So shall we safely wend our way."—

"O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

"Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna's melting eye."

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

"And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sail'd ye on the midnight wind!

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"Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine."

He mutter'd thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer;[1]
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;

---

[1] St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an Abbot of Pittenween, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St. Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St. Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relic, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St. Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms, to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relic of St. Fillan, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the Quegrich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is probably the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, farther observes, that additional particulars, concerning St. Fillan, are to be found in BELLENDEN'S *Boece*, Book 4, folio ccxiii, and in PENNANT'S *Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11. 15.

[See a note on the lines in the first canto of Marmion....

"Thence to St. Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore, etc.—ED.]

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High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie' O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er!
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow[1]-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq.

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[1] "This place[*] is rendered interesting to poetical readers, by its having been the residence, in early life, of Mr. Walter Scott, who has celebrated it in his 'Eve of St. John.' To it he probably alludes in the introduction to the third canto of Marmion.

[*] The farm-house in the immediate vicinity of Smallholm.

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of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold,* and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. LEWIS'S *Tales of Wonder*. It is here published, with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the battle of Ancram Moor; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquities. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.[1] This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.[2]

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
  He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
  That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
  His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
  To lift the Scottish spear.

'Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.'"
Scots Mag. March, 1809.

[1] The following passage, in Dr. HENRY MORE'S *Appendix to the Antidote against Atheism*, relates to a similar phenomenon:—"I confess, that the bodies of devils may not be only warm, but sindgingly hot, as it was in him that took one of Melancthon's relations by the hand, and so scorched her, that she bare the mark of it to her dying day. But the examples of cold are more frequent; as in that famous story of Cuntius, when he touched the arm of a certain woman of Pentoch, as she lay in her bed, he felt as cold as ice; and so did the spirit's claw to Anne Styles."—*Ed.* 4662, p. 155.

[2] [See the Introduction to the third canto of Marmion.....

"It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of softest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wallflower grew," etc.—ED.]

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Yet his plate-jack[1] was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor[2]
Ran red with English blood:
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;—
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burned all alone.

---

[1] The plate-jack is coat-armour; the vaunt-brace, or wambrace, armour for the body: the sperthe, a battle-axe.
[2] See Appendix, p. 234.

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"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an Armed Knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold Baron's leave.

"'He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo, to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St. John.'—

"'I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be.'—

"'Now, out on thee, fainthearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"'And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone,[1] and by holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'—

"'Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'—

"'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
For to Dryburgh[2] the way he has ta'en;

---

[1] The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

[2] Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Halliburtons of Newmains, and is now the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.—

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And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'—

"He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd;
Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
May as well say mass for me:

"'At the lone midnight hour when bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high.
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

"His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."—

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree." [1]

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;

[The ancient Barons of Newmains were ultimately represented by Sir Walter Scott, whose remains now repose in their cemetery at Dryburgh.—Ed.]

[1] Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies. See p. 191.

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For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's[1] wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"—

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said:
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said,—
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep....
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was wellnigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;

---

[1] Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden.

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The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
  But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
  Most foully slain, I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,
  For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place,[1] for a certain space,
  I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
  Had'st thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;
  "How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—
  The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;
  So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
  This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;
  His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
  For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
  Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
  A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
  Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
  He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,[2]
  That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
  That monk the bold Baron.

---

[1] *Trysting-place*—Place of rendezvous.

[2] The circumstance of the nun, "who never saw the day, "is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr. Haliburton of Newmains, the Editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr. Erskine of Sheilfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity, she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours, that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be

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APPENDIX

TO THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.

Lord Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers :—

Towns, towers, barnekynes, paryshe churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed,	192
Scots slain.	403
Prisoners taken.	816
Nolt (cattle).	10,386
Shepe.	12,492
Nags and geldings.	1,296
Gayt.	200
Bolls of corn.	850
Insight gear, etc. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.	

MURDIN's *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 51.

For these services Sir Ralph Evers was made a Lord of Parliament. See a strain of exulting congratulation upon his promotion, poured forth by some contemporary minstrel, vol. i. p. 141.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose.—*Godscroft*. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottish-men, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady, (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley,) and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus, at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot, while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor; above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott,[1] of Buccleuch, came up at full speed, with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior, (to whose conduct

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regarded, by the well-informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.—1803.

[1] The Editor has found no instance upon record, of this family having taken assurance with England. Hence, they usually suffered dreadfully from the English forays. In August, 1544, (the year preceding the battle,) the whole lands belonging to Buccleuch, in West Teviotdale, were harried by Evers; the outworks, or barmkin, of the tower of Branxholm burned; eight Scotts slain, thirty made prisoners, and an immense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kale Water belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; 30 Scotts slain, and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Eckford) *smoked very sore*. Thus Buccleuch had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor.—MURDIN'S *State Papers*, pp. 45, 46.

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Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement.) Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Paniel-heugh. The spare horses being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and, having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—*Godscroft.* The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!" —LESLEY, p. 478.

In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII. was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—REDPATH'S *Border History*, p. 563.

Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas: "Is our brother-in-law offended,"[1] said he, "that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirnetable:[2] I can keep myself there against all his English host."—GODSCROFT.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington.[3] The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:—

> "Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
> Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
> Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
> And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps."
>
> Vide *Account of the Parish of Melrose.*

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. "I have seen," says the historian, "under the broad-seale of the said King Edward I., a manor, called Ketnes, in the county of Forfare, in Scotland, and neere the furthest part of the same nation northward, given to John Ure and his heires, ancestor to the Lord Ure, that now is, for his service done in these partes, with market, etc., dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34."—STOWE'S *Annals*, p. 210. This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

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[1] Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII.

[2] Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale. [See Notes to Castle Dangerous, Waverley Novels, vol. xlvii.]

[3] [See *Chevy Chase.*]

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CADYOW CASTLE.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE HAMILTON.[1]

BY WALTER SCOTT.

The ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago.[2] Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.[3]

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr. Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

"Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the Regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites,[4] who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The

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[1] [Eldest daughter of Archibald, 9th Duke of Hamilton—ED.]

[2] [The breed has not been entirely extirpated. There remained certainly a magnificent herd of these cattle in Cadyow Forest within these few years. 1833.—ED.]

[3] They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity, see Notes.

[4] This was Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice-Clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—SPOTTISWOODE.

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maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass, in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery,[1] which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house, whence the blow had come: but they found the door strongly barricadoed, and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse,[2] which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound."—*History of Scotland,* book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify his deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man. —*Thuanus,* cap. 46.

The Regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St. Andrews of its covering;" but

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[1] This projecting gallery is still shown. The house, to which it was attached, was the property of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, a natural brother to the Duke of Chatelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

[2] The gift of Lord John Hamilton, Commendator of Arbroath.

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he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—JEBB, vol. ii. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyttle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyle trayterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes."—MURDIN'S *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 197.

CADYOW CASTLE.

When princely Hamilton's abode
  Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
  And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
  So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
  As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
  And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
  Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
  You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
  On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
  From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
  And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
  Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
  The past returns—the present flies.

Where, with the rock's wood-cover'd side,
  Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
  And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
  Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,

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The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream;
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower:
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;[1]
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen: sound the *pryse!*"[2]

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[1] The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1579, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

[2] Pryse—*The note blown at the death of the game.* "In Caledonia olim frequens erat "sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero rarior, qui, colore candidissimo, jubam densam et

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'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
  The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
  Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan,
  On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man,
  That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
  Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
  Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"—

Stern Claud replied,[1] with darkening face,
  (Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he,)
"At merry feast, or buxom chase,
  No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee[2]
  Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
  The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
  His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
  And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

"demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut "quæcunque homines vel manibus contrectârint, vel halitu perflaverint, ab iis multos post "dies omnino abstinuerunt. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum ir-"ritatus equites furenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum lacessitus omnes promiscue homi-"nes cornibus ac ungulis peteret; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane "contemneret. Ejus carnes cartilaginosæ, sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illam "vastissimam Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus tribus "tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingii, Cumbernaldiæ, et Kincarniæ."—LESLÆUS, *Scotiæ descriptio*, p. 13.—[*See a note on* Castle Dangerous, *Waverley Novels*, vol. xlvii.—ED.]

[1] Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

[2] This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the Honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

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"O change accursed! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling Chief,
And half unsheath'd his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;[1]

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some vision'd sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle,[2] and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—"'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,[3]
In haughty triumph, marched he,

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[1] Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [*i. e.* ditch], by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—BIRREL'S *Diary*, p. 18.

[2] *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors.

[3] Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his Elegy:

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While Knox relax'd his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

"With hackbut bent,[1] my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark'd, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Morton,[2] girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.[3]

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead[4] were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,

"So having stablischt all thing in this sort,
To Liddisdaill agane he did resort,
Throw Ewisdall, Eskdall, and all the dalils rode he,
And also lay three nights in Cannabie,
Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before.
Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir sa sair;
And, that they suld na mair their thift allege,
Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,
Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest keep ordour;
Than mychi the rasch-bus keep ky on the Border."

Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 232.

[1] *Hackbut bent*—Gun cock'd. The carbine, with which the Regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match-lock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

[2] Of this noted person, it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

[3] This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Hollinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "In this batayle the valiancie of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the Queen's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtayning pardon through suyte of the Countess of Murray, he recompensed that clemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that "Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the Regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall fill their place better:' and so stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avaunt-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight."—CALDERWOOD'S *MS. apud* KEITH, p. 480. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

[4] The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

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And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.[1]

"Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.[2]

"From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast;
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell—
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

"But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near;
With pride her bleeding victim saw;
And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear,
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
Spread to the wind thy banner'd tree![3]
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!—
Murray is fall'n, and Scotland free."

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[1] Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation presented to her in Lochleven castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

[2] Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—SPOTTISWOODE, p. 253. BUCHANAN.

[3] An oak, half-sawn, with the motto *through*, is an ancient cognizance of the family of Hamilton.

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Vaults every warrior to his steed;
  Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
"Murray is fall'n, and Scotland freed!
  Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"

But, see! the minstrel vision fails—
  The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
  Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
  The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
  The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
  And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
  Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
  The maids who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
  On the fair banks of Evandale!

THE GRAY BROTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

The imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred inserting these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when

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the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.[1]

The scene with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II, and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

"About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, 'They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!' Then there was a woman went out, ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, what John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the *hallan* [partition of the cottage]: immediately he halted and said, 'There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!' The person went out, and he *insisted,* [went on,] yet he saw him neither come in nor go out."—"The Life and Prophecies of "Mr. Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in "Galloway, part ii. § 26."

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Peden."—*Vide Hygini Fabulas,* cap. 26. "Medea Corintho "exul, Athenas, ad Ægeum Pandionis filium devenit in hospitium, eique "nupsit.

——"Postea sacerdos Dianæ Medeam exagitare cœpit, regique negabat "sacra caste facere posse, eo quod in ea civitate esset mulier venefica et "scelerata; tunc exulatur."

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[1] This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics,* who will be remembered by posterity, as having taught the Genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

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THE GRAY BROTHER.

The Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While, through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear,
And falter'd in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropp'd it to the ground.

"The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorr'd,
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"—

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,
I ween he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem'd none more bent to pray;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose and went his way.

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Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;
Thro' woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,
In battle he had stood,
Ay, even when on the banks of Till
Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free,[1]
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,[2]
And haunted Woodhouselee.[3]

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,[4]
And Roslin's rocky glen,[5]

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[1] The barony of Pennycuick, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the King shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast*. The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuick is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

[2] Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuick, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq., author of the *Man of Feeling, etc.*—Edition 1803.

[3] For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see Ballad of *Cadyow Castle*, p. 270.

[4] Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Melville, to whom it gives the title of Viscount, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Lasswade.

[5] The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St. Clair. The Gothic chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former Lords of Roslin.

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Dalkeith, which all the virtues love, [1]
And classic Hawthornden? [2]

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd grange.

A woful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streak'd the gray with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbattle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

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[1] The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged, of old, to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream, of the same name.

[2] Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house, of more modern date, is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice, upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which, in former times, were a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured, of late years, by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

"Where Jonson sat in Drummond's social shade."

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source, till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery. 1803. . . . . .—The beautiful scenery of Hawthornden has, since the above note was written, recovered all its proper ornament of wood. 1831.

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"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray Brother;
"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea;
Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the divine,
Or St. John of Beverly?"—

"I come not from the shrine of St. James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which for ever will cling to me."—

"Now, woful pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down by me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou mayst be."—

"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,
When He, to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven,
Has no power to pardon me?"—

"O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done *here* 'twixt night and day."

The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Gray Brother laye.[1]

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[1] [The contemporary criticism on this noble ballad was all feeble, but laudatory, with the exception of the following remark:—"The painter is justly blamed, whose figures do not correspond with his landscape—who assembles banditti in an Elysium, or bathing loves in a lake of storm. The same adaptation of parts is expedient in the poet. The stanzas—

'Sweet are thy paths, O passing sweet!'

to

'And classic Hawthornden,'

disagreeably contrast with the mysterious gloomy character of the ballad. Were these omitted, it would merit high rank for the terrific expectation it excites by the majestic introduction, and the awful close."—*Critical Review*, November 1803.—Ed.]

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WAR-SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

"*Nennius.* Is not peace the end of arms?
Caratach. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against a slight commotion,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued:
But where we grapple for the land we live on,
The liberty we hold more dear than life,
The gods we worship, and, next these, our honours,
And, with those, swords that know no end of battle—
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds, that, where the day is, claim inheritance,
And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their harvest,
And, where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome——
It must not be—No! as they are our foes,
Let's use the peace of honour—that's fair dealing;
But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,
That thinks to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under ground,
And be allied in ashes."—— *Bonduca.*

The following War-Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion.[1] The corps of volunteers to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expense. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid-Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas.[2] The noble and constitutional measure of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was nowhere more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a regiment of cavalry, from the city and county, and two corps of artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: "*Proinde ituri in aciem, et majores vestros et posteros cogitate.*"—1812.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;

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[1] [The song originally appeared in the Scots Magazine for 1802.—ED.]
[2] Now Viscount Melville.—1831.

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Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
We boast the red and blue.[1]

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn:
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

Oh! had they mark'd the avenging call[2]
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-color,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

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[1] The royal colours.

[2] The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the fatal 10th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorized the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.—1812.

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To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all![1]

LORD SOULIS.

BY JOHN LEYDEN.

The subject of the following ballad is a popular tale of the Scottish Borders. It refers to transactions of a period so important, as to have left an indelible impression on the popular mind, and almost to have effaced the traditions of earlier times. The fame of Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table, always more illustrious among the Scottish Borderers, from their Welsh origin, than Fin Maccoul, and Gow Macmorne, who seem not, however, to have been totally unknown, yielded gradually to the renown of Wallace, Bruce, Douglas, and the other patriots, who so nobly asserted the liberty of their country. Beyond that period, numerous, but obscure and varying legends, refer to the marvellous Merlin, or Myrrdin *the Wild,* and Michael Scott, both magicians of notorious fame. In this instance the enchanters have triumphed over the *true man.* But the charge of magic was transferred from the ancient sorcerers to the objects of popular resentment of every age; and the partisans of the Baliols, the abetters of the English faction, and the enemies of the Protestant and of the Presbyterian reformation, have been indiscriminately stigmatized as necromancers and *warlocks.* Thus, Lord Soulis, Archbishop Sharp, Grierson of Lagg, and Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, receive from tradition the same supernatural attributes. According to Dalrymple,[2] the family of Soulis seems to have been powerful during the contest between Bruce and Baliol; for adhering to the latter of whom they incurred forfeiture. Their power extended over the South and West Marches; and near Deadrigs,[3] in the parish of Eccles, in the East Marches, their family-bearings still appear on an obelisk. William de Soulis, Justiciarius Laodoniæ, in 1281, subscribed the famous obligation, by which the nobility of Scotland bound themselves to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Maid of Norway and her descendants : (RYMER, tom. ii. pp. 266, 279 :)—and, in 1291, Nicholas de Soulis appears as a competitor for the crown of Scotland, which he claimed as the heir of Margery, a bastard daughter of Alexander II., and wife of Allan Durward, or Chuissier.—CARTE, p. 177. DALRYMPLE'S *Annals,* vol. i. p. 203.

But their power was not confined to the Marches; for the barony of Saltoun, in the shire of Haddington, derived its name from the family; being designed Soulistoun, in a charter to the predecessors of Nevoy of

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[1] [Sir Walter Scott was, at the time when he wrote this song, Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry. See one of the Epistles Introductory to Marmion.—ED.]

[2] Dalrymple's Collection concerning the Scottish History, p. 595.

[3] Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, vol. i. p. 269.

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that Ilk, seen by Dalrymple; and the name frequently appears among those of the benefactors and witnesses in the chartularies of abbeys, particularly in that of Newbottle. Ranulphus de Soulis occurs as a witness, in a charter, granted by King David, of the teinds of Stirling; and he, or one of his successors, had afterwards the appellation of *Pincerna Regis*. The following notices of the family and its decline, are extracted from Robertson's *Index of Lost Charters*.[1] Various repetitions occur, as the index is copied from different rolls, which appear to have never been accurately arranged.

Charter to the Abbacie of Melross, of that part of the barony of Westerker, qukilk perteint to Lord Soulis—a Rob. I. in vicecom. Melrose.
———To the Abbey of Craigelton, quhilkis perteint to Lord Soullis—ab eodem—Candidæ Casæ.
———To John Soullis, knight, of the lands of Kirkanders and Brettalach—ab eodem—Dumfries.
———To John Soullis, knight, of the baronie of Torthorald—ab eodem—Dumfries.
———To John Soullis, of the lands of Kirkanders—ab eodem—Dumfries.
———To John Soullis, of the barony of Kirkanders—quæ fuit quondam Johannis de Wak, Militis—ab eodem.
———To James Lord Douglas, the half-lands of the barony of Westerker, in valle de Esk, quhilk William Soullis forisfecit—ab eodem.
———To Robert Stewart, the son and heir of Walter Stewart, the barony of Nisbit, the barony of Longnewton and Mertoun, and the barony of Cavirton, in vicecomitatu de Roxburgh, quhilk William Soullis forisfecit.
———To Murdoch Menteith, of the lands of Gilmerton, whilk was William Soullis, in vicecom. de Edinburgh—ab eodem.
———To Robert Bruce, of the lands of Liddesdale, whilk William Soullis erga nos forisfecit—ab eodem.
———To Robert Bruce, son to the King, the lands of Liddesdail, quhilk William Soullis forisfecit erga nos—ab eodem—anno regni 16.
———To Archilbald Douglas, of the baronie of Kirkanders, quhilk were John Soullis, in vicecom. de Dumfries.
———To Murdoch Menteith, of the lands of Gilmerton, quhilk Soullis forisfecit, in vicecom. de Edinburgh.
———Waltero Senescallo Scotiæ ofNesbit, (exceptand the valley of Liddell,) the barony of Langnewton and Maxtoun, the barony of Cavertoun, in vicecom. de Roxburgh, quas Soullis forisfecit.
———To William Lord Douglas, of the lands of Lyddal, whilkis William Soullis forisfecit—a Davide secundo.
———To James Lord Douglas, of the barony of Westerker, quam Willielmus de Soullis forisfecit.

The hero of tradition seems to be William Lord Soulis, whose name occurs so frequently in the foregoing list of forfeitures; by which he appears to have possessed the whole district of Liddesdale, with Westerkirk and Kirkandrews, in Dumfries-shire, the lands of Gilmertoun near Edinburgh, and the rich baronies of Nisbet, Longnewton, Caverton, Maxtoun, and Mertoun, in Roxburghshire. He was of royal descent, being the grandson of Nicholas de Soulis, who claimed the crown of Scotland, in right of his grandmother, daughter to Alexander II.; and who, could her legitimacy have been ascertained, must have excluded the other competitors. The elder brother of William was John de Soulis, a gallant warrior, warmly attached to the interests of his country, who, with fifty Borderers, defeated and made prisoner Sir Andrew Harclay, at the head

[1] Index of many records of charters granted between 1309 and 1413, published by W. Robertson, Esq.

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of three hundred Englishmen, and was himself slain fighting in the cause of Edward the Bruce, at the battle of Dundalk, in Ireland, 1318. He had been joint-warden of the kingdom with John Cummin, after the abdication of the immortal Wallace, in 1300; in which character he was recognised by John Baliol, who, in a charter granted after his dethronement, and dated at Rutherglen, in the ninth year of his reign (1302) styles him "*Custos regni nostri.*" The treason of William, his successor, occasioned the downfall of the family. This powerful baron entered into a conspiracy against Robert the Bruce, in which many persons of rank were engaged. The object, according to Barbour, was to elevate Lord Soulis to the Scottish throne. The plot was discovered by the Countess of Strathern. Lord Soulis was seized at Berwick, although he was attended, says Barbour, by three hundred and sixty squires, besides many gallant knights. Having confessed his guilt in full Parliament, his life was spared by the King; but his domains were forfeited, and he himself confined in the castle of Dumbarton, where he died. Many of his accomplices were executed; among others, the gallant David de Brechin, nephew to the King, whose sole crime was having concealed the treason, in which he disdained to participate.[1] The Parliament, in which so much noble blood was shed, was long remembered by the name of the *Black Parliament*. It was held in the year 1320.

From this period, the family of Soulis make no figure in our annals. Local tradition however, more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of their chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event of life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus, he is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his Castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scottish King, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, "Boil him if you please, but let me hear no more of him." Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission; which they accomplished by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick

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[1] As the people thronged to the execution of the gallant youth, they were bitterly rebuked by Sir Ingram de Umfraville, an English or Norman knight, then a favourite follower of Robert Bruce. "Why press you," said he, "to see the dismal catastrophe of so generous a knight? I have seen ye throng as eagerly around him to share his bounty, as now to behold his death." With these words he turned from the scene of blood, and repairing to the King, craved leave to sell his Scottish possessions, and to retire from the country. "My heart," said Umfraville, "will not, for the wealth of the world, permit me to dwell any longer, where I have seen such a knight die by the hands of the executioner." With the King's leave, he interred the body of David de Brechin, sold his lands, and left Scotland for ever. The story is beautifully told by Barbour, book 19th.

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and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the King, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration; but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The Castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sunk beneath the ground; and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber, where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years, by that demon, to which, when he left the castle never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled, or stripped of its bark, when drawn back. The Nine-stane Rig, where Lord Soulis was boiled, is a declivity about one mile in breadth, and four in length, descending upon the Water of Hermitage, from the range of hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained to a late period. Five of these stones are still visible; and two are particularly pointed out, as those which supported the iron bar, upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended.

The formation of ropes of sand, according to popular tradition, was a work of such difficulty, that it was assigned by Michael Scott to a number of spirits, for which it was necessary for him to find some interminable employment. Upon discovering the futility of their attempts to accomplish the work assigned, they petitioned their taskmaster to be allowed to mingle a few handfuls of barley-chaff with the sand. On his refusal, they were forced to leave untwisted the ropes which they had shaped. Such is the traditionary hypothesis of the vermicular ridges of the sand on the shore of the sea.

Redcap is a popular appellation of that class of spirits which haunt old castles. Every ruined tower in the south of Scotland is supposed to have an inhabitant of this species.

LORD SOULIS.

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
  And beside him Old Redcap sly;—
"Now, tell me, thou sprite, who art meikle of might,
  The death that I must die?"—

"While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
  And hold that life of me,
'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
  I shall thy warrant be.

"Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
  Shall e'er thy limbs confine,

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Till threefold ropes of sifted sand
  Around thy body twine.

"If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,
  With rusty padlocks bound;
Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall rise,
  And listen to the sound."

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
  And Redcap was not by;
And he call'd on a page, who was witty and sage,
  To go to the barmkin high.

"And look thou east, and look thou west,
  And quickly come tell to me,
What troopers haste along the waste,
  And what may their livery be."

He look'd over fell, and he look'd o'er flat,
  But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Save a pyot on a turret that sat
  Beside a corby craw.

The page he look'd at the skrieh[1] of day,
  But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Till a horseman gray, in the royal array,
  Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

"Say, why do you cross o'er moor and moss?"
  So loudly cried the page;
"I tidings bring, from Scotland's King,
  To Soulis of Hermitage.

"He bids me tell that bloody warden,
  Oppressor of low and high,
If ever again his lieges complain,
  The cruel Soulis shall die."

By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,
  Before he rode or ran,
And through the key-stone of the vault,
  They plunged him, horse and man.

* * * * * *

"O May she came, and May she gaed,
  By Goranberry green;
And May she was the fairest maid,
  That ever yet was seen.

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[1] *Skrieh*—Peep.

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O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry tower;
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis,
That carried her from her bower?

He brought her to his castle gray,
By Hermitage's side;
Says—"Be content, my lovely May,
For thou shalt be my bride."

With her yellow hair, that glitter'd fair,
She dried the trickling tear;
She sigh'd the name of Branxholm's heir,
The youth that loved her dear.

"Now, be content, my bonny May,
And take it for your hame;
Or ever and aye shall ye rue the day
You heard young Branxholm's name.

"O'er Branxholm tower, ere the morning hour,
When the lift[1] is like lead sae blue,
The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,
And the flame shall shine dimly through."

Syne he's ca'd on him Ringan Red,
A sturdy kemp was he;
From friend, or foe, in Border feid,
Who never a foot would flee.

Red Ringan sped, and the spearmen led
Up Goranberry slack;
Ay, many a wight, unmatch'd in fight,
Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering sun,
And bloody rose he up;
But little thought young Branxholm's heir
Where he that night should sup.

He shot the roebuck on the lee,
The dun-deer on the law;
The glamour[2] sure was in his ee
When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,
He sped till day was set;
And he thought it was his merry-men true,
When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief, they seized the chief;
His men were far away;

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[1] *Lift*—Sky.

[2] *Glamour*—Magical delusion.

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Through Hermitage slack they sent him back,
  To Soulis's castle gray;
Syne onward fure for Branxholm tower,
  Where all his merry-men lay.

"Now, welcome, noble Branxholm's heir!
  Thrice welcome," quoth Soulis, "to me!
Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,
  My wedding guest to be?
And lovely May deserves, per fay,
  A brideman such as thee!

And broad and bloody rose the sun,
  And on the barmkin shone;
When the page was aware of Red Ringan there,
  Who came riding all alone.

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
  As he lighted at the wall,
Says—"Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
  And where do they tarry all?"—

"We stabled them sure, on the Tarras Muir;
  We stabled them sure," quoth he:
"Before we could cross the quaking moss,
  They all were lost but me."

He clench'd his fist, and he knock'd on the chest,
  And he heard a stifled groan;
And at the third knock each rusty lock
  Did open one by one.

He turn'd away his eyes as the lid did rise,
  And he listen'd silentlie;
And he heard breathed slow, in murmurs low,
  "Beware of a coming tree!"

In muttering sound the rest was drown'd;
  No other word heard he;
But slow as it rose, the lid did close,
  With the rusty padlocks three.

* * * * * *

Now rose with Branxholm's ae brother
  The Teviot, high and low;
Bauld Walter by name, of meikle fame,
  For none could bend his bow.

O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped
  The fame of his array,

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And that Teviotdale would soon assail
His towers and castle gray.

With clenched fist, he knock'd on the chest,
And again he heard a groan;
And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,
But answer heard he none.

The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke,
And it murmur'd sullenlie,—
"Shut fast the door, and for evermore,
Commit to me the key.

"Alas! that ever thou raised'st thine eyes,
Thine eyes to look on me![1]
Till seven years are o'er, return no more,
For here thou must not be."

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
His warlock chamber o'er;
He took the keys from the rusty lock,
That never were ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
With meikle care and pain;[2]
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,
Till he return'd again.

And still, when seven years are o'er,
Is heard the jarring sound;

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[1] [See Note A., (by Sir Walter Scott,) at the end of this Ballad.]

[2] The circumstance of Lord Soulis having thrown the key over his left shoulder, and bid the fiend keep it till his return, is noted in the introduction, as a part of his traditionary history. In the course of this autumn, the Earl of Dalkeith being encamped near the Hermitage Castle, for the amusement of shooting, directed some workmen to clear away the rubbish from the door of the dungeon, in order to ascertain its ancient dimensions and architecture. To the great astonishment of the labourers, and of the country people who were watching their proceedings, a rusty iron key, of considerable size, was found among the ruins, a little way from the dungeon door. The well-known tradition instantly passed from one to another; and it was generally agreed, that the malevolent demon, who had so long retained possession of the key of the castle, now found himself obliged to resign it to the heir-apparent of the domain. In the course of their researches, a large iron ladle, somewhat resembling that used by plumbers, was also discovered; and both the relics are now in Lord Dalkeith's possession.

In the summer of 1805, another discovery was made in the haunted ruins of Hermitage. In a recess of the wall of the castle, intended apparently for receiving the end of a beam or joist, a boy, seeking for birds' nests, found a very curious antique silver ring, embossed with hearts, the well-known cognizance of the Douglas family, placed interchangeably with quatre-foils all round the circle. The workmanship has an uncommonly rude and ancient appearance, and warrants our believing that it may have belonged to one of the Earls of Angus, who carried the heart and quatre-foils in their arms. Some heralds say, that they carried cinque-foils, others trefoils; but all agree they bore some such distinction to mark their cadency from the elder branch of Douglas. They parted with the castle and lordship of Liddesdale, in exchange for that of Bothwell, in the beginning of the 16th century. This ring is now in the Editor's possession, by the obliging gift of Mr. John Ballantyne, of the house of Ballantyne and Company, so distinguished for typography.—1806.

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When slowly opes the charm'd door
  Of the chamber under ground.

And some within the chamber door
  Have cast a curious eye:
But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,
  The fearful sights they spy.

* * * * * *

When Soulis thought on his merry-men now,
  A woful wight was he;
Says—"Vengeance is mine, and I will not repine!
  But Branxholm's heir shall die!"

Says—"What would you do, young Branxholm,
  Gin ye had me, as I have thee?"—
"I would take you to the good greenwood,
  And gar your ain hand wale[1] the tree."—

"Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
  For all thy mirth and meikle pride;
And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,
  A scrog bush thee beside."

They carried him to the good greenwood,
  Where the green pines grew in a row;
And they heard the cry, from the branches high,
  Of the hungry carrion crow.

They carried him on from tree to tree,
  The spiry boughs below;
"Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine,
  To feed the hooded crow?"

"The fir-tops fall by Branxholm wall,
  When the night-blast stirs the tree,
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine,
  I loved in infancie."

Young Branxholm turn'd him, and oft look'd back,
  And aye he pass'd from tree to tree;
Young Branxholm peep'd, and puirly[2] spake,
  "O sic a death is no for me!"

And next they pass'd the aspin gray,
  Its leaves were rustling mournfullie;
"Now, choose thee, choose thee, Branxholm gay!
  Say, wilt thou never choose the tree?"—

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[1] *Wale*—Choose.

[2] *Puirly*—Softly.

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More dear to me is the aspin gray,
  More dear than any other tree;
For beneath the shade that its branches made,
  Have pass'd the vows of my love and me."

Young Branxholm peep'd, and puirly spake,
  Until he did his ain men see,
With witches' hazel in each steel cap,
  In scorn of Soulis' gramarye;
Then shoulder-height for glee he lap,
  Methinks I spye a coming tree!"—

"Ay, many may come, but few return,"
  Quo' Soulis, the lord of gramarye;
"No warrior's hand in fair Scotland
  Shall ever dint a wound on me!"—

"Now, by my sooth," quo' bold Walter,
  "If that be true we soon shall see."—
His bent bow he drew, and his arrow was true,
  But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him true Thomas,
  He was the lord of Ersyltoun;
"The wizard's spell no steel can quell,
  Till once your lances bear him down."—

They bore him down with lances bright,
  But never a wound or scar had he;
With hempen bands they bound him tight,
  Both hands and feet, on the Nine-stane lee.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst;
  They moulder'd at his magic spell;
And neck and heel, in the forged steel,
  They bound him against the charms of hell.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst;
  No forged steel his charms could bide;
Then up bespake him true Thomas,
  "We'll bind him yet, whate'er betide."

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
  Impress'd with many a warlock spell;
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
  Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,
  That mortal man might never it see:
But Thomas did save it from the grave,
  When he return'd from Faërie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
  And turn'd the leaves with curious hand;

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No ropes, did he find, the wizard could bind,
  But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane burn,
  And shaped the ropes sae curiouslie;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine,
  For Thomas true and his gramarye.[1]

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
  And again he turn'd it with his hand;
And he bade each lad of Teviot add
  The barley chaff to the sifted sand.

The barley chaff to the sifted sand
  They added still by handfuls nine;
But Redcap sly unseen was by,
  And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-stane burn,
  Ribb'd like the sand at mark of sea,
The ropes that would not twist nor turn,
  Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took,
  Again its magic leaves he spread;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
  The wizard must be boil'd in lead.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
  On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
  Till the burnish'd brass did glimmer and shine.

They roll'd him up in a sheet of lead,
  A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
  And melted him, lead, and bones and all.[2]

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still
  The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot, where they boil'd the pot,
  The spreat[3] and the deer-hair[4] ne'er shall grow.

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[1] [See the Lay of the Last Minstrel and Notes.—Ed.]
[2] See Note B, at the end of the Ballad.
[3] *Spreat*—The spreat is a species of water-rush.
[4] *Deer-hair*—The deer-hair is a coarse species of pointed grass, which, in May, bears a very minute, but beautiful yellow flower.

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APPENDIX TO LORD SOULIS.

Note A.

Alas! that e'er thou raised'st thine eyes,
Thine eyes to look on me.

The idea of Lord Soulis's familiar seems to be derived from the curious story of the spirit Orthone and the Lord of Corasse, which, I think, the reader will be pleased to see in all its Gothic simplicity, as translated from Froissart, by the Lord of Berners.

"It is great marveyle to consyder one thynge, the wh'che was shewed to me in the Earl of Foiz house at Ortayse, of hym that enfourmed me of the busynesse at Juberothe, [Adjubarota, where the Spaniards, with their French allies, were defeated by the Portugueze, A. D. 1385.] He shewed me one thyng that I have oftentymes thought on sithe, and shall do as long as I live. As this squyer told me that of trouthe the next day after the battayl was thus fought, at Juberoth, the Erle of Foiz knewe it, whereof I had great marveyle; for the said Sonday, Monday, and Tuesday, the erle was very pensyf, and so sadde of chere, that no man could have a worde of hym. And all the said three days he wold nat issue out of his chambre, nor speke to any man, though they were never so nere about hym. And, on the Tuesday night, he called to him his brother Arnault Guyllyam, and sayd to him, with a soft voice, 'Our men hath had to do, whereof I am sorrie; for it is come of them by their voyage, as I sayd or they departed.' Arnault Guyllyam, who was a sage knight, and knewe right well his brother's condicions [*i. e.* temper,] stode still, and gave none answere. And than the Erle, who thought to declare his mind more plainlye, for long he had borne the trouble thereof in his herte, spake agayn more higher than he dyd before, and sayd, 'By God, Sir Arnault, it is as I saye, and shortely ye shall here tidynges thereof; but the countrey of Byerne, this hundred yere, never lost suche a losse at no journey, as they have done now in Portugal.'—Dyvers knights and squyers, that were there present, and herde hym say so, stode styll, and durst nat speke, but they remembered his wordes. And within a ten days after, they knewe the trouthe thereof, by such as had been at the busynesse, and there they shewed every thinge as it was fortuned at Juberoth. Than the erle renewed agayn his dolor, and all the countreye were in sorrowe, for they had lost their parentes, brethren, chyldren, and frendes. 'Saint Mary!' quod I to the squyer that shewed me thys tale, 'how is it that the Earl of Foiz could know, on one daye, what was done within a day or two before, beyng so farre off?'—'By my faythe, sir,' quod he, 'as it appeared well, he knewe it.'—'Than he is a diviner,' quod I, 'or els he hath messangers, that flyethe with the wynde, or he must needs have some craft.' The squyer began to laugh, and sayd 'Surely he must know it by some art of negromansye or otherwyse. To say the trouthe we cannot tell how it is, but by our ymaginacions.'—'Sir,' quod I, 'suche ymaginacions as ye have therein, if it plase you to shew me, I wolde be gladde thereof; and if it bee suche a thynge as ought to be secrete, I shall not publysshe it, nor as long as I am in thys countrey I shall never speke word thereof.'—'I praye you thereof,' quod the squyer, 'for I wolde nat it shulde be knowen, that I shulde speke thereof. But I shall shewe you, as dyvers men speketh secretelye, whan they be togyder as frendes.' Than he drew me aparte into a corner of the chappell at Ortayse, and then began his tale, and sayd:

"'It is well a twenty yeares paste, that there was, in this countrey, a Barone, called Raymond, Lord of Corasse, whyche is a sevyn leagues from this towne of Ortayse. Thys Lorde of Corasse had that same tyme, a plee at Avignon before the Pope, for the dysmes [*i. e.* tithes] of his churche, against a clerk, curate there; the whiche priest was of Catelogne. He was a grete clerk, and claymed to have ryghte of the dysmes, in the towne of Corasse, which was valued to an hundred florens by the yere, and the ryghte that he had, he shewed and proved it; and, by sentence diffynitive, Pope Urbane the Fyfthe, in consistory generall, condempned the knighte, and gave judgement wyth the preest, and of this last judgment he had letters of the Pope, for his possession, and so rode tyll he came into Berne, and there shewed his letters and bulles of the Popes for his possession of his dysmes. The Lord of Corasse had gret indignacion at this preest, and came to hym, and said, 'Maister Pers, or Maister Mairtin, (as his name was,) thinkest thou, that by reason of thy letters I will lose mine herytage—be not so hardy, that thou take any thynge that is myne; if thou do, it shall cost thee thy life. Go thy waye into some other place to get thee a benefyce, for of myne herytage thou gettest no parte, and ones for alwayes, I defy thee.' The clerk douted the knight, for he was a cruell man, therefore he durst nat parcey ver.—Then he thought to return to Avignon, as he dyde; but, whan he departed, he came to the knight, the Lord of Corasse, and said, 'Sir, by force, and nat by ryght, ye take away from me the ryght of

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my churche, wherein you greatly hurt your conscience. I am not so strong in this countrey as ye be; but, sir, knowe for trouthe, that as soon as I may, I shall sende to you suche a champyon, whom ye shall doubte more than me.' The knight, who doubted nothyng his thretynges, said, 'God be with thee; do what thou mayst; I doute no more dethe than lyfe; for all thy wordes, I will not lese mine herytage.' Thus, the clerk departed from the Lord of Corasse, and went I cannot tell whether into Avygnon or into Catalogne, and forgat nat the promise that he had made to the Lord of Corasse or he departed. For when the knight thoughte leest on hym, about a three monethes after, as the knyght laye on a nyght a-bedde in his castelle of Corasse, with the lady, there came to hym messangers invisible, and made a marvellous tempest and noise in the castell, that it seemed as thoughe the castell shulde have fallen downe, and strak gret strokes at his chambre dore, that the goode ladye, his wife, was soore afrayde. The knight herd alle, but he spoke no worde thereof; bycause he wolde shewe no abasshed corage, for he was hardy to abyde all adventures. Thys noyse and tempest was in sundry places of the castell, and dured a long space, and at length cessed for that nyght. Than the nexte mornynge, all the servants of the house came to the lord, whan he was risen, and sayd, 'Sir, have you nat herde this night that we have done?' The lord dissembled, and sayd, 'No! I herd nothing—what have you herde?' Than they shewed him what noyse they hadde herde, and how alle the vessel in the kychen was overtowrned. Than the lord began to laugh, and sayd, 'Yea, sirs! ye dremed; it was nothynge but the wynde.'—'In the name of God!' quod the ladye, 'I herde it well.' The next nyght there was as great noyse and greatter, and suche strokes gyven at his chambre dore and windows, as alle shulde have broken in pieces. The knyghte starte up out of his bedde, and wolde not lette, to demaunde who was at his chambre dore that tyme of the nyght; and anone he was answered by a voyce that sayd, 'I am here.' Quod the knyght, 'Who sent thee hyder?'—'The clerk of Catalogne sent me hyder,' quod the voice, 'to whom thou dost gret wronge, for thou hast taken from hym the ryghtes of his benefyce; I will nat leave thee in rest tylle thou haste made hym a good accompte, so that he be pleased.' Quod the knight, 'What is thy name, that thou art so good a messangere?' Quod he, 'I am called Orthone.'—'Orthone!' quod the knight, 'the servyce of a clerke is lytell profyte for thee. He wille putte thee to moche payne if thou beleve hym. I pray thee leave hym, and come and serve me; and I shall give thee goode thanke. Orthone was redy to aunswere, for he was inamours with the knyghte, and sayde, 'Woldest thou fayne have my servyce?'—'Yea, truly,' quod the knyghte, 'so thou do no hurte to any persone in this house.'—'No more I will do,' quod Orthone, 'for I have no power to do any other yvell, but to awake thee out of thy slepe, or some other.'—'Well,' quod the knyght, 'do as I tell thee, and we shall soone agree, and leave the yvill clerke, for there is no good thyng in him, but to put thee to payne; therefore, come and serve me.'—'Well,' quod Orthone, 'and sythe thou wilt have me, we are agreed.'

"'So this spyrite Orthone loved so the knight, that oftentymes he wold come and vysyte him, while he lay in his bedde aslepe, and outher pull him by the eare, or els stryke at his chambre dore or windowe. And, whan the knyght awoke, than he would saye, 'Orthone, lat me slepe.'—'Nay,' quod Orthone, 'that I will not do, tyll I have shewed thee such tydinges as are fallen a-late.' The ladye, the knyghtes wife, wolde be sore afrayed, that her heer wald stand up, and hyde herself under the clothes. Than the knyght wolde saye, 'Why, what tidynges hast thou brought me?'—Quod Orthone, 'I am come out of England, or out of Hungry, or some other place, and yesterday I came hens, and such things are fallen, or such other.' So thus the Lord of Corasse knewe, by Orthone, every thing that was done in any part of the worlde. And in this case he contynued a fyve yere, and could not kepe his own counsayle, but at last discovered it to the Earl of Foiz. I shall shewe you howe.

"'The firste yere, the Lord of Corasse came on a day to Ortayse, to the Erle of Foiz, and sayd to him, 'Sir, such things are done in England, or in Scotland, or in Almange, or in any other countrey.' And ever the Erle of Foiz found his sayeing true, and had great marveyle how he shulde know suche things so shortly. And, on a tyme, the Earl of Foiz examined him so straitly, that the Lord of Corasse shewed hym alle toguyder howe he knewe it, and howe he came to hym firste. When the Erle of Foiz hard that, he was joyfull, and said, 'Sir of Corasse, kepe him well in your love; I wolde I hadd suche an messanger; he costeth you nothyng, and ye knowe by him every thynge that is done in the worlde.' The knyght answered, and sayd, 'Sir, that is true.' Thus, the Lord of Corasse was served with Orthone a long season. I can nat saye if this Orthone hadde any more masters or nat; but every weke, twise or thrise, he wolde come and vysite the Lord of Corasse, and wolde shewe hym such tidynges of any thing that was fallen fro whens he came. And ever the Lord of Corasse, when he knewe any thynge, he wrote thereof to the Earl of Foiz, who had great joy thereof; for he was the lord, of all the worlde, that most desyred to here news out of straunge places. And, on a tyme, the Lord of Corasse was with the Erle of Foiz, and the erle demaunded of hym, and sayd, 'Sir of Corasse, dyd ye ever as yet se your messangere?'—'Nay, surely, sir,' quod the knyghte, 'nor I never desyred it.'—'That is

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marveyle,' quod the erle; 'if I were as well acquainted with him as ye be, I wolde have desyred to have seen hym; wherefore, I pray you, desyre it of him, and then telle me what form and facyon he is of. I have herd you say how he speaketh as good Gascon as outher you or I.'—'Truely, sir,' quod the knyght, 'so it is: he speketh as well, and as fayr, as any of us both do. And, surely, sir, sithe ye counsayle me, I shall do my payne to see him as I can.' And so, on a night, as he lay in his bedde, with the ladye his wife, who was so inured to here Orthone, that she was no longer afrayd of hym; than cam Orthone, and pulled the lord by the eare, who was fast asleep, and therewith he awoke, and asked who was there? 'I am here,' quod Orthone. Then he demanded, 'From whens comest thou nowe?'—'I come,' quod Orthone, 'from Pragne, in Boesme!'—'How farre is that hens?' quod the knyght. 'A threescore days journey,' quod Orthone. 'And art thou come hens so soon?' quod the knyght. 'Yea truely,' quod Orthone, 'I come as fast as the wynde, or faster.'—'Hast thou than winges?' quod the knyght. 'Nay, truely,' quod he. 'How canst thou than flye so fast?' quod the knyght, 'Ye have nothing to do to knowe that,' quod Orthone. 'No?' quod the knyght, 'I would gladly se thee, to know what forme thou art of.'—'Well,' quod Orthone, 'ye have nothing to do to knowe: it sufficeth you to here me, and to shewe you tidynges.'—'In faythe,' quod the knyght, 'I wolde love thee moche better an I myght se thee ones.'—'Well,' quod Orthone, 'sir, sithe you have so gret desyre to se me, the first thynge that ye se tomorrowe, when ye ryse out of your bedde, the same shall be I.'—'That is sufficient,' quod the lorde. 'Go thy way; I gyve thee leave to departe for this nyght.' And the next mornynge the lord rose, and the ladie his wife was so afrayd, that she durst not ryse, but fayned herself sicke, and sayd she wolde not ryse. Her husband wold have had her to have rysen. 'Sir,' quod she, 'than I shall se Orthone, and I wolde not se him by my gode wille.'—'Well,' quod the knyght, 'I wolde gladly se him.' And so he arose, fayre and easily, out of his bedde, and sat down on his bedde-syde, wenying to have seen Orthone in his own proper form; but he sawe nothynge wherbye he myghte say, 'Lo, yonder is Orthone.' So that day past, and the next night came, and when the knyght was in his bedde, Orthone came, and began to speke, as he was accustomed. 'Go thy waye,' quod the knyght, 'thou arte but a lyer; thou promysest that I shuld have sene the, and it was not so.'—'No?' quod he, 'and I shewed myself to the.'—'That is not so,' quod the lord. 'Why,' quod Orthone, 'whan ye rose out of your bedde, sawe ye nothynge?' Than the lorde studyed a lytell, and advysed himself well. 'Yes, truely,' quod the knyght, 'now I remember me, as I state on my bedde-syde, thynking on thee, I sawe two strawes upon the pavement, tumblynge one upon another.' —'That same was I,' quod Orthone, 'into that fourme I dyd putte myself as than.'—'That is not enough to me,' quod the lord; 'I pray thee putte thyselfe into some other fourme, that I may better se and knowe thee.'—'Well,' quod Orthone, 'ye will do so muche, that ye will lose me, and I to go fro you, for ye desyre to much of me.'—'Nay,' quod the knyght, 'thou shalt not go fro me; let me se the ones, and I will desyre no more.'—'Well,' quod Orthone, 'ye shall se me to-morrowe; take hede, the first thyng that ye se after ye be out of your chamber, it shall be I.'—'Well,' quod the knyght, 'I am than content. Go thy way, lette me slepe.' And so Orthone departed, and the next mornyng the lord arose, and yssued oute of his chambre, and went to a windowe, and looked downe into the courte of the castell, and cast about his eyen. And the firste thing he sawe was a sowe, the greattest that ever he sawe; and she seemed to be so leane and yvell-favoured, that there was nothyng on her but the skynne and the bones, with long eares, and a long leane snout. The Lord of Corasse had marveyle of that leane sowe, and was wery of the sighte of her, and commanded his men to fetch his houndes, and sayd, 'Let the dogges hunt her to deth, and devour her.' His servants opened the kenells, and lette oute his houndes, and dyd sette them on this sowe. And, at the last, the sowe made a great crye, and looked up to the Lord of Corasse as he looked out at a windowe, and so sodaynely vanyshed awaye, no man wyste howe. Than the Lord of Corasse entred into his chambre, right pensyve, and than he remembered hym of Orthone, his messangere, and sayd, 'I repent me that I set my houndes on him. It is an adventure an I here any more of hym; for he sayd to me oftentymes, that if I displeased hym, I shulde lose hym.' The lord said trouthe, for never after he cam into the castell of Corasse, and also the knyght dyed the same yere next followinge.

"'So, sir,' said the squyer, 'thus have I shewed you the lyfe of Orthone, and howe, for a season, he served the Lord of Corasse with newe tidynges.'—'It is true, sir,' sayd I, 'but nowe, as to your firste purpose: Is the Earl of Foiz served with suche an messangere?'—'Surely,' quod the squyer, 'it is the ymagination of many, that he hath such messengers, for ther is nothynge done in any place, but and he sette his myne thereto, he will knowe it, and whan men thynke leest thereof. And so dyd he, when the goode knyghtes and squyers of this country were slayne in Portugale at Guberothe. Some saythe, the knowledge of such thynges hath done him moche profyte, for and there be but the value of a spone lost in his house, anone he will know where it is.' So thus, then, I toke leave of the

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squyer, and went to other company; but I bare well away his tale."—BOURCHIER'S *Translation of Froissart's Chronycle*, vol. ii. chap. 37.

NOTE B.

And melted him, etc.

The tradition regarding the death of Lord Soulis, however singular, is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland. The same extraordinary mode of cookery was actually practised (*horresco referens!*) upon the body of a sheriff of the Mearns. This person, whose name was Melvill of Glenbervie, bore his faculties so harshly, that he became detested by the barons of the country. Reiterated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I. (or, as others say, to the Duke of Albany,) the monarch answered, in a moment of unguarded impatience, "Sorrow gin the sheriff were sodden, and supped in broo!" The complainers retired, perfectly satisfied. Shortly after, the Lairds of Arbuthnot, Mather, Laureston, and Pittaraw, decoyed Melville to the top of the hill of Garvock, above Lawrencekirk, under pretence of a grand hunting party. Upon this place, (still called the *Sheriff's Pot.*) the barons had prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron, into which they plunged the unlucky sheriff. After he was *sodden* (as the King termed it) for a sufficient time, the savages, that they might literally observe the royal mandate, concluded the scene of abomination by actually partaking of the hell-broth.

The three lairds were outlawed for this offence; and Barclay, one of their number, to screen himself from justice, erected the kaim (*i. e.* the camp, or fortress) of Mathers, which stands upon a rocky and almost inaccessible peninsula, overhanging the German Ocean. The laird of Arbuthnot is said to have eluded the royal vengeance, by claiming the benefit of the law of clan Macduff, concerning which the curious reader will find some particulars subjoined. A pardon, or perhaps a deed of replegiation, founded upon that law, is said to be still extant among the records of the Viscount of Arbuthnot.

Pellow narrates a similar instance of atrocity, perpetrated after the death of Muley Ismael, Emperor of Morocco, in 1727, when the inhabitants of Old Fez, throwing off all allegiance to his successor, slew "Alchyde Boel le Rosea, their old governor, boiling his flesh, and many, through spite, eating thereof, and throwing what they could not eat of it to the dogs," —See PELLOW'S *Travels in South Barbary*. And we may add, to such tales, the Oriental tyranny of Zenghis Khan, who immersed seventy Tartar Kans in as many boiling cauldrons.

The punishment of boiling seems to have been in use among the English at a very late period, as appears from the following passage in STOWE'S *Chronicle*;—"The 17th March (1524), Margaret Davy, a maid, was boiled at Smithfield, for poisoning of three households that she had dwelled in." But unquestionably the usual practice of Smithfield cookery, about that period, was by a different application of fire.

LAW OF CLAN MACDUFF.

Though it is rather foreign to the proper subject of this work, many readers may not be displeased to have some account of the curious privilege enjoyed by the descendants of the famous Macduff, Thane of Fife, and thence called the law of the Clan, or family, bearing his name.

When the revolution was accomplished, in which Macbeth was dethroned and slain, Malcolm, sensible of the high services of the Thane of Fife, is said, by our historians, to have promised to grant the first three requests he should make. Macduff accordingly demanded, and obtained, first, that he and his successors, Lords of Fife, should place the crown on the King's head at his coronation; secondly, that they should lead the vanguard of the army whenever the royal banner was displayed; and, lastly, this privilege of clan Macduff, whereby any person, being related to Macduff within the ninth degree, and having committed homicide in *chaude melle*, (without premeditation,) should, upon flying to Macduff's Cross, and paying a certain fine, obtain remission of their guilt. Such, at least, is the account given of the law by all our historians. Nevertheless, there seems ground to suspect that the privilege did not amount to an actual and total remission of the crime, but only to a right of being exempted from all other courts of jurisdiction, except that of the Lord of Fife. The reader is presented with an old document, in which the law of clan Macduff is pleaded on behalf of one of the ancestors of Moray of Abercairney; and it is remarkable that he does not claim any immunity, but solely a right of being repledged, because his cause had already been tried by Robert Earl of Fife, the sole competent judge. But the privilege of being answerable only to the chief of their own clan was, to the descendants of Macduff, almost equivalent to an absolute indemnity.

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Macduff's Cross was situated near Lindores, on the march dividing Fife from Strathern The form of this venerable monument unfortunately offended the zeal of the reformer, Knox, and it was totally demolished by his followers. The pedestal, a solid block of stone, alone escaped the besom of destruction. It bore an inscription, which, according to the apocryphal account of Sir Robert Sibbald, was a mixture of Latin, Saxon, Danish, and old French. Skene has preserved two lines :—

> "Propter Makgridim et hoc oblatum,
> Accipe Smeleridem super lampade limpidæ labrum."
>
> *Skene*, de *verb. sig. voce Clan Macduff.*

The full inscription, real or pretended, may be found in Sir Robert Sibbald's *History of Fife*, and in James Cunninghame's *Essay upon Macduff's Cross*, together with what is called a translation or rather paraphrase, of the piebald jargon which composes it. In Gough's edition of Camden's Britannia, a different and more intelligible version is given, on the authority of a Mr. Douglas of Newburgh. The cross was dedicated to a St. Macgider. Around the pedestal are tumuli, said to be the graves of those who, having claimed the privilege of the law, failed in proving their consanguinity to the Thane of Fife. Such persons were instantly executed. The people of Newburgh believe, that the spectres of these criminals still haunt the ruined cross, and claim that mercy for their souls which they had failed to obtain for their mortal existence.

The late Lord Hailes gives it as his opinion, that the indulgence was only to last till the tenth generation from Macduff.

Fordun and Wintoun state, that the fine, to be paid by the person taking sanctuary, was twenty-four merks for a gentleman, and twelve merks for a yeoman. Skene affirms it to be nine cows, and a colpindach (*i. e.* a quey, or cow, of one or two years old.)—FORDUN. lib. v. cap. 9; WINTOUN'S *Cronykel*, b. vi. cap. 18: SKENE, *ut supra*. The last cited author avers, that he has seen an old evident, bearing, that Spens of Wormestoun, being of Macduff's kin, enjoyed this privilege for the slaughter of one Kinnermonth. The following deed, of a like nature, is published from a copy, accurately transcribed from an original deed, in the hands of the late Mr. Cuming, of the Herald-Office, Edinburgh, by Messrs. Brown and Gibb, librarians to the Faculty of Advocates. The blanks are occasioned by some parts of the deed having been obliterated.

"In nomine domini, amen. Per presens publicum instrumentum cunctis pateat evidenter quod anno ejusdem domini mo. cco. nonagesimo primo, indictione quinta decima Pontificatus sanctissimi in Christo Patris, ac domini nostri Clementis divina providentia Papæ septimi anno quarto decimo, mensis Decembris die septimo, In mei notarii publici et testium subscriptorum presentia personaliter constitutus nobilis et potens vir Dominus Alexander de Moravia, miles, cum prolocutoribus suis, Domino Bernardo de Howden, milite, et Johanne de Legie, vocatus per rotulos indictamentorum super interfectione Willielmi de Spalden coram Justiciariis; viz. Johanne de Drummond milite, Mauricio de Drummond.

"Filium Willielmi in judicio sedentibus apud Foulis et potestatus erat, quod ex quo semel pro interfectione dicti hominis antea fuit per indictamentum judicio vocatus et replegiatus ad legem de clan Macduff, per Dominum Robertum Comitem de Fyfe non tenebatur coram quocunque alio de dicta interfectione judiciari, quousque dicta lex de clan Macduff suo intemerata privilegio de ipso ut prædicitur ad ipsam legem atto. Petens ipsum legaliter deliberari, et per ipsos vel eorum indictamentis sic in debite ulterius non vexari. Quiquidem judicis nolle dictum Dominum Alexandrum deliberarie si ipsum bene vellent respectuare eousque quod dominus de Brochepen justiciarius capitalis dicta actione ordinaverunt quod sibi et suo concilio expedientius videretur, quiquidem Dominus Alexander et sui prolocutores eorum petitione et prestatione et predictorum judicum responsione, petierunt a me notario publico infra scripto præsentium acta fuerunt hæc apud Foulis, in itinere justiciario ibidem tento anno mense die et pontificatu prescriptis per nobilibus et discretis viris Dominus Mauricio Archidiacono Dumblan, Willielmo de Grame, Vinfrido de Cunyngham, David de Militibus, Moritio de Drummond, Waltero de Drummond, Walter de Moravia, Scutiferis, testibus ad præmissa vocatis specialiter et rogatis.

"Et ego Johannes Symonis Clericus Dunkeldensis publicus imperial. notarius prædicti Domini Alexandri comparatione ipsius petitione et protestatione desuper justiciariorium responsione omnibusque aliis et singulis dum sic ut priusquam et agerentur una cum prenominatis testibus presens interfui eaque sic fieri vidi et in hanc formam publicam, redegi manuque mea propria scripsi requisitus et roga om omnium premissorum signo meo consueto signavi."—W. S.

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THE COUT OF KEELDAR.

BY J. LEYDEN.

The tradition on which the following ballad is founded derives considerable illustration from the argument of the preceding. It is necessary to add, that the most redoubted adversary of Lord Soulis was the Chief of Keeldar, a Northumbrian district, adjacent to Cumberland, who perished in a sudden encounter on the banks of the Hermitage. Being arrayed in armour of proof, he sustained no hurt in the combat; but stumbling in retreating across the river, the hostile party held him down below water with their lances till he died; and the eddy, in which he perished, is still called the Cout of Keeldar's Pool. His grave, of gigantic size, is pointed out on the banks of the Hermitage, at the western corner of a wall, surrounding the burial-ground of a ruined chapel. As an enemy of Lord Soulis, his memory is revered; and the popular epithet of *Cout*, (*i. e.* Colt,) is expressive of his strength, stature, and activity.[1] Tradition likewise relates, that the young Chief of Mangerton, to whose protection Lord Soulis had, in some eminent jeopardy, been indebted for his life, was decoyed by that faithless tyrant into his castle of Hermitage, and insidiously murdered at a feast.

The Keeldar Stone, by which the Northumbrian Chief passed in his incursion, is still pointed out, as a boundary mark, on the confines of Jed forest, and Northumberland. It is a rough insulated mass, of considerable dimensions, and it is held unlucky to ride thrice *withershins*[2] around it. Keeldar Castle is now a hunting seat, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

The *Brown Man of the Muirs* is a Fairy of the most malignant order, the genuine *duergar*. Walsingham mentions a story of an unfortunate youth, whose brains were extracted from his skull, during his sleep, by this malicious being. Owing to this operation, he remained insane many years, till the Virgin Mary courteously restored his brains to their station.

The eiry blood-hound howl'd by night,
  The streamers[3] flaunted red,
Till broken streaks of flaky light
  O'er Keeldar's mountains spread.

The lady sigh'd as Keeldar rose:
  "Come tell me, dear love mine,

---

[1] ["*Cout* is explained by Mr. Leyden to mean *Colt*. If the country people really designate him as *Cout* of Keeldar, they probably mean *Chief* of Keeldar—

. . . . . 'Muse I do
A shepherd thus should blaize
The Coot of beauty' . . . . "—*Warner's Albion.*

MS. Letter of JOHN FINLAY, to W. S., 27th March, 1803.]

[2] *Widdershins*—German *widdersins*. A direction contrary to the course of the sun; from left, namely, to right.

[3] *Streamers*—Northern Lights.

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Go you to hunt where Keeldar flows,
Or on the banks of Tyne?"—

"The heath-bell blows where Keeldar flows,
By Tyne the primrose pale;
But now we ride on the Scottish side,
To hunt in Liddesdale."—

"Gin you will ride on the Scottish side,
Sore must thy Margaret mourn;
For Soulis abhorr'd is Lydall's lord,
And I fear you'll ne'er return.

"The axe he bears, it hacks and tears;
'Tis form'd of an earth-fast flint;[1]
No armour of knight, tho' ever so wight,
Can bear its deadly dint.

"No danger he fears, for a charm'd sword he wears,
Of adderstone the hilt;[2]
No Tynedale knight had ever such might,
But his heart-blood was spilt."—

"In my plume is the holly seen green,
With the leaves of the rowan tree;[3]
And my casque of sand, by a mermaid's hand,
Was formed beneath the sea.

"Then, Margaret dear, have thou no fear!
That bodes no ill to me,
Though never a knight, by mortal might,
Could match his gramarye."

Then forward bound both horse and hound,
And rattle o'er the vale;
As the wintry breeze through leafless trees
Drives on the pattering hail.

Behind their course the English fells
In deepening blue retire;
Till soon before them boldly swells
The muir of dun Redswire.

---

[1] An earth-fast stone, or an insulated stone, enclosed in a bed of earth, is supposed to possess peculiar properties. It is frequently applied to strains and bruises, and used to dissipate swellings; but its blow is reckoned uncommonly severe.

[2] The adderstone, among the Scottish peasantry, is held in almost as high veneration, as, among the Gauls, the *ovum anguinum*, described by Pliny.—*Natural History*, l. xxix. c. 3 The name is applied to celts, and other round perforated stones. The vulgar suppose them to be perforated by the stings of adders.

[3] The rowan-tree, or mountain-ash, is still used by the peasantry, to avert the effects of charms and witchcraft. An inferior degree of the same influence is supposed to reside in many evergreens; as the holly and the bay. With the leaves of the bay, the English and Welsh peasants were lately accustomed to adorn their doors at Midsummer.—Vide BRAND'S *Vulgar Antiquities*.

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And when they reach'd the Redswire high,
  Soft beam'd the rising sun;
But formless shadows seem'd to fly
  Along the muir-land dun.

And when he reach'd the Redswire high,
  His bugle Keeldar blew;
And round did float, with clamorous note
  And scream, the hoarse curlew.

The next blast that young Keeldar blew,
  The wind grew deadly still;
But the sleek fern, with fingery leaves,
  Waved wildly o'er the hill.

The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
  Still stood the limber fern;
And a Wee Man, of swarthy hue,
  Upstarted by a cairn.

His russet weeds were brown as heath,
  That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was frizzly red,
  As the purple heather-bell.

An urchin,[1] clad in pickles red,
  Clung cowering to his arm;
The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled,
  As struck by Fairy charm.

"Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,
  Where stag-hound ne'er should be?
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
  Without the leave of me?"—

"Brown Dwarf, that o'er the muirland strays,
  Thy name to Keeldar tell!"—
"The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays
  Beneath the heather-bell.

"'Tis sweet, beneath the heather-bell,
  To live in autumn brown;
And sweet to hear the lav'rocks swell
  Far far from tower and town.

"But woe betide the shrilling horn,
  The chase's surly cheer!
And ever that hunter is forlorn,
  Whom first at morn I hear."—

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[1] *Urchin*—Hedgehog.

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Says, "Weal nor woe, nor friend nor foe,
In thee we hope nor dread."
But, ere the bugles green could blow,
The Wee Brown Man had fled.

And onward, onward, hound and horse,
Young Keeldar's band have gone;
And soon they wheel, in rapid course,
Around the Keeldar Stone.

Green vervain round its base did creep,
A powerful seed that bore;
And oft, of yore, its channels deep
Were stain'd with human gore.

And still, when blood-drops, clotted thin,
Hang the gray moss upon,
The spirit murmurs from within,
And shakes the rocking stone.[1]

Around, around, young Keeldar wound,
And call'd, in scornful tone,
With him to pass the barrier ground,
The Spirit of the Stone.

The rude crag rock'd; "I come for death,
I come to work thy woe!"—
And 'twas the Brown Man of the Heath,
That murmur'd from below.

But onward, onward, Keeldar past,
Swift as the winter wind,
When, hovering on the driving blast,
The snow-flakes fall behind.

They pass'd the muir of berries blae,
The stone cross on the lee;
They reach'd the green, the bonny brae,
Beneath the birchen tree.

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[1] The rocking stone, commonly reckoned a Druidical monument, has always been held in superstitious veneration by the people. The popular opinion, which supposes them to be inhabited by a spirit, coincides with that of the ancient Icelanders, who worshipped the demons, which they believed to inhabit greatstones. It is related in the *Kristni saga*, chap. 2, that the first Icelandic bishop, by chanting a hymn over one of these sacred stones, immediately after his arrival in the island, split it, expelled the spirit, and converted its worshippers to Christianity. The herb vervain, revered by the Druids, was also reckoned a powerful charm by the common people; and the author recollects a popular rhyme, supposed to be addressed to a young woman by the devil, who attempted to seduce her in the shape of a hand some young man :—

"Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
Lay off the St. John's wort, and the vervine."

By his repugnance to these sacred plants, his mistress discovered the cloven foot.

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This is the bonny brae, the green,
  Yet sacred to the brave,
Where still, of ancient size, is seen,
  Gigantic Keeldar's grave.

The lonely shepherd loves to mark
  The daisy springing fair,
Where weeps the birch of silver bark,
  With long dishevell'd hair.

The grave is green, and round is spread
  The curling lady-fern;
That fatal day the mould was red,
  No moss was on the cairn.

And next they pass'd the chapel there;
  The holy ground was by,
Where many a stone is sculptured fair,
  To mark where warriors lie.

And here, beside the mountain flood,
  A massy castle frown'd,
Since first the Pictish race in blood
  The haunted pile did found.[1]

The restless stream its rocky base
  Assails with ceaseless din;
And many a troubled spirit strays
  The dungeons dark within.

Soon from the lofty tower there hied
  A knight across the vale;
"I greet your master well," he cried,
  "From Soulis of Liddesdale.

"He heard your bugle's echoing call,
  In his green garden bower;
And bids you to his festive hall,
  Within his ancient tower."—

Young Keeldar call'd his hunter train;—
  "For doubtful cheer prepare!
And, as you open force disdain,
  Of secret guile beware.

---

[1] Castles, remarkable for size, strength, and antiquity, are, by the common people, commonly attributed to the Picts, or Pechs, who are not supposed to have trusted solely to their skill in masonry, in constructing these edifices, but are believed to have bathed the foundation-stone with human blood, in order to propitiate the spirit of the soil. Similar to this is the Gaelic tradition, according to which St. Columba is supposed to have been forced to bury St. Oran alive, beneath the foundation of his monastery, in order to propitiate the spirits of the soil, who demolished by night what was built during the day.

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"'Twas here for Mangerton's brave lord
A bloody feast was set,
Who, weetless, at the festal board,
The bull's broad frontlet met.

"Then ever, at uncourteous feast,
Keep every man his brand;
And, as you 'mid his friends are placed,
Range on the better hand.

"And, if the bull's ill-omen'd head [1]
Appear to grace the feast,
Your whingers, with unerring speed,
Plunge in each neighbour's breast."

In Hermitage they sat at dine,
In pomp and proud array;
And oft they fill'd the blood-red wine,
While merry minstrels play.

And many a hunting song they sung,
And song of game and glee;
Then tuned to plaintive strains their tongue,
"Of Scotland's luve and lee."—[2]

To wilder measures next they turn:
"The Black Black Bull of Noroway!"—[3]
Sudden the tapers cease to burn,
The minstrels cease to play.

Each hunter bold, of Keeldar's train,
Sat an enchanted man;
For cold as ice, through every vein,
The freezing life-blood ran.

Each rigid hand the whinger rung,
Each gazed with glaring eye;
But Keeldar from the table sprung,
Unharm'd by gramarye.

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[1] To present a bull's head before a person at a feast, was, in the ancient turbulent times of Scotland, a common signal for his assassination. Thus, Lindsay of Pitscottie relates in his History, p. 17, that "eftir the dinner was endit, once alle the delicate courses taken away, the Chancellor (Sir William Crichton) presentit the bullis head befoir the Earle of Douglas, in sign and token of condemnation to the death."

[2] The most ancient Scottish song known is that which is here alluded to—

"Quhen Alysander our King wes dede,
That Scotland led in luve and le," etc.

[3] The song alluded to is a wild fanciful popular tale of enchantment, termed "*The Black Bull of Noroway.*" The author is inclined to believe it the same story with the romance of the "*Three Fultit Dog of Noroway,*" the title of which is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland.*

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He burst the doors; the roofs resound;
  With yells the castle rung;
Before him, with a sudden bound,
  His favourite blood-hound sprung.

Ere he could pass, the door was barr'd;
  And, grating harsh from under,
With creaking, jarring noise, was heard
  A sound like distant thunder.

The iron clash, the grinding sound,
  Announce the dire sword-mill;[1]
The piteous howlings of the hound
  The dreadful dungeon fill.

With breath drawn in, the murderous crew
  Stood listening to the yell;
And greater still their wonder grew,
  As on their ear it fell.

They listen'd for a human shriek
  Amid the jarring sound;
They only heard, in echoes weak,
  The murmurs of the hound.

The death-bell rung, and wide were flung
  The castle gates amain;
While hurry out the armed rout,
  And marshal on the plain.

Ah! ne'er before in Border feud
  Was seen so dire a fray!
Through glittering lances Keeldar hew'd
  A red corse-paven way.

His helmet, formed of mermaid sand,
  No lethal brand could dint;
No other arms could e'er withstand
  The axe of earth-fast flint.

In Keeldar's plume the holly green,
  And rowan leaves, nod on,
And vain Lord Soulis's sword was seen,
  Though the hilt was adderstone.

Then up the Wee Brown Man he rose,
  By Soulis of Liddesdale;
"In vain," he said, "a thousand blows
  Assail the charmed mail.

---

[1] The author is unable to produce any authority that the execrable machine, the sword-mill, so well known on the continent, was ever employed in Scotland; but he believes the vestiges of something very similar have been discovered in the ruins of old castles.

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"In vain by land your arrows glide,
In vain your falchions gleam—
No spell can stay the living tide,[1]
Or charm the rushing stream."

And now young Keeldar reach'd the stream,
Above the foamy linn;
The Border lances round him gleam,
And force the warrior in.

The holly floated to the side,
And the leaf of the rowan pale;
Alas! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.

Swift was the Cout o' Keeldar's course
Along the lily lee;
But home came never hound nor horse,
And never home came he.

Where weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground,
Between two old gray stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound.

And the hunters bold, of Keeldar's train,
Within yon castle's wall,
In a deadly sleep must aye remain,
Till the ruin'd towers down fall.

Each in his hunter's garb array'd,
Each holds his bugle horn;
Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,
That ne'er shall wake the morn.

THE MERMAID.

BY J. LEYDEN.

The following poem is founded upon a Gaelic traditional ballad, called *Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrivrekin*. The dangerous gulf of Corrivrekin lies between the islands of Jura and Scarba, and the superstition of the islanders has tenanted its shelves and eddies with all the fabulous monsters and demons of the ocean. Among these, according to a universal tradition, the Mermaid is the most remarkable. In her dwelling, and in her appearance, the mermaid of the northern nations re-

[1] That no species of magic had any effect over a running stream, was a common opinion among the vulgar, and is alluded to in Burns's admirable tale of *Tam o' Shanter*.

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sembles the siren of the ancients. The appendages of a comb and mirror are probably of Celtic invention.

The Gaelic story bears, that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid, while passing the gulf above mentioned: that they resided together, in a grotto beneath the sea, for several years, during which time she bore him five children: but finally, he tired of her society, and, having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay, he escaped to land.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Man have a number of such stories, which may be found in Waldron. One bears, that a very beautiful mermaid fell in love with a young shepherd, who kept his flocks beside a creek much frequented by these marine people. She frequently caressed him, and brought him presents of coral, fine pearls, and every valuable production of the ocean. Once upon a time, as she threw her arms eagerly round him, he suspected her of a design to draw him into the sea, and, struggling hard, disengaged himself from her embrace, and ran away. But the mermaid resented either the suspicion, or the disappointment, so highly that she threw a stone after him, and flung herself into the sea, whence she never returned. The youth, though but slightly struck with the pebble, felt, from that moment, the most excruciating agony, and died at the end of seven days.—WALDRON'S *Works*, p. 176.

Another tradition of the same island affirms, that one of these amphibious damsels was caught in a net, and brought to land by some fishers, who had spread a snare for the denizens of the ocean. She was shaped like the most beautiful female down to the waist, but below trailed a voluminous fish's tail, with spreading fins. As she would neither eat nor speak (though they knew she had the power of language,) they became apprehensive that the island would be visited with some strange calamity, if she should die for want of food; and, therefore, on the third night, they left the door open, that she might escape. Accordingly, she did not fail to embrace the opportunity; but gliding with incredible swiftness to the sea-side, she plunged herself into the waters, and was welcomed by a number of her own species, who were heard to enquire what she had seen among the natives of the earth? "Nothing," she answered, "wonderful, except that they were silly enough to throw away the water in which they had boiled their eggs."

Collins, in his notes upon the line,

"Mona, long hid from those who sail the main,"

explains it, by a similar Celtic tradition. It seems a mermaid had become so much charmed with a young man, who walked upon the beach, that she made love to him; and, being rejected with scorn, she excited, by enchantment, a mist, which long concealed the island from all navigators.

I must mention another Mankish tradition, because, being derived from the common source of Celtic mythology, they appear the most natural illustrations of a Hebridean tale. About fifty years before Waldron went to reside in Man (for there were living witnesses of the legend, when he was upon the island,) a project was undertaken to fish treasures up from the deep, by means of a diving-bell. A venturous fellow, accordingly, descended, and kept pulling for more rope, till all they had on board was expended. This must have been no small quantity, for a skilful mathe-

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matician who was on board, judging from the proportion of line let down, declared, that the adventurer must have descended at least double the number of leagues which the moon is computed to be distant from the earth. At such a depth, wonders might be expected, and wonderful was the account given by the adventurer, when drawn up to the air.

"After," said he, "I had passed the region of fishes, I descended into a pure element, clear as the air in the serenest and most unclouded day, through which, as I passed, I saw the bottom of the watery world, paved with coral, and a shining kind of pebbles, which glittered like the sunbeams, reflected on a glass. I longed to tread the delightful paths, and never felt more exquisite delight than when the machine, I was enclosed in, grazed upon it.

"On looking through the little windows of my prison, I saw large streets and squares on every side, ornamented with huge pyramids of crystal, not inferior in brightness to the finest diamonds; and the most beautiful buildings, not of stone, nor brick, but of mother-of-pearl, and embossed in various figures, with shells of all colours. The passage, which led to one of those magnificent apartments, being open, I endeavoured, with my whole strength, to move my enclosure towards it; which I did, though with great difficulty, and very slowly. At last, however, I got entrance into a very spacious room, in the midst of which stood a large amber table, with several chairs round, of the same. The floor of it was composed of rough diamonds, topazes, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Here I doubted not but to make my voyage as profitable as it was pleasant; for, could I have brought with me but a few of these, they would have been of more value than all we could hope for in a thousand wrecks; but they were so closely wedged in, and so strongly cemented by time, that they were not to be unfastened. I saw several chains, carcanets, and rings, of all manner of precious stones, finely cut, and set after our manner, which, I suppose, had been the prize of the winds and waves: these were hanging loosely on the jasper walls, by strings made of rushes, which I might easily have taken down; but, as I had edged myself within half a foot reach of them, I was unfortunately drawn back through your want of line. In my return I saw several comely *mermen*, and beautiful *mermaids*, the inhabitants of this blissful realm swiftly descending towards it; but they seemed frighted at my appearance, and glided at a distance from me, taking me, no doubt, for some monstrous and new-created species."—WALDRON, *ibidem*.

It would be very easy to enlarge this introduction, by quoting a variety of authors, concerning the supposed existence of these marine people. The reader may consult the *Telliamed* of M. Maillet, who, in support of the Neptunist system of geology, has collected a variety of legends, respecting mermen and mermaids, p. 230, *et sequen*. Much information may also be derived from Pontopiddan's *Natural History of Norway*, who fails not to people her seas with this amphibious race.[1] An older authority is to be found in the *Kongs shugg-sio*, or Royal Mirror, written, as it

[1] I believe something to the same purpose may be found in the school editions of Guthrie's *Geographical Grammar*; a work which, though in general as sober and dull as could be desired by the gravest preceptor, becomes of a sudden uncommonly lively, upon the subject of the seas of Norway; the author having thought meet to adopt the Right Reverend Erick Pontopiddan's account of mermen, sea-snakes, and krakens.

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is believed, about 1170. The mermen, there mentioned, are termed *hafstrambur* (sea-giants), and are said to have the upper parts resembling the human race; but the author, with becoming diffidence, declines to state, positively, whether they are equipped with a dolphin's tail. The female monster is called *Mar-Gyga* (sea-giantess), and is averred certainly to drag a fish's train. She appears generally in the act of devouring fish, which she has caught. According to the apparent voracity of her appetite, the sailors pretend to guess what chance they have of saving their lives in the tempests, which always followed her appearance.—*Speculum Regale,* 1768, p. 166.

Mermaids were sometimes supposed to be possessed of supernatural power. Resenius, in his Life of Frederick II., gives us an account of a siren, who not only prophesied future events, but, as might have been expected from the element in which she dwelt, preached vehemently against the sin of drunkenness.

The mermaid of Corrivrekin possessed the power of occasionally resigning her scaly train; and the Celtic tradition bears, that when, from choice or necessity, she was invested with that appendage, her manners were more stern and savage than when her form was entirely human. Of course, she warned her lover not to come into her presence when she was thus transformed. This belief is alluded to in the following ballad.

The beauty of the sirens is celebrated in the old romances of chivalry. Dooling, upon beholding, for the first time in his life, a beautiful female, exclaims, "Par sainte Marie, si belle creature ne vis je oncque en ma vie! "Je crois que c'est un ange du ciel ou une seraine de mer; je crois que "homme n'engendra oncque si belle creature."—La Fleur de Battailles.

I cannot help adding, that some late evidence has been produced, serving to show, either that imagination played strange tricks with the witnesses, or that the existence of mermaids is no longer a matter of question. I refer to the letters written to Sir John Sinclair, by the spectators of such a phenomenon, in the bay of Sandside, in Caithness.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL,[1]

WITH

THE MERMAID.

To brighter charms depart, my simple lay,
Than graced of old the maid of Colonsay,
When her fond lover lessening from her view,
With eyes reverted o'er the surge withdrew;
But happier still, should lovely Campbell sing
Thy plaintive numbers to the trembling string.

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[1] [Daughter of John, fifth Duke of Argyle—now Lady Charlotte Bury.—1833.]

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The mermaid's melting strains would yield to thee,
Though pour'd diffusive o'er the silver sea.

Go boldly forth—but ah! the listening throng,
Rapt by the siren, would forget the song!
Lo! while they pause, nor dare to gaze around,
Afraid to break the soft enchanting sound,
While swells to sympathy each fluttering heart,
'Tis not the poet's, but the siren's art.

Go forth, devoid of fear, my simple lay!
First heard, returning from Iona's bay,
When round our bark the shades of evening drew,
And broken slumbers prest our weary crew.
While round the prow the sea-fire, flashing bright,
Shed a strange lustre o'er the waste of night;
While harsh and dismal scream'd the diving gull,
Round the dark rocks that wall the coast of Mull;
As through black reefs we held our venturous way,
I caught the wild traditionary lay;—
A wreath, no more in black Iona's isle
To bloom—but graced by high-born Beauty's smile.

J. L.

THE MERMAID.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
  The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhed shell
  Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
  The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charm'd the dancing waves to sleep,
  Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
  As parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
  Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
  Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
  The lovely maid of Colonsay.

"And raise," he cried, "the song of love,
  The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
  We left afar the lonely isle!—

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"'When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.'"

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

"Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

"As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore,
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrivrekin's surges roar!

"If, from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,[2]

"Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And, in the gulf, where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

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[1] ["Without the preface, Mr. Leyden's Mermaid, though composed in pretty stanzas, would be unintelligible. The style is likewise too fine and *recherché*, and not wholly free from an affectation of quaintness; but this, and the seven subsequent stanzas, are graceful and soothing."—*Monthly Review*, October, 1804.]

[2] "They who, in works of navigation, on the coast of Norway, employ themselves in fishing or merchandise, do all agree in this strange story, that there is a serpent there, which is of vast magnitude, namely, two hundred feet long, and moreover twenty feet thick; and is wont to live in rocks and caves, toward the sea-coast about Berge; which will go alone from his holes, in a clear night in summer, and devour calves, lambs, and hogs; or else he goes into the sea to feed on polypus, locusts, and all sorts of sea-crabs. He hath commonly hair hanging from his neck a cubit long, and sharp scales, and is black, and he hath flaming shining eyes. This snake disquiets the skippers, and he puts up his head on high, like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he devours them; and this hapneth not but it signifies some wonderful change of the kingdom near at hand; namely, that the princes shall die, or be banished, or some tumultuous wars shall presentlie follow."—*Olaus Magnus*, London, 1558, rendered into English by J. S. Much more of the sea-snake may be learned from the credible witnesses cited by Pontoppidan, who saw it raise itself from the sea, twice as high as the mast of their vessel. The tradition probably originates in the immense snake of the Edda, whose folds were supposed to girdle the earth.—J. L.

A sort of sea-snake, of size immense enough to have given rise to this tradition, was thrown ashore upon one of the Orkney Isles, in 1808.—W. S.

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"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
  Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrow'd seas,
  Before my love, sweet western gale!"

Thus, all to soothe the Chieftain's woe,
  Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
  He seem'd her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
  Impatient for the rising day,
And still, from Crinan's moonlight shore,
  He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
  That streaks with foam the ocean green:
While forward still the rowers urge
  Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
  Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
  Her glossy, yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
  She reach'd amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the Chieftain brave,
  She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
  The monks the prayers of death shall say,
And long, for thee, the fruitless tear
  Shall weep the Maid of Colonsay!

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
  The eddying waves the Chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
  Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink, by slow degrees;
  No more the surges round him rave;
Lull'd by the music of the seas,
  He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
  Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song,
  Far in the crystal cavern, rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
  In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
  But never reach the waking ear;

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As sunbeams through the tepid air,
  When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers, that bloom more fair,
  And fields, that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell;
  It seem'd to soothe the fluttering spray—
"Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes swell?"—
  "Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
  Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
  Yet fears to find the vision true,—

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
  Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He fear'd some spell had bound his feet,
  And hardly dared his limbs to try.

"This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
  Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
  Compare to her of Colonsay?"

Roused by that voice, of silver sound,
  From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And, glancing wild his eyes around,
  Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
  It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
  Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
  And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
  As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
  Again she raised the melting lay;
—"Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
  And leave the Maid of Colonsay?

"Fair is the crystal hall for me,
  With rubies and with emeralds set,
And sweet the music of the sea
  Shall sing, when we for love are met.

"How sweet to dance, with gliding feet,
  Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet,
  That breathes along the moonlight scene!

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"And soft the music of the main
  Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams, o'er the watery plain,
  Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

"How sweet, when billows heave their head,
  And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire-bed,
  Beneath the tumbling surge, to lie;

"To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
  Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells, unconscious, sleep,
  Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

"Then shall the summer sun, from far,
  Pour through the wave a softer ray,
While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
  At eve shall shed a brighter day.

"Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
  That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
  Calm in the bosom of the deep.

"Through the green meads beneath the sea,
  Enamour'd, we shall fondly stray—
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
  And leave the Maid of Colonsay!"—

"Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
  Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
  While mine beats high in every vein.

"If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
  Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
  My heart would grow as cold as thine."

As cygnet down, proud swell'd her breast;
  Her eye confest the pearly tear;
His hand she to her bosom press'd—
  "Is there no heart for rapture here?

"These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
  Does no warm blood their current fill,
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
  To joy, to love's delirious thrill?"—

"Though all the splendour of the sea
  Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
  Can hold no sympathy with mine.

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"These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love:
The beauteous Maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

"Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that siren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread;
Unfolds in length her scaly train:
She toss'd, in proud disdain, her head,
And lash'd, with webbed fin, the main.

"Dwell here, alone!" the mermaid cried,
"And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
Thy prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

"Whene'er, like Ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave, with rapid fin, the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

"I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain:
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main!"—

She fled, around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road,
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay;
And many a sun roll'd through the sky,
And pour'd its beams on Colonsay;

And oft, beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the mermaid sing,
And oft, to many a melting tune,
The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring:

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charm'd him with some tender strain;

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,

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And thought to plunge him in the deep,
  That wall'd his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
  Retain'd its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
  To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
  The Mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
  But like a maid of mortal frame.

"O give to me that ruby ring,
  That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
  The song, thou lovest, of Colonsay."—

"This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
  Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
  Again to visit Colonsay."—

"Except thou quit thy former love,
  Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move,
  To tear thy limbs amid the sea."—

"Then bear me swift along the main,
  The lonely isle again to see,
And, when I here return again,
  I plight my faith to dwell with thee."—

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
  While slow unfolds her scaly train,
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
  She lash'd, with webbed fin, the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
  As, with broad fin, she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
  That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last,
  To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she past,
  She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
  Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the Chieftain sprung,
  To hail the Maid of Colonsay.

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O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
  And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
  Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
  The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
  The lovely Chief of Colonsay.

THE LORD HERRIES HIS COMPLAINT,

A FRAGMENT.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ.

OF HODDOM.

Hoddom Castle is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Annan. It is an ancient structure, said to have been built betwixt the years 1437 and 1484, by John, Lord Herries of Herries, a powerful Border baron, who possessed extensive domains in Dumfries-shire. This family continued to flourish until the death of William, Lord Herries, in the middle of the 16th century, when it merged in heirs-female. Agnes, the eldest of the daughters of Lord William, was married to John, master of Maxwell, afterwards created Lord Herries, and a strenuous partisan of Queen Mary. The castle and barony of Hoddom were sold about 1630, and were then, or soon afterwards, acquired by John Sharpe, Esq. in whose family they have ever since continued. Before the accession of James VI. to the English crown, Hoddom Castle was appointed to be kept "with ane wise stout man, and to have with him four well-horsed men, and there to have two stark footmen, servants, to keep their horses, and the principal to have ane stout footman."—*Border Laws, Appendix.*

On the top of a small, but conspicuous hill, near to Hoddom Castle, there is a square tower, built of hewn stone, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and a serpent, and betwixt them the word *Repentance.* Hence the building, though its proper name is Trailtrow, is more frequently called the Tower of Repentance. It was anciently used as a beacon, and the Border laws direct a watch to be maintained there, with a fire-pan and bell, to give the alarm when the English crossed, or approached, the river Annan. This man was to have a husband-land for his service.—SPOTTISWOODE, p. 306.

Various accounts are given of the cause of erecting the Tower of Repentance. The following has been adopted by my ingenious correspondent, as most susceptible of poetical decoration. A certain Lord Herries—about the date of the transaction tradition is silent—was famous among those who used to rob and steal (*convey,* the wise it call). This Lord, returning from England, with many prisoners, whom he had unlawfully enthralled, was overtaken by a storm, while passing the Solway Frith, and, in order to relieve his boat, he cut all their throats, and threw them

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into the sea. Feeling great qualms of conscience, he built this square tower, carving over the door, which is about half-way up the building, and had formerly no stairs to it, the figures above mentioned, of a dove and a serpent, emblems of remorse and grace, and the motto—"*Repentance.*"

I have only to add, that the marauding baron is said, from his rapacity, to have been sirnamed John the Reif; probably in allusion to a popular romance; and that another account says, the sin, of which he repented, was the destruction of a church, or chapel, called Trailtrow, with the stones of which he had built the Castle of Hoddom.—MACFARLANE'S MSS.

It is said, that Sir Richard Steele, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learned from it? "The way to heaven," answered the boy. "And can you show it to me?" said Sir Richard, in banter. "You must go by that tower," replied the shepherd; and he pointed to the Tower of *Repentance.*

THE LORD HERRIES HIS COMPLAINT.

Bright shone the moon on Hoddom's wall,
  Bright on Repentance Tower;
Mirk was the Lord of Hoddom's saul,
  That chief sae sad and sour.

He sat him on Repentance hicht,
  And glowr'd upon the sea;
And sair and heavily he sicht,
  But nae drap eased his bree.

"The night is fair, and calm the air,
  No blasts disturb the tree;
Baith men and beast now tak their rest,
  And a's at peace but me.

"Can wealth and power in princely bower,
  Can beauty's rolling ee,
Can friendship dear, wi' kindly tear,
  Bring back my peace to me?

"No! lang lang maun the mourner pine,
  And meikle penance dree,
Wha has a heavy heart like mine,
  Ere light that heart can be.

"Under yon silver skimmering waves,
  That saftly rise and fa',
Lie mouldering banes in sandy graves,
  That fley my peace awa'.

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* * * * * *

"To help my boat, I pierced the throat
Of him whom ane lo'ed dear;
Nought did I spare his yellow hair,
And een sae bricht and clear.

"She sits her lane, and maketh mane,
And sings a waefu' sang,—
'Scotch reivers hae my darling ta'en;
O Willie tarries lang!'

"I plunged an auld man in the sea,
Whase locks were like the snaw;
His hairs sall serve for rapes to me,
In hell my saul to draw![1]

"Soon did thy smile, sweet baby, stint,
Torn frae the nurse's knee,
That smile, that might hae saften'd flint,
And still'd the raging sea.

"Alas! twelve precious lives were spilt,
My worthless spark to save;
Bet[2] had I fall'n, withouten guilt,
Frae cradle to the grave.

"Repentance! signal of my bale,
Built of the lasting stane,
Ye lang shall tell the bluidy tale,
When I am dead and gane.

"How Hoddom's Lord, ye lang sall tell,
By conscience stricken sair,
In life sustain'd the pains of hell,
And perish'd in despair."—

* * * * * *

THE MURDER OF CAERLAVEROC.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ.

The tragical event which preceded, or perhaps gave rise to, the successful insurrection of Robert Bruce against the tyranny of Edward I.,

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[1] ["This stanza is worthy of Burns."—*Monthly Review*, October, 1804.]—[2] *Bet*—Better.

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is well known. In the year 1304, Bruce abruptly left the Court of England, and held an interview, in the Dominical Church of Dumfries, with John, surnamed, from the colour of his hair, the Red Cuming, a powerful chieftain, who had formerly held the regency of Scotland. It is said, by the Scottish historians, that he upbraided Cuming with having betrayed to the English monarch a scheme formed betwixt them, for asserting the independence of Scotland. The English writers maintain, that Bruce proposed such a plan to Cuming, which he rejected with scorn, as inconsistent with the fealty he had sworn to Edward. The dispute, however it began, soon waxed high betwixt two fierce and independent barons. At length, standing before the high altar of the church, Cuming gave Bruce the lie, and Bruce retaliated by a stroke of his poniard. Full of confusion and remorse, for a homicide committed in a sanctuary, the future monarch of Scotland rushed out of the church, with the bloody poniard in his hand. Kirkpatrick and Lindsay, two barons who faithfully adhered to him, were waiting at the gate. To their earnest and anxious enquiries into the cause of his emotion, Bruce answered, "I doubt I have slain the Red Cuming."—"Doubtest thou?" exclaimed Kirkpatrick; "I make sure!"[1] Accordingly, with Lindsay and a few followers, he rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded Cuming.

A homicide, in such a place, and in such an age, could hardly escape embellishment from the fertile genius of the churchmen, whose interest was so closely connected with the inviolability of a divine sanctuary. Accordingly, Bowmaker informs us, that the body of the slaughtered baron was watched, during the night, by the Dominicans, with the usual rites of the church. But, at midnight, the whole assistants fell into a dead sleep, with the exception of one aged father, who heard, with terror and surprise, a voice, like that of a wailing infant, exclaim, "How long, O Lord, shall vengeance be deferred?" It was answered in an awful tone, "Endure with patience, until the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-second time." In the year 1357, fifty-two years after Cuming's death, James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted in the castle of Caerlaveroc, in Dumfries-shire, belonging to Roger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of the Regent. In the dead of night, for some unknown cause, Lindsay arose, and poniarded in his bed his unsuspecting host. He then mounted his horse to fly; but guilt and fear had so bewildered his senses, that, after riding all night, he was taken, at break of day, not three miles from the castle, and was afterwards executed by order of King David II.

The story of the murder is thus told by the Prior of Lochlevin :—

> "That ilk yhere in our kynryk
> Hoge was slayne of Kilpatrik
> Be schyr Jakkis the Lyndessay
> In-til Karlaveroc; and away
> For til have bene with all his mycht
> This Lyndyssay pressyt all a nycht
> Forth on hors rycht fast rydand,

[1] Hence the crest of Kirkpatrick is a hand, grasping a dagger, distilling gouts of blood, proper; motto, "*I mack sicker*."

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Nevyrtheless yhit thai him fand
Nocht thre myle fra that ilk place;
There tane and broucht agane he was
Til Karlaveroc, be thai men
That frendis war til Kirkpatrick then;
Thare was he kepyd rycht straytly.
His wyf [1] passyd till the King Dawy,
And prayid him of his realté,
Of Lauche that scho mycht serwyd be.
The King Dawy than also fast
Till Dumfres with his curt he past,
At Lawche wald. Quhat was thare mare?
This Lyndessay to deth he gert do thare."

WINTOWNIS *Cronykill*, b. viii. cap. 44.

THE MURDER OF CAERLAVEROC.

"Now, come to me, my little page,
Of wit sae wondrous sly!
Ne'er under flower, o' youthfu' age,
Did mair destruction lie.

"I'll dance and revel wi' the rest
Within this castle rare;
Yet he shall rue the drearie feast,
Bot and his lady fair.

"For ye maun drug Kirkpatrick's wine
Wi' juice o' poppy flowers;
Nae mair he'll see the morning shine
Frae proud Caerlaveroc's towers.

"For he has twined my love and me,
The maid of mickle scorn—
She'll welcome, wi' a tearfu' ee,
Her widowhood the morn.

"And saddle weel my milk-white steed,
Prepare my harness bright!
Giff I can make my rival bleed,
I'll ride awa this night."—

"Now, haste ye, master, to the ha'!
The guests are drinking there;
Kirkpatrick's pride sall be but sma',
For a' his lady fair."—

* * * * * *

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[1] That is, Kirkpatrick's wife.

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In came the merry minstrelsy;
  Shrill harps wi' tinkling string,
And bagpipes, lilting melody,
  Made proud Caerlaveroc ring.

There gallant knights, and ladies bright,
  Did move to measures fine,
Like frolic fairies, jimp and light,
  Wha dance in pale moonshine.

The ladies glided through the ha',
  Wi' footing swift and sure—
Kirkpatrick's dame outdid them a',
  When she stood on the floor.

And some had tyres of gold sae rare,
  And pendants [1] eight or nine;
And she, wi' but her gowden hair,
  Did a' the rest outshine.

And some wi' costly diamonds sheen,
  Did warriors' hearts assail—
But she wi' her twa sparkling een,
  Pierced through the thickest mail.

Kirkpatrick led her by the hand,
  With gay and courteous air;
No stately castle in the land
  Could show sae bright a pair.

O he was young—and clear the day
  Of life to youth appears!
Alas! how soon his setting ray
  Was dimm'd wi' show'ring tears!

Fell Lindsay sicken'd at the sight,
  And sallow grew his cheek;
He tried wi' smiles to hide his spite,
  But word he cou'dna speak.

The gorgeous banquet was brought up,
  On silver and on gold:
The page chose out a crystal cup,
  The sleepy juice to hold.

And whan Kirkpatrick call'd for wine,
  This page the drink would bear;
Nor did the knight or dame divine
  Sic black deceit was near.

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[1] *Pendants*—Jewels on the forehead.

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Then every lady sang a sang:
  Some gay—some sad and sweet—
Like tunefu' birds the woods amang,
  Till a' began to greet.

E'en cruel Lindsay shed a tear,
  Forletting malice deep—
As mermaids, wi' their warbles clear,
  Can sing the waves to sleep.

And now to bed they all are dight,
  Now steek they ilka door;
There's nought but stillness o' the night,
  Whare was sic din before.

Fell Lindsay puts his harness on,
  His steed doth ready stand;
And up the staircase is he gone,
  Wi' poniard in his hand.

The sweat did on his forehead break,
  He shook wi' guilty fear;
In air he heard a joyfu' shriek—
  Red Cumin's ghaist was near.

Now to the chamber doth he creep—
  A lamp, of glimmering ray,
Show'd young Kirkpatrick fast asleep,
  In arms of lady gay.

He lay wi' bare unguarded breast,
  By sleepy juice beguiled;
And sometimes sigh'd, by dreams opprest,
  And sometimes sweetly smiled.

Unclosed her mouth o' rosy hue,
  Whence issued fragrant air,
That gently, in soft motion, blew
  Stray ringlets o'er her hair.

"Sleep on, sleep on, ye luvers dear!
  The dame may wake to weep—
But that day's sun maun shine fu' clear,
  That spills this warrior's sleep."

He louted down—her lips he press'd—
  O! kiss, foreboding woe!
Then struck on young Kirkpatrick's breast
  A deep and deadly blow.

Sair, sair, and meikle did he bleed:
  His lady slept till day,

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But dreamt the Firth [1] flow'd o'er her head,
In bride-bed as she lay.

The murderer hasted down the stair,
And back'd his courser fleet:
Then did the thunder 'gin to rair,
Then shower'd the rain and sleet.

Ae fire-flaught darted through the rain,
Whare a' was mirk before,
And glinted o'er the raging main,
That shook the sandy shore.

But mirk and mirker grew the night,
And heavier beat the rain;
And quicker Lindsay urged his flight,
Some ha' or beild to gain.

Lang did he ride o'er hill and dale,
Nor mire nor flood he fear'd:
I trow his courage 'gan to fail
When morning light appear'd.

For having hied, the live-lang night,
Through hail and heavy showers,
He fand himself, at peep o' light,
Hard by Caerlaveroc's Towers.

The castle bell was ringing out,
The ha' was all asteer;
And mony a scriech and waefu' shout
Appall'd the murderer's ear.

Now they hae bound this traitor strang,
Wi' curses and wi' blows,
And high in air they did him hang,
To feed the carrion crows.

* * * * * *

"To sweet Lincluden's [2] haly cells
Fou dowie I'll repair;
There Peace wi' gentle Patience dwells,
Nae deadly feuds are there.

---

[1] Caerlaveroc stands near Solway Firth.

[2] Lincluden Abbey is situated near Dumfries, on the banks of the river Cluden. It was founded and filled with Benedictine nuns, in the time of Malcolm IV., by Uthred, father to Roland, Lord of Galloway—these were expelled by Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas. —*Vide* PENNANT.

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"In tears I'll wither ilka charm,
Like draps o' balefu' yew;
And wail the beauty that cou'd harm
A knight sae brave and true."

SIR AGILTHORN.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Oh! gentle huntsman, softly tread,
And softly wind thy bugle-horn;
Nor rudely break the silence shed
Around the grave of Agilthorn!

Oh! gentle huntsman, if a tear
E'er dimm'd for other's woe thine eyes,
Thou'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,
The sod where Lady Eva lies.

Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound
Their hands and hearts beheld them plight;
Long held yon towers, with ivy crown'd,
The beauteous dame and gallant knight.

Alas! the hour of bliss is past,
For hark! the din of discord rings;
War's clarion sounds, Joy hears the blast,
And trembling plies his radiant wings.

And must sad Eva lose her lord?
And must he seek the martial plain?
Oh! see she brings his casque and sword!
Oh! hark, she pours her plaintive strain!

"Blessed is the village damsel's fate,
Though poor and low her station be;
Safe from the cares which haunt the great,
Safe from the cares which torture me!"[1]

"No doubting fear, no cruel pain,
No dread suspense her breast alarms:
No tyrant honour rules her swain,
And tears him from her folding arms.

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[1] ["Lewis's *Sir Agilthorn* is a pleasing effusion, but can never be mistaken for an old ballad. His description of the happiness and contentment of a village damsel appears to have been borrowed from Guarini's *Pastor Fido*."—*Monthly Review*, October, 1804.]

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"She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,
In pleasing toil consumes the day;
And tends her goats, or feeds her flock,
Or joins her rustic lover's lay.

"Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies
The pillow which supports her head;
She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
Shall wake, to mourn an husband dead.

"Hush, impious fears! the good and brave
Heaven's arm will guard from danger free;
When death with thousands gluts the grave,
His dart, my love, shall glance from thee:

"While thine shall fly direct and sure,
This buckler every blow repel;
This casque from wounds that face secure,
Where all the loves and graces dwell.

"This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,
My hands in happier moments wove;
Curst be the wretch, whose sword shall tear
The spell-bound work of wedded love!

"Lo! on thy falchion, keen and bright,
I shed a trembling consort's tears;
Oh! when their traces meet thy sight,
Remember wretched Eva's fears!

"Think, how thy lips she fondly prest;
Think, how she wept, compell'd to part;
Think, every wound, which scars thy breast,
Is doubly mark'd on Eva's heart!"—

"O thou! my mistress, wife, and friend!"—
Thus Agilthorn with sighs began;
"Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,
Thy tears my fainting soul unman:

"In pity cease, my gentle dame,
Such sweetness and such grief to join!
Lest I forget the voice of Fame,
And only list to Love's and thine.

"Flow, flow, my tears, unbounded gush!
Rise, rise, my sobs! I set ye free;
Bleed, bleed, my heart! I need not blush
To own, that life is dear to me.

"The wretch, whose lips have prest the bowl,
The bitter bowl of pain and woe,
May careless reach his mortal goal,
May boldly meet the final blow:

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"His hopes destroy'd, his comfort wreckt,
  An happier life he hopes to find;
But what can I in heaven expect,
  Beyond the bliss I leave behind?

"Oh, no! the joys of yonder skies
  To prosperous love present no charms;
My heaven is placed in Eva's eyes,
  My paradise in Eva's arms.

"Yet mark me, sweet! if Heaven's command
  Hath doom'd my fall in martial strife,
Oh! let not anguish tempt thy hand
  To rashly break the thread of life!

"No! let our boy thy care engross,
  Let him thy stay, thy comfort be;
Supply his luckless father's loss,
  And love him for thyself and me.

"So may oblivion soon efface
  The grief, which clouds this fatal morn;
And soon thy cheeks afford no trace
  Of tears, which fall for Agilthorn!—

He said, and couched his quivering lance:
  He said, and braced his moony shield;
Seal'd a last kiss, threw a last glance,
  Then spurr'd his steed to Flodden Field.

But Eva, of all joy bereft,
  Stood rooted at the castle gate,
And view'd the prints his courser left,
  While hurrying at the call of fate.

Forebodings sad her bosom told,
  The steed which bore him thence so light,
Her longing eyes would ne'er behold
  Again bring home her own true knight.

While many a sigh her bosom heaves,
  She thus address'd her orphan page:—
"Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved
  The sorrows of thy infant age:

"If e'er I taught thy locks to play,
  Luxuriant, round thy blooming face;
If e'er I wiped thy tears away,
  And bade them yield to smiles their place:

"Oh! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,
  Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead,
And, o'er the combat, home repair,
  And tell me how my lord has sped.

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"Till thou return'st, each hour's an age,
An age employ'd in doubt and pain;
Oh! haste thee, haste, my little foot-page,
Oh! haste, and soon return again!"

"Now, lady dear, thy grief assuage!
Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain;
I'll haste, I'll haste, thy little foot-page,
I'll haste, and soon return again."

Then Oswy bade his courser fly;
But still, while hapless Eva wept,
Time scarcely seem'd his wings to ply,
So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kiss'd her baby's cheek,
Who slumber'd on her throbbing breast;
And now she bade the warder speak,
And now she lull'd her child to rest.

"Good warder, say, what meets thy sight?
What see'st thou from the castle tower?"—
"Nought but the rocks of Elginbright,
Nought but the shades of Forest-Bower."—

"Oh! pretty babe! thy mother's joy,
Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,
To-morrow's sun, dear helpless boy!
May see thee bear an orphan's name.

"Perhaps, e'en now, some Scottish sword
The life-blood of thy father drains;
Perhaps, e'en now, that heart is gored,
Whose streams supplied thy little veins.

"O! warder, from the castle tower,
Now say, what objects meet thy sight?"—
"None but the shades of Forest-Bower,
None but the rocks of Elginbright."—

"Smil'st thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire,
When gazing on his Eva's face;
His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
And joy'd such beams in mine to trace.

"Sleep, sleep, my babe! of care devoid:
Thy mother breathes this fervent vow—
Oh! never be thy soul employ'd
On thoughts so sad as hers are now!

"Now, warder, warder, speak again!
What see'st thou from the turret's height?"—
"Oh! lady, speeding o'er the plain,
The little foot-page appears in sight."—

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Quick beat her heart; short grew her breath;
  Close to her breast the babe she drew—
"Now, Heaven," she cried, "for life or death!"
  And forth to meet the page she flew.

"And is thy lord from danger free?
  And is the deadly combat o'er?"—
In silence Oswy bent his knee,
  And laid a scarf her feet before.

The well-known scarf with blood was stain'd,
  And tears from Oswy's eyelids fell;
Too truly Eva's heart explain'd,
  What meant those silent tears to tell.

"Come, come, my babe!" she wildly cried,
  "We needs must seek the field of woe;
Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!
  To dig thy father's grave we go."—

"Stay, lady, stay! a storm impends;
  Lo! threatening clouds the sky o'erspread;
The thunder roars, the rain descends,
  And lightning streaks the heavens with red.

"Hark! hark! the winds tempestuous rave!
  Oh! be thy dread intent resign'd!
Or, if resolved the storm to brave,
  Be this dear infant left behind!"—

"No! no! with me my baby stays;
  With me he lives; with me he dies!
Flash, lightnings, flash! your friendly blaze
  Will show me where my warrior lies."

O see she roams the bloody field,
  And wildly shrieks her husband's name;
O see she stops and eyes a shield,
  A heart the symbol, wrapt in flame.

His armour broke in many a place,
  A knight lay stretch'd that shield beside;
She raised his vizor, kiss'd his face,
  Then on his bosom sunk and died.——

Huntsman, their rustic grave behold:
  'Tis here, at night, the Fairy king,
Where sleeps the fair, where sleeps the bold,
  Oft forms his light fantastic ring.

'Tis here, at eve, each village youth
  With freshest flowers the turf adorns;
'Tis here he swears eternal truth,
  By Eva's faith and Agilthorn's.

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And here the virgins sadly tell,
  Each seated by her shepherd's side,
How brave the gallant warrior fell,
  How true his lovely lady died.

Ah! gentle huntsman, pitying hear,
  And mourn the gentle lovers' doom!
Oh! gentle huntsman, drop a tear,
  And dew the turf of Eva's tomb!

So ne'er may fate thy hopes oppose;
  So ne'er may grief to thee be known;
They who can weep for others' woes,
  Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.

RICH AULD WILLIE'S FAREWELL.

A FREEBOOTER, TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH IN A BORDER BATTLE, AND CONDEMNED TO BE EXECUTED.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Farewell, my ingle, bleezing bright,
  When the snell storm's begun;
My bouris casements, O! sae light!
  When glints the bonnie sun!

Farewell, my deep glens, speck't wi' sloes,
  O' tangled hazels full!
Farewell, my thymy lea, where lows
  My kine, and glourin bull.

Farewell, my red-deer, jutting proud,
  My rooks o' murky wing!
Farewell, my wee birds, lilting loud,
  A' in the merry spring!

Farewell, my sheep, that sprattle on,
  In a lang line, sae braw;
Or lie on yon cauld cliffs aboon,
  Like late-left patch o' snaw!

Farewell, my brook, that wimplin rins,
  My clattering brig o' yew;
My scaly tribes wi' gowden fins.
  Sae nimbly flickering through!

Farewell, my boat, and lusty oars,
  That scelp'd, wi' mickle spray!
Farewell, my birks o' Teviot shores,
  That cool the simmer's day!

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Farewell, bauld neighbours, whase swift steed
  O'er Saxon bounds has scowr'd,
Swoom'd drumlie floods when moons were dead,
  And ilka star was smoor'd.

Maist dear for a' ye shared wi' me,
  When skaith and prey did goad,
And danger, like a wraith, did flee
  Alang our moon-dead road.

Farewell, my winsome wife, sae gay!
  Fu' fain frae hame to gang,
Wi' spunkie lads to geck and play,
  The flowrie haughs amang!

Farewell, my gowk, thy warning note
  Then aft-times ca'd aloud,
Tho' o' the word that thrill'd thy throat,
  Gude faith, I was na proud!

And, pawkie gowk, sae free that mad'st,
  Or ere I hanged be,
Would I might learn if true thou said'st,
  When sae thou said'st to me![1]

WATER-KELPIE.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

REV. DR. JAMIESON.

The principal design of the author of this piece was to give a specimen of Scottish writing, more nearly approaching to the classical compositions of our ancient bards, than that which has been generally followed for seventy or eighty years past. As the poem is descriptive of the superstitions of the vulgar in the county of Angus, the scene is laid on the banks of South Esk, near the castle of Inverquharity, about five miles north from Forfar.

It is with pleasure that the Editor announces to the literary world, that Dr. Jamieson is about to publish a complete Dictionary of the Scottish Dialect;[2] his intimate acquaintance with which is evinced in the following stanzas.

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[1] [" Miss Seward has oddly blended English and Scottish phraseology in *Rich Auld Willie's Farewell*."—*Monthly Review*, Jan., 1804.]

[2] The work here referred to has since been published, and forms an invaluable digest of Scottish language and learning.

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WATER-KELPIE.

Aft, owre the bent, with heather blent,
  And throw the forest brown,
I tread the path to yon green strath,
  Quhare brae-born Esk rins down.
Its banks alang, quhilk[1] hazels thrang,
  Quhare sweet-sair'd[2] hawthorns blow,
I lufe to stray, and view the play
  Of fleckit scules[3] below.

Ae summer's e'en, upon the green,
  I laid me down to gaze:
The place richt nigh, quhare Carity
  His humble tribute pays:
And Prosen proud, with rippet[4] loud,
  Cums ravin' frae his glen;
As gin he might auld Esk affricht,
  And drive him back agen.

An ancient tour appear't to lour
  Athort the neibourin plain,
Quhais chieftain bauld, in times of auld,
  The kintrie[5] call't his ain.
Its honours cow't,[6] it's now forhow't,[7]
  And left the houlat's[8] prey;
Its skuggin wude,[9] aboon the flude,
  With gloom overspreads the day.

A dreary shade the castle spread,
  And mirker[10] grew the lift;[11]
The croonin'[12] kie[13] the byre[14] drew nigh,
  The darger[15] left his thrift.
The lavrock[16] shill[17] on erd[18] was still,
  The westlind win fell loun;[19]
The fisher's houp forgat to loup,[20]
  And aw for rest made boun.[21]

I seem't to sloom,[22] quhan throw the gloom
  I saw the river shak,
And heard a whush[23] alangis[24] it rush,
  Gart[25] aw my members quak;

---

[1] *Quhilk*—Which.—[2] *Sweet-sair'd*—Sweet-savoured.—[3] *Fleckit scules*—Spotted shoals, or troops of trouts and other fishes.—[4] *Rippet*—Noise, uproar.—[5] *Kintrie*—Country.—[6] *Cow't*—Shorn, cut off.—[7] *Forhow't*—Forsaken.—[8] *Houlat*—Owl.—[9] *Skuggin wude*—Overshadowing, protecting wood.—[10] *Mirker*—Darker.—[11] *Lift*—Sky.—[12] *Croonin'*—Bellowing—most properly with a loud and mournful sound.—[13] *Kie*—Cows.—[14] *Byre*—Cow-house.—[15] *Darger*—Labourer, day-worker.—[16] *Lavrock*—Lark.—[17] *Shill*—Shrill.—[18] *Erd*—Earth.—[19] *Loun*—Calm.—[20] *Loup*—Leap.—[21] *Boun*—Ready.—[22] *Sloom*—Slumber.—[23] *Whush*—Rustling sound.—[24] *Alangis*—Alongst.—[25] *Gart*—Caused—made.

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Syne,[1] in a stound,[2] the pool profound
  To cleave in twain appear'd;
And huly[3] throw the frichtsom[4] how
  His form a gaist[5] uprear'd.

He rashes[6] bare, and seggs,[7] for hair,
  Quhare ramper-eels[8] entwin'd;
Of filthy gar[9] his ee-brees[10] war,[11]
  With esks[12] and horse-gells[13] lin'd.
And for his een,[14] with dowie[15] sheen,[16]
  Twa huge horse-mussels glar'd;
From his wide mow[17] a torrent flew,
  And soupt[18] his reedy beard.

Twa slauky[19] stanes seemit his spule-banes;[20]
  His briskit[21] braid, a whin;
Ilk[22] rib sae bare, a skelvy skair;[23]
  Ilk arm a monstrous fin.
He frae the wame a fish became,
  With shells aw coverit owre:
And for his tail the grislie whale
  Could nevir match its pow'r.

With dreddour[24] I, quhan he drew nigh,
  Had maistly swarfit[25] outricht:
Less fleyit,[26] at lenth I gatherit strenth,
  And speirit[27] quhat was this wicht.
Syne thrice he shook his fearsum bouk,[28]
  And thrice he snockerit[29] loud;
From ilka ee the fire-flauchts[30] flee,
  And flash alangis the flude.

Quhan words he found, their elritch[31] sound
  Was like the norlan[32] blast,
Frae yon deep glack,[33] at Catla's back,
  That skeegs[34] the dark-brown waste.
The troublit pool conveyit the gowl[35]
  Down to yon echoin rock;
And to his maik,[36] with wilsum skraik,[37]
  Ilk bird its terror spoke.

---

[1] *Syne*—Then.—[2] *In a stound*—Suddenly.—[3] *Huly*—Slowly.—[4] *Frichtsom*—Fearful.—[5] *Gaist*—Ghost.—[6] *Rashes*—Rushes.—[7] *Seggs*—Sedges.—[8] *Ramper-eels*—Lampreys.—[9] *Gar*—The slimy vegetable substance in the bed of a river.—[10] *Ee-brees*—Eye-brows.—[11] *War*—Were.—[12] *Esks*—Newts, or efts.—[13] *Horse-gells*—Horse-leeches.—[14] *Een*—Eyes.—[15] *Dowie*—Melancholy, sad.—[16] *Sheen*—Shine.—[17] *Mow*—Mouth.—[18] *Soupt*—Drenched.—[19] *Slauky*—Slimy.—[20] *Spule-banes*—Shoul-derblades.—[21] *Briskit*—Breast.—[22] *Ilk*—Each.—[23] *Skelvy skair*—A rock presenting the appearance of a variety of lamina.

[24] *Dreddour*—Dread, terror.—[25] *Swarfit*—Fainted.—[26] *Fleyit*—Affrighted.—[27] *Speirit*—Asked.—[28] *Bouk*—Body.—[29] *Snockerit*—Snorted.—[30] *Fire-flauchts*—Lightning.—[31] *Elritch*—Wild, hideous, not earthly.—[32] *Norlan*—Northern.—[33] *Glack*—A hollow between two hills, or mountains.—[34] *Skeegs*—Lashes.—[35] *Gowl*—Yell.—[36] *Maik*—Companion, mate.—[37] *Wilsum skraik*—Wild shriek.

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The trout, the par,[1] now here, now thare,
As in a widdrim[2] bang;[3]
The gerron[4] gend gaif[5] sic a stend,
As on the yird[6] him flang:
And down the stream, like levin's[7] gleam,
The fleggit[8] salmond flew;
The ottar yap[9] his prey let drap,[10]
And to his hiddils[11] drew.

"Vile droich,"[12] he said, "art nocht[13] afraid
Thy mortal life to tyne?[14]
How darest thou seik with me till speik,
Sae far aboon[15] thy line?
Yet sen[16] thou hast thai[17] limits past,
That sinder[18] sprites frae men,
Thy life I'll spare, and aw declare,
That worms like thee may ken.[19]

"In kintries nar,[20] and distant far,
Is my renoun propall't;
As is the leid,[21] my name ye'll reid,[22]
But here I'm *Kelpie* call't.
The strypes[23] and burns, throw aw their turns,
As weel's the waters wide,
My laws obey, their spring-heads frae,
Doun till the salt sea tide.

"Like some wild staig,[24] I aft stravaig,[25]
And scamper on the wave:
Quha with a bit my mow can fit,
May gar[26] me be his slave.
To him I'll wirk[27] baith morn and mirk,[28]
Quhile he has wark to do;
Gin tent[29] he tak I do nae shak
His bridle frae my mow.

"Quhan Murphy's laird his biggin[30] rear'd,
I caryit aw the stanes;
And mony a chiell[31] has heard me squeal
For sair-brizz'd[32] back and banes.
Within flude-mark, I aft do wark

---

[1] *Par*—The samlet.—[2] *Widdrim*—State of confusion.—[3] *Bang*—Rush, run with impetuosity.—[4] *Gerron*—A sea-trout.—[5] *Gaif*—Gave.—[6] *Yird*—Earth, ground.—[7] *Levin*—Lightning.—[8] *Fleggit*—Affrighted.—[9] *Yap*—Keen, voracious.—[10] *Drap*—Drop.—[11] *Hiddils*—Hiding-place.—[12] *Droich*—Dwarf, pigmy.—[13] *Nocht*—Nought.—[14] *Tyne*—Lose.—[15] *Aboon*—Above—[16] *Sen*—Since.—[17] *Thai*—These.—[18] *Sinder*—Separate.

[19] *Ken*—Know.—[20] *Nar*—Near.—[21] *Leid*—Language.—[22] *Reid*—Read.—[23] *Strypes*—Rills of the smallest kind.

[24] *Staig*—A young horse.—[25] *Stravaig*—Stray, roam.—[26] *Gar*—To cause, to force.—[27] *Wirk*—Work.—[28] *Mirk*—During night.—[29] *Tent*—Take care, be attentive.—[30] *Biggin*—Building, house.—[31] *Chiell*—Fellow.—[32] *Sair-brizz'd*—Sore bruised.—

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Gudewillit,[1] quhan I please;
In quarries deep, quhile uthers sleep,
Greit blocks I win[2] with ease.

"Yon bonny[3] brig quhan folk wald[4] big,[5]
To gar my stream look braw;[6]
A sair-toil'd wicht was I be nicht;
I did mair than thaim aw.
And weel thai kent quhat help I lent,
For thai yon image fram't,
Aboon the pend[7] quhilk I defend;
And it thai *Kelpie* nam't.

"Quhan lads and lasses wauk the clais,[8]
Narby[9] yon whinny hicht,
The sound of me their daffin[10] lays;
Thai dare na mudge[11] for fricht.
Now in the midst of them I scream,
Quhan toozlin'[12] on the haugh;[13]
Than quhihher[14] by thaim doun the stream,
Loud nickerin[15] in a lauch.[16]

"Sicklike's[17] my fun, of wark quhan run:
But I do meikle mair;
In pool or ford can nane be smur'd[18]
Gin Kelpie be nae thare.[19]
Fow[20] lang, I wat, I ken the spat,[21]
Quhair ane sal[22] meet his dede:[23]
Nor wit nor pow'r put aff the hour,
For his wanweird[24] decreed.

"For oulks[25] befoir, alangis the shoir,
Or dancin' down the stream,
My lichts are seen to blaze at e'en;
With wull[26] wanerthly[27] gleam.
The hind cums in, gif haim he win,
And cries, as he war wod,[28]—
'Sum ane sall soon be carryit down
But that wanchancy[29] flude!'

"The taiken[30] leil[31] thai ken fow weel,
On water sides quha won;

---

[1] *Gudewillit*—Without constraint, cordially.—[2] *Win*—Dig from a quarry.—[3] *Bonny*—Handsome, beautiful.—[4] *Wald*—Would.—[5] *Big*—Build.—[6] *Braw*—Fine.

[7] *Pend*—Arch.—[8] *Wauk the clais*—Watch the clothes.—[9] *Narby*—Near to.—[10] *Daffin*—Sport.—[11] *Mudge*—Budge, stir.—[12] *Toozlin*—Toying, properly putting any thing in disorder.—[13] *Haugh*—Low flat ground on the side of a river.—[14] *Quhihher*.—The idea is nearly expressed by whiz.—[15] *Nickering*—Neighing.—[16] *Lauch*—Laugh.—[17] *Sicklike*—Of this kind.—[18] *Smur'd*—smothered.—[19] *Thare*—There—[20] *Fow*—Full.—[21] *Spat*—Spot.—[22] *Sal*—Shall.—[23] *Dede*—Death—[24] *Wanweird*—Unhappy fate.—[25] *Oulks*—Weeks.—[26] *Wull*—Wild.—[27] *Wanerthly*—Preternatural.—[28] *Wod*—Deprived of reason.—[29] *Wanchancy*—Unlucky, causing misfortune.—[30] *Taiken*—Token.—[31] *Leil*—True, not delusive.

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And aw but thai quha's weird[1] I spae,[2]
  Fast frae the danger run.
But fremmit fouk[3] I thus provoke
  To meit the fate thai flee:
To wilderit wichts thai're waefow[4] lichts,
  But lichts of joy to me.

"With ruefow cries, that rend the skies,
  Thair fait I seem to mourn,
Like crocodile, on banks of Nile;
  For I still do the turn.[5]
Douce,[6] cautious men aft fey[7] are seen;
  Thai rin as thai war heyrt[8]
Despise all rede,[9] and court their dede;
  By me are thai inspir't.

"Yestreen[10] the water was in spate,[11]
  The stanners[12] aw war cur'd,[13]
A man, nae stranger to the gate,
  Raid up to tak the ford.
The haill[14] town sware it wadna ride;
  And Kelpie had been heard;
But nae a gliffin[15] wad he bide,
  His shroud I had prepar'd.

"The human schaip I sometimes aip;[16]
  As Prosenhaugh raid haim,
Ae starnless[17] night, he gat a fricht,
  Maist crackt his bustuous[18] frame.
I, in a glint,[19] lap on ahint,[20]
  And in my arms him fang't;[21]
To his dore-cheik[22] I kept the cleik;[23]
  The carle was sair bemang't.[24]

"My name itsell wirks like a spell,
  And quiet the house can keep;
Quhan greits[25] the wean,[26] the nurse in vain,
  Thoch tyke-tyrit,[27] tries to sleip,
But gin scho say, 'Lie still, ye skrae,[28]
  There's Water-Kelpie's chap;'[29]

---

[1] *Weird*—Fate.—[2] *Spae*—Predict.—[3] *Fremmit fouk*—Strange folk.—[4] *Waefow*—Fatal, causing woe.—[5] *Do the turn*—Accomplish the fatal event.—[6] *Douce*—Sober, sedate.—[7] *Fey*—Affording presages of approaching death, by acting a part directly the reverse of their proper character.—[8] *Heyrt*—Furious.

[9] *Rede*—Counsel.—[10] *Yestreen*—Yesternight.—[11] *Spate*—Flood.—[12] *Stanners*—Gravel on the margin of a river, or of any body of water.—[13] *War cur'd*—Were covered.—[14] *Haill*—Whole.—[15] *Gliffin*—A moment.—[16] *Aip.*—Ape, imitate—[17] *Starnless*—Without stars.—[18] *Bustuous*—Huge.—[19] *Glint*—Moment.—[20] *Ahint*—Behind.—[21] *Fang't*—Seized.

[22] *Dore-cheik*—Door-post.—[23] *Cleik*—Hold.—[24] *Bemang't*—Injured, whether in mind or body; a word much used in Angus.—[25] *Greits*—Cries, implying the idea of tears.—[26] *Wean*—Child.—[27] *Tyke-tyrit*—Tired, as a dog after coursing.—[28] *Skrae*—Skeleton.—[29] *Chap*—Rap.

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It's fleyit to wink, and in a blink[1]
  It sleips as sound's a tap."—[2]

He said, and thrice he rais't his voice,
  And gaif a horrid gowl;
Thrice with his tail, as with a flail,
  He struck the flying pool.
A thunderclap seem't ilka wap,[3]
  Resoundin' through the wude:
The fire thrice flash't; syne in he plash't,
  And sunk beneath the flude.

APPENDIX TO THE WATER-KELPIE.

The fisher's houp forgat to loup.—P. 301, v. 4.

The fishes, the hope of the angler, no more rose to the fly.

And aw for rest made boun.—P. 301, v. 4.

All commonly occurs in our old writers. But *aw* is here used, as corresponding with the general pronunciation in Scotland; especially as it has the authority of Dunbar, in his *Lament for the Deth of the Mackaris.*

His form a gaist uprear'd.—P. 302, v. 4.

It is believed in Angus, that the Spirit of the Waters appears sometimes as a man, with a very frightful aspect; and at other times as a horse. The description here given, must therefore be viewed as the offspring of fancy. All that can be said for it is, that such attributes are selected as are appropriate to the scenery.

Twa huge horse-mussels glar'd.—P. 302, v. 2.

South-Esk abounds with the fresh-water oyster, vulgarly called the *horse-mussel;* and, in former times, a pearl fishery was carried on here to a considerable extent.

Frae yon deep glack, at Catla's back.—P. 302, v. 5.

Part of the Grampian mountains. *Catla* appears as a promontory, jutting out from the principal ridge towards the plain. The Esk, if I recollect right, issues from behind it.

Thy mortal life to tyne.—P. 303, v. 2.

The vulgar idea is, that a spirit, however frequently it appear, will not speak, unless previously addressed. It is, however, at the same time believed, that the person who ventures to speak to a ghost, forfeits his life, and will soon lose it, in consequence of his presumption.

His bridle frae my mow.—P. 303, v. 4.

The popular tradition is here faithfully described; and, strange to tell! has not yet lost all credit. In the following verses, the principal articles of the vulgar creed in Angus, with respect to this supposed being, are brought together, and illustrated by such *facts* as are yet appealed to by the credulous. If I mistake not, none of the historical circumstances mentioned are older than half a century. It is only about thirty years since the bridge referred to was built.

For sair-brizz'd back and banes.—P. 303, v. 5.

It is pretended that *Kelpie* celebrated this memorable event in rhyme; and that for a long time after he was often heard to cry with a doleful voice,

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[1] *Blink*—Moment.—[2] *Tap*—A child's top.—[3] *Wap*—Stroke, flap.

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"Sair back and sair banes,
Carrying the Laird of Murphy's stanes!"

And it that Kelpie nam't.—P. 304, v. 2.

A head, like that of a gorgon, appears above the arch of the bridge. This was hewn in honour of Kelpie.

His shroud I had prepar'd—P. 305, v. 3.

A very common tale in Scotland is here alluded to by the poet. On the banks of a rapid stream the Water Spirit was heard repeatedly to exclaim, in a dismal tone, "The hour is come, but not the man," when a person coming up, contrary to all remonstrances, endeavoured to ford the stream, and perished in the attempt. The original story is to be found in Gervase of Tilbury.—In the parish of Castleton, the same story is told, with this variation, that the bystanders prevented, by force, the predestined individual from entering the river, and shut him up in the church, where he was next morning found suffocated, with his face lying immersed in the baptismal font. To a *fey* person, therefore, Shakspeare's words literally apply:

——"Put a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to swallow such a being up."

N. B. The last note is added by the Editor.

ELLANDONAN CASTLE.

A HIGHLAND TALE.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY COLIN MACKENZIE, ESQ.[1]

Ellandonan Castle stands on a small rocky isle; situated in Loch Duich, (on the west coast of Ross,) near the point where the Western Sea divides itself into two branches, forming Loch Duich and Loch Loung. The magnificence of the castle itself, now a roofless ruin, covered with ivy, the beauty of the bay, and the variety of hills and valleys that surround it, and particularly the fine range of hills, between which lie the pastures of Glensheal, with the lofty summit of Skooroora, overtopping the rest, and forming a grand background to the picture, all contribute to make this a piece of very romantic Highland scenery.[2]

The castle is the manor-place of the estate of Kintail, which is denominated the barony of Ellandonan. That estate is the property of Francis, Lord Seaforth. It has descended to him through a long line of gallant ancestors; having been originally conferred on Colin Fitzgerald, son to the Earl of Desmond and Kildare, in the kingdom of Ireland, by a charter, dated 9th January, 1266, granted by King Alexander the Third, "*Colino Hybernio,*" and bearing, as its inductive cause, "*pro bono et fideli servitio, tam in bello quam in pace.*" He had performed a very recent service in war, having greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Largs, in 1263,

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[1] [Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmore, one of the Principal Clerks of Session at Edinburgh, and through life an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, died on 16th September, 1830.—Ed.]

[2] We learn from Wintoun, that, in 1531, this fortress witnessed the severe justice of Randolph, Earl of Murray, then Warden of Scotland. Fifty delinquents were there executed, by his orders, and according to the Prior of Lochleven, the Earl had as much pleasure in seeing their ghastly heads encircle the walls of the castle, as if it had been surrounded by a chaplet of roses.

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in which the invading army of Haco, King of Norway, was defeated. Being pursued in his flight, the King was overtaken in the narrow passage which divides the Island of Skye from the coasts of Inverness and Ross, and, along with many of his followers, he himself was killed, in attempting his escape through the channel dividing Skye from Lochalsh. These straits, or *kyles*, bear to this day appellations, commemorating the events by which they were thus distinguished, the former being called Kyle Rhee, or the King's Kyle, and the latter Kyle Haken.

The attack on Ellandonan Castle, which forms the subject of the following poem, lives in the tradition of the country, where it is, at this day, a familiar tale, repeated to every stranger, who, in sailing past, is struck with admiration at the sight of that venerable monument of antiquity. But the authenticity of the fact rests not solely on tradition. It is recorded by Crawford, in his account of the family of Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, and reference is there made to a genealogy of Slate, in the possession of the family, as a warrant for the assertion. The incident took place in 1537.

The power of the Lord of the Isles was at that time sufficiently great to give alarm to the Crown. It covered not only the whole of the Western Isles, from Bute northwards, but also many extensive districts on the mainland, in the shires of Ayr, Argyle, and Inverness. Accordingly, in 1535, on the failure of heirs-male of the body of John, Lord of the Isles, and Earl of Ross, as well as of his natural sons, in whose favour a particular substitution had been made, King James the Fifth assumed the Lordship of the Isles. The right was, however, claimed by Donald, fifth Baron of Slate, descended from the immediate younger brother of John, Lord of the Isles. This bold and high-spirited chieftain lost his life in the attack on Ellandonan Castle, and was buried by his followers on the lands of Ardelve, on the opposite side of Loch Loung.

The barony of Ellandonan then belonged to John Mackenzie, ninth Baron of Kintail. Kenneth, third Baron, who was son to Kenneth, the son of Colin Fitzgerald, received the patronymic appellation of *Mac*Kenneth, or MacKennye, which descended from him to his posterity, as the sirname of the family. John, Baron of Kintail, took a very active part in the general affairs of the kingdom. He fought gallantly at the battle of Flodden, under the banners of King James the Fourth; was a member of the privy council in the reign of his son, and, at an advanced age, supported the standard of the unfortunate Mary, at the battle of Pinkie.

In the sixth generation from John, Baron of Kintail, the clan was, by his lineal descendant, William, fifth Earl of Seaforth, summoned, in 1715, to take up arms in the cause of the house of Stuart. On the failure of that spirited, but ill-fated enterprise, the Earl made his escape to the continent, where he lived for about eleven years. Meantime, his estate and honours were forfeited to the crown, and his castle was burnt. A steward was appointed to levy the rents of Kintail, on the King's behalf; but the vassals spurned at his demands, and, while they carried on a successful defensive war, against a body of troops sent to subdue their obstinacy, in the course of which the unlucky steward had the misfortune to be slain, one of their number made a faithful collection of what was due, and carried the money to the Earl himself, who was at that time in Spain. The descendants of the man, to whom it was intrusted to convey to his lord this unequivocal proof of the honour, fidelity, and attachment of

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his people, are at this day distinguished by the designation of *Spaniard*, as Duncan *the Spaniard*, etc. The estate was, a few years after the forfeiture, purchased from government, for behoof of the family, and re-invested in the person of his son.

ELLANDONAN CASTLE.

O wot ye, ye men of the island of Skye,
  That your Lord lies a corpse on Ardelve's rocky shore?
The Lord of the Isles, once so proud and so high,
  His lands and his vassals shall never see more.

None else but the Lord of Kintail was so great;
  To that Lord the green banks of Loch Duich belong,
Ellandonan's fair castle and noble estate,
  And the hills of Glensheal and the coasts of Loch Loung.

His vassals are many, and trusty, and brave,
  Descended from heroes, and worthy their sires;
His castle is wash'd by the salt-water wave,
  And his bosom the ardour of valour inspires.

M'Donald, by restless ambition impell'd
  To extend to the shores of Loch Duich his sway,
With awe Ellandonan's strong turrets beheld,
  And waited occasion to make them his prey.

And the moment was come; for M'Kenneth, afar,
  To the Saxon opposed his victorious arm;
Few and old were the vassals, but dauntless in war,
  Whose courage and skill freed his towers from alarm.

M'Donald has chosen the best of his power;
  On the green plains of Slate were his warriors arrayed;
Every islander came before midnight an hour,
  With the sword in his hand, and the belt on his plaid.

The boats they are ready, in number a score;
  In each boat twenty men, for the war of Kintail;
Iron hooks they all carry, to grapple the shore,
  And ladders, the walls of the fortress to scale.

They have pass'd the strait kyle, through whose billowy flood,
  From the arms of Kintail-men, fled Haco of yore,
Whose waves were dyed deep with Norwegian blood,
  Which was shed by M'Kenneth's resistless claymore.

They have enter'd Loch Duich—all silent their course,
  Save the splash of the oar on the dark bosom'd wave,
Which mingled with murmurs, low, hollow, and hoarse,
  That issued from many a coralline cave.

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Either coast they avoid, and right eastward they steer;
  Nor star, nor the moon, on their passage has shone;
Unexpecting assault, and unconscious of fear,
  All Kintail was asleep, save the watchman alone.

"What, ho! my companions, arise and behold
  Where Duich's deep waters with flashes are bright!
Hark! the sound of the oars; rise, my friends, and be bold!
  For some foe comes, perhaps, under shadow of night."

At the first of the dawn, when the boats reach'd the shore,
  The sharp ridge of Skooroora with dark mist was crown'd.
And the rays that broke through it, seem'd spotted with gore,
  As M'Donald's bold currach first struck on the ground,

Of all the assailants that sprung on the coast,
  One of stature and aspect superior was seen;
Whatever a lord or a chieftain could boast,
  Of valour undaunted, appear'd in his mien.

His plaid o'er his shoulder was gracefully flung;
  Its foldings a buckle of silver restrain'd;
A massy broadsword on his manly thigh hung,
  Which defeat or disaster had never sustain'd.

Then, under a bonnet of tartan and blue,
  Whose plumage was toss'd to and fro by the gale,
Their glances of lightning his eagle-eyes threw,
  Which were met by the frowns of the sons of Kintail.

'Twas the Lord of the Isles; whom the chamberlain saw,
  While a trusty long bow on his bosom reclin'd—
Of stiff yew it was made, which few sinews could draw;
  Its arrows flew straight, and as swift as the wind.

With a just aim he drew—the shaft pierced the bold Chief;
  Indignant he started, nor heeding the smart,
While his clan pour'd around him, in clamorous grief,
  From the wound tore away the deep-riveted dart.

The red stream flow'd fast, and his cheek became white;
  His knees, with a tremor unknown to him, shook,
And his once piercing eyes scarce directed his sight,
  As he turn'd towards Skye the last lingering look.

Surrounded by terror, disgrace, and defeat,
  From the rocks of Kintail the M'Donalds recoil'd;
No order was seen in their hasty retreat,
  And their looks with dismay and confusion were wild.

While thine eyes wander oft from the green plains of Slate,
  In pursuit of thy lord, O M'Donald's fair dame,

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Ah! little thou know'st 'tis the hour mark'd by Fate,
To close his ambition, and tarnish his fame.

On the shore of Ardelve, far from home, is his grave,
And the news of his death swiftly fly o'er the sea—
Thy grief, O fair dame! melts the hearts of the brave,
E'en the bard of Kintail wafts his pity to thee.

And thou, Ellandonan! shall thy towers e'er again
Be insulted by any adventurous foe,
While the tale of the band, whom thy heroes have slain,
Excites in their sons an inherited glow!

Alas! thou fair isle! my soul's darling and pride!
Too sure is the presage that tells me thy doom,
Though now thy proud towers all invasion deride,
And thy fate lies far hid in futurity's gloom.

A time shall arrive, after ages are past,
When thy turrets, dismantled, in ruins shall fall,
When, alas! through thy chambers shall howl the sea-blast,
And the thistle shall shake his red head in thy hall.

Shall this desolation strike thy towers alone?
No, fair Ellandonan! such ruin 'twill bring,
That the whirl shall have power to unsettle the throne,
And thy fate shall be link'd with the fate of thy King.

And great shall thy pride be, amid the despair;
To their Chief, and their Prince, still thy sons shall be true;
The fruits of Kintail never victor shall share,
Nor its vales ever gladden an enemy's view.

And lovely thou shalt be, even after thy wreck;
Thy battlements never shall cease to be grand;
Their brown rusty hue the green ivy shall deck,
And as long as Skooroora's high top shall they stand.

THE CURSE OF MOY.

A HIGHLAND TALE.

BY J. B. S. MORRITT, ESQ. [OF ROKEBY.]

The Castle of Moy is the ancient residence of Mackintosh, the Chief of the Clan Chattan. It is situated among the mountains of Inverness-shire, not far from the military road that leads to Inverness. It stands in the hollow of a mountain, on the edge of a small gloomy lake, called Loch Moy, surrounded by a black wood of Scotch fir, which extends round the lake, and terminates in wild heaths, which are unbroken by any other object as far as the eye can reach. The tale is founded on an ancient

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Highland tradition, that originated in a feud between the clans of Chattan and Grant. A small rocky island in Loch Moy is still shown, where stood the dungeon in which prisoners were confined, by the former Chiefs of Moy.[1]

THE CURSE OF MOY.

Loud, in the gloomy towers of Moy,
  The Chattan clan[2] their carol raise,
And far th' ascending flame of joy
  Shoots o'er the loch its trembling blaze.

For long within her secret bower,
  In child-bed lay the lady fair,
But now is come th' appointed hour,
  And vassals shout, "An heir! an heir!"

And round the fire, with many a tale,
  The well-spiced bowl the dames prolong,
Save when the chieftain's shouts prevail,
  Or war's wild chorus swells the song.

Loud sound the pipes, the dancer's heel
  Bounds nimbly from the floor of pine,
When in the light and mazy reel
  Young maids and active soldiers join.

Late waned the night, the blazing brand
  More feebly glimmer'd in the hall,
Less loudly shout the jovial band,
  Less lively sounds the pibroch's call,—[3]

When, from the corner of the hearth,
  A figure crept, of all the train
Most alien from a scene of mirth,
  And muttering sigh'd, "'Tis vain, 'tis vain!"

Soon ceased the shout, a general thrill
  Seized every heart; th' ill-omen'd voice
Seem'd e'en the warrior's breast to chill,
  Nor dared the trembling sire rejoice.

He saw a pale and shiv'ring form,
  By age and frenzy haggard made;

---

[1] It would be painful to trace farther the history, real or traditional, of the Curse of Moy, to which superstition has, even of late years, ascribed a certain degree of influence.—W. S. 1831.

[2] The Chattan clan is a federal clan, consisting of the families of Macintosh, Macpherson, and some others of less consequence. The Chief is the Laird of Macintosh; the Chattan country is in the inland part of Inverness-shire.

[3] The pibroch is a wild music, played by the piper at the assembling of a clan, in marches, etc. Every clan had its own particular tune, which was played most scrupulously and indefatigably on all great and signal occasions.

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Her eyes, still wild with passion's storm,
  Belied the snows that shroud her head.

Long had she wander'd on the heath,
  Or begg'd the lonely trav'ler's aid,
And gossips swear that sudden death
  Still follows where her footsteps tread.

Her hut, on Badenoch's wildest height,
  Full well the mountain hunter knew,
Nor paused to take a narrower sight,
  But cursed the witch, and quick withdrew.

Slowly she crawl'd before the throng,
  Fix'd on the Chief her haggard eyes,
Check'd with a look the minstrel's song,
  "No more," she cried, "No more rejoice!

"To you that o'er your midnight ale,
  Have listen'd to the tales of glee,
I come to tell a gossip's tale;
  Ill-omen'd Chieftain! list to me."—

THE WITCH'S TALE.

Full sixty fatal years have roll'd,
  Since clamour shook these gloomy towers,
When Moy's black Chief, with Urquhart old,
  Led Grant's and Chattan's mingled powers.[1]

Like yours, their followers shouted brave,
  Like yours, the minstrels answer'd loud,
Like yours, they 'gan the dance to weave,
  And round and round the goblet flow'd.

In solemn guise the Chieftains came,
  To solemn league the Chieftains swore;
To quench the death-feud's fatal flame,
  And dye the heath with blood no more.

Fair rose the morn, and Urquhart's pow'rs
  To Moray's hostile border flew;[2]
But, ling'ring in the Chattan tow'rs,
  The aged Chief the last withdrew.

---

[1] Grant, the Laird of Urquhart, was the chief of the clan of Grant; his castle of Urquhart, now in ruins, covers one of the most beautiful of the craggy promontories that adorn Loch Ness. The delightful vale of Glen Urquhart is embosomed in the mountains behind it. The possessions of the clan in the southern part of Inverness-shire, border on those of the clan Chattan, with whom, of course, they were continually at variance.

[2] The Lowland district of Moray, or Elginshire, along the banks of the Spey, being comparatively fertile and civilized, and in the immediate vicinity of the Grampians, was long exposed to the ravages and inroads of the Highland clans, who possessed the mountains on the border, and the upper part of Strathspey.

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Homewards he turn'd, some younger arm
  Shall lead the war on the banks of Spey;
But sharp was the sleet, and cold the storm,
  That whistled at eve in his locks so grey.

With him went Alva's heir, who stay'd,
  The Chieftain's weal or woe to share;
So Urquhart's trembling daughter pray'd,
  So Alva vow'd who loved her dear.[1]

But drear was Badenoch's wintry waste,
  And mirk the night that round them fell,
As over their heads the night-raven pass'd
  And they enter'd Glen Iral's darkling dell.[2]

The raven scream'd, and a slogan yell
  Burst from Glen Iral's sable wood,
They heard in the gale a bugle swell,
  They saw in the shade a man of blood.

Grimly he points, and a hundred hands
  Their horses seize; in that fatal hour,
Unarm'd, defenceless, Urquhart stands,
  But Alva has drawn his broad claymore.

"Stand fast, Craig Ellachie,"[3] he cried,
  As his stalwart stroke the foremost slew;
Alas! no friendly voice replied,
  But the broad claymore in fragments flew.

And sad was the heart of Alva's heir,
  And he thought of Urquhart's scenes of joy,
When, instead of her smile that he loved so dear,
  He met the haughty scowl of Moy.

And far across the wintry waste,
  And far from Marg'ret's bow'r of joy,
In silent haste, and in chains, they pass'd,
  To groan and despair in the towers of Moy.

On yonder rock their prison stood,[4]
  Deep in the dungeon's vault beneath,
The pavement still wet with the rising flood,
  And heavy, and dank, is the fog they breathe.

Three days were past—with streaming eye,
  With bursting heart, and falt'ring breath,

---

[1] Alva is an ancient possession of a chieftain of the family of Grant.

[2] The Iral is a small stream that rises in the Chattan country, and falls into the river of Nairn, between Moy and Loch Ness.

[3] Craig Ellachie, where was the place of assembling of the clan of Grant, was also the slogan, or war-cry, of the clan.

[4] See Introduction to this Ballad.

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What maiden sues at the feet of Moy,
  To save their life, or to share their death?

'Tis Marg'ret; in whose heart the tale
  Had waken'd the first sad sigh of grief,
And wan and pale from Urquhart's vale,
  She flew to the tow'r of the gloomy Chief.

Beneath his darken'd brow, the smile
  Of pleased revenge with hatred strove,
And he thought of the hours, perchance, the while
  When she slighted his threats, and scorn'd his love.

And thus he spoke, with trait'rous voice,
  "Oh! not in vain can Margaret plead;
One life I spare—be hers the choice,
  And one for my clan and my kin shall bleed.

"Oh will she not a lover save,
  But dash his hopes of mutual joy,
And doom the brave to the silent grave,
  To ransom a sire from the sword of Moy?

"Or will she not a father spare,
  But here his last spark of life destroy,
And will she abandon his silvery hair,
  And wed her love in the halls of Moy?"

Oh have you seen the shepherd swain,
  While heav'n is calm on the hills around,
And swelling in old Comri's plain,[1]
  Earth shakes, and thunders burst the ground?

Like him aghast did Marg'ret stand,
  Wild start her eyes from her burning head,
Nor stirs her foot, nor lifts her hand;
  The chastisement of Heav'n is sped.

Long mute she stands, when before her eyes,
  From the dungeon's cave, from the gloomy lake,
In the mournful wood two forms arise,
  And she of the two her choice must make.

And wildly she sought her lover's breast,
  And madly she kiss'd his clanking chain;
"Home, home," she cried, "be my sire releas'd,
  While Alva and I in the grave remain.

"And my father will rest, and our name be blest,
  When Moy's vile limbs shall be strew'd on the shore;

---

[1] The vale of Comri, in Perthshire, where earthquakes are still frequently felt, is in the higher part of Strathearn, near Crieff.

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The pine-tree shall wave o'er our peaceful grave,
  Till together we wake to weep no more."

The tear from Urquhart's eye that stole,
  As rung in his ear his daughter's cry,
Ceased on his furrow'd cheek to roll,
  When he mark'd the scorn of the gloomy Moy.

And stately rose his stiffen'd form,
  And seem'd to throw off the load of age,
As gather'd in his eye the storm
  Of feudal hate, and a chieftain's rage.

"False traitor! though thy greedy ear
  Hath drunk the groan of an enemy,
Yet inly rankle shame and fear
  While rapture and triumph smile on me.—

"And thou, my best, my sorrowing child,
  Whate'er my fate, thy choice recall!
These towers, with human blood defiled,
  Shall hide my corse, and atone my fall.

"Why should I live the scorn of slaves?
  From me no avenger shall I see,
Where fair Lochness my castle laves,
  To lead my clan to victory.

"White are my hairs, my course is run,—
  To-morrow lays thy father low;
But, Alva safe, with yonder sun
  He shall rise in blood on the hills of snow.

"If Alva falls, and falls for me,
  A father's curse is o'er thy grave;
But safe and free, let him wend with thee,
  And my dying blessing thou shalt have."

The maid stood aghast, and her tears fell fast,
  As to the wild heath she turn'd to flee;
"Be Alva safe," she sigh'd as she pass'd,
  "To Badenoch's height let him follow me."

She sat her down on the blasted heath,
  And hollowly sounded the glen below;
She heard in the gale the groan of death,
  She answer'd the groan with a shriek of woe.

And slowly tow'rds the mountain's head,
  With a sable bier four ruffians hied;
"And here," they said, "is thy father dead,
  And thy lover's corse is cold at his side."

They laid the bodies on the bent,
  Each in his bloody tartan roll'd;

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"Now sing Craig-Ellachie's lament,
For her Chiefs are dead and her hopes are cold."

She sigh'd not as she turn'd away,—
No tear-drop fell from her frozen eye;
But a night and a day, by their side did stay,
In stupid speechless agony.

And another she staid, and a cairn[1] she made,
And piled it high with many a groan;
As it rises white, on Badenoch's height,
She mutters a prayer over every stone.

She pray'd that, childless and forlorn,
The chief of Moy might pine away;
That the sleepless night and the careful morn,
Might wither his limbs in slow decay;

That never the son of a Chief of Moy
Might live to protect his father's age,
Or close in peace his dying eye,
Or gather his gloomy heritage.

But still, as they fall, some distant breed,
With sordid hopes, and with marble heart,
By turns to the fatal towers succeed,
Extinct by turns to the grave depart.

Then loud did she laugh, for her burning brain
The soothing showers of grief denied;
And still, when the moon is on the wane,
She seeks her hut on the mountain's side.

There sits she oft to curse the beam
That vexes her brain with keener woe;
Full well the shepherd knows her scream,
When he sinks on the moor in the drifted snow.

Seven times has she left her wretched cell
To cheer her sad heart with gloomy joy,
When the fury of heaven, or the blast of hell,
Have wither'd the hopes of the house of Moy.

And—now! at your feast, an unbidden guest,
She bids you the present hour enjoy!
For the blast of death is on the heath,
And the grave yawns wide for the child of Moy!—

Here ceased the tale, and with it ceased
The revels of the shuddering clan:

---

[1] A cairn is a heap of loose stones, the usual memorial of an ancient burying-place.

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Despair had seized on every breast,
In every vein chill terrors ran.

To the mountain hut is Marg'ret sped,
Yet her voice still rings in the ear of Moy;
—Scarce shone the morn on the mountain's head,
When the lady wept o'er her dying boy.

And long in Moy's devoted tower
Shall Marg'ret's gloomy curse prevail;
And mothers, in the child-bed hour,
Shall shudder to think on the Witch's tale.

THE FEAST OF SPURS.

BY THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.[1]

In the account of Walter Scott of Harden's way of living, it is mentioned, that, "when the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs; a hint to the Riders that they must shift for their next meal."—See Introduction, vol. i. p. 57.

The speakers in the following stanzas are Walter Scott of Harden, and his wife, Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow.

"Haste, ho! my dame, what cheer the night?
I look to see your table dight,
For I hae been up since peep o' light,
Driving the dun deer merrilie.

"Wow! but the bonny harts and raes,
Are fleet o' foot on Ettricke braes;
My gude dogs ne'er in a' their days,
Forfoughten were sae wearilie.

"Frae Shows to Rankelburn we ran
A score, that neither stint nor blan;
And now ahint the breckans[2] stan',
And laugh at a' our company.

"We've pass'd through monie a tangled cleugh,
We've rad fu' fast o'er haugh and heugh;
I trust ye've got gude cheer eneugh
To feast us a' right lustilie?"—

---

[1] [This gentleman was tutor to George Henry, Lord Scott, son of Charles, Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards fourth duke of Buccleuch and sixth of Queensberry—who died young, in 1808. One of the Introductory Epistles of Marmion is addressed to Mr. Marriott.—ED.]

[2] *Breckans*—Fern.

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"Are ye sae keen-set, Wat? 'tis well;
Ye winna find a dainty meal;
It's a' o' the gude Rippon steel,
Ye maun digest it manfullie.

"Nae kye are left in Harden Glen;[1]
Ye maun be stirring wi' your men;
Gin ye soud bring me less than ten,
I winna roose[2] your braverie."—

"Are ye sae modest ten to name?
Syne, an I bring na twenty hame,
I'll freely gie ye leave to blame
Baith me and a' my chyvalrie.

"I could hae relish'd better cheer,
After the chase o' sic-like deer;
But, trust me, rowth o' Southern gear
Shall deck your lard'ner speedilie.

"When Stanegirthside I last came by,
A bassen'd bull allured mine eye,
Feeding amang a herd of kye;
O gin I look'd na wistfullie!

"To horse! young Jock shall lead the way;
And soud the Warden tak the fray
To mar our riding, I winna say,
But he mote be in jeopardie.

"The siller moon now glimmers pale:
But ere we've cross'd fair Liddesdale,
She'll shine as brightlie as the bale[3]
That warns the water hastilie.[4]

"O leeze me on her bonny light![5]
There's nought sae dear to Harden's sight;
Troth, gin she shone but ilka night,
Our clan might live right royallie.

"Haste, bring your nagies frae the sta',
And lightlie louping, ane and a',
Intull your saddles, scour awa',
And ranshakle[6] the Southronie.

---

1 "Harden's castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwich. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers." —*Notes on the Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto iv. stanza 9.

2 *Roose*—Praise.

3 *Bale*—Beacon fire.

4 This expression signified formerly the giving the alarm to the inhabitants of a district; each district taking its name from the river that flowed through it.

5 The esteem in which the moon was held in the Harden family, may be traced in the motto they still bear; "*Reparabit cornua Phœbe.*"

6 *Ranshakle*—Plunder.

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"Let ilka ane his knapscap[1] lace;
Let ilka ane his steil-jack brace;
And deil bless him that sall disgrace
Walter o' Harden's liverie!"

ON A VISIT PAID TO

THE RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY,

BY THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH,[2] AND HER SON LORD SCOTT.

BY THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

Abbots of Melrose, wont of yore
The dire anathema to pour
On England's hated name;
See, to appease your injured shades,
And expiate her Border raids,
She sends her fairest Dame.

Her fairest Dame those shrines has graced,
That once her boldest Lords defaced;
Then let your hatred cease;
The prayer of import dread revoke,
Which erst indignant fury spoke,
And pray for England's peace.

If, as it seems to Fancy's eye,
Your sainted spirits hover nigh,
And haunt this once-loved spot;
That Youth's fair open front behold,
His step of strength, his visage bold,
And hail a genuine Scott.

Yet think that England claims a part
In the rich blood that warms his heart,
And let your hatred cease;
The prayer of import dire revoke,
Which erst indignant fury spoke,
And pray for England's peace.

Pray, that no proud insulting foe
May ever lay her temples low,
Or violate her fanes;

---

[1] *Knapscap*—Helmet.

[2] [The Honourable Harriet Townsend, daughter of Thomas, first Viscount Sidney, and wife of Charles, Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, died in 1814.—ED.]

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No moody fanatic deface
The works of wondrous art that grace
Antiquity's remains. [1]

ARCHIE ARMSTRONG'S AITH.

BY THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

The hero of this ballad was a native of Eskdale, and contributed not a little towards the raising his clan to that preeminence which it long maintained amongst the Border thieves, and which none, indeed, but the Elliots could dispute. He lived at the Stubholm, immediately below the junction of the Wauchope and the Eske; and there distinguished himself so much by zeal and assiduity in his professional duties, that at length he found it expedient to emigrate, his neighbours not having learned from Sir John Falstaff, "that it is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation." He afterwards became a celebrated jester in the English court. In more modern times, he might have found a court in which his virtues would have entitled him to a higher station. He was dismissed in disgrace in the year 1637, for his insolent wit, of which the following may serve as a specimen. One day, when Archbishop Laud was just about to say grace before dinner, Archie begged permission of the King to perform that office in his stead; and having received it, said, "All *praise* to God, and little *Laud* to the deil." The exploit detailed in this ballad has been preserved, with many others of the same kind, by tradition, and is at this time current in Eskdale.

As Archie pass'd the Brockwood leys,
He cursed the blinkan moon,
For shouts were borne upo' the breeze
Frae a' the hills aboon.

A herd had mark'd his lingering pace,
That e'enin near the fauld,
And warn'd his fellows to the chase,
For he kenn'd him stout and bauld.

A light shone frae Gilnockie tower;
He thought, as he ran past,—
"O Johnnie ance was stiff in stour,
But hangit at the last!"

His load was heavy, and the way

---

[1] Melrose Abbey was reduced to its present ruinous state, partly by the English barons in their hostile inroads, and partly by John Knox and his followers. For a reason why its Abbots should be supposed to take an interest in the Buccleuch family, see the *Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel*, octavo edition, p. 238.

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Was rough and ill to find;
But ere he reach'd the Stubholm brae,
His faes were far behind.

He clamb the brae, and frae his brow
The draps fell fast and free:
And when he heard a loud halloo,
A waefu' man was he.

O'er his left shouther, towards the muir,
An anxious ee he cast;
And oh! when he stepp'd o'er the door,
His wife she look'd aghast.

"Ah wherefore, Archie, wad ye slight
Ilk word o' timely warning?
I trow ye will be ta'en the night,
And hangit i' the morning."—

"Now haud your tongue, ye prating wife,
And help me as ye dow;
I wad be laith to loose my life
For ae poor silly yowe."

They stript awa the skin aff hand,
Wi' a' the woo' aboon;
There's ne'er a flesher[1] i' the land
Had done it half sae soon.

They took the *haggis-bag* and heart,
The heart but and the liver;
Alake, that siccan a noble part
Should win intull the river!

But Archie he has ta'en them a',
And wrapt them i' the skin:
And he has thrown them o'er the wa',
And sicht whan they fell in.

The cradle stans by the ingle[2] toom,[3]
The bairn wi' auntie stays;
They clapt the carcase in its room,
And smoor'd it wi' the claes.

And down sat Archie daintillie,
And rock'd it wi' his hand;
Siccan a rough nourice as he
Was not in all the land.

---

[1] *A Flesher*—Butcher. [2] *Ingle*—Fire. [3] *Toom*—Empty.

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And saftlie he began to croon,[1]
"Hush, hushabye, my dear."
He hadna sang to sic a tune,
I trow, for mony a year.

Now frae the hills they cam in haste,
A' rinning out o' breath.—
"Ah, Archie, we ha' got ye fast,
And ye maun die the death!

"Aft hae ye thinn'd our master's herds,
And elsewhere cast the blame;
Now ye may spare your wilie words,
For we have traced ye hame."—

"Your sheep for warlds I wadna take;
Deil ha' me if I'm leein';
But had your tongues for mercie's sake,
The bairn's just at the deein'.

"If e'er I did sae fause a feat,
As thin my neebor's faulds,
May I be doom'd the flesh to eat
This vera cradle halds!

"But gin ye reckna what I swear,
Go search the biggin[2] thorow,
And if ye find ae trotter there,
Then hang me up the morrow."

They thought to find the stolen gear,
They search'd baith but and ben;
But a' was clean, and a' was clear,
And naething could they ken.

And what to think they couldna tell,
They glowr'd at ane anither;—
"Sure, Patie, 'twas the deil himsell
That ye saw rinning hither.

"Or aiblins Maggie's ta'en the yowe,
And thus beguil'd your ee."—[3]
"Hey, Robbie, man, and like enowe,
For I hae nae rowan-tree."

Awa' they went wi' muckle haste,
Convinced 'twas Maggie Brown;

---

[1] *Croon*—To hum over a song. [2] *Biggin*—Building.

[3] There is no district wherein witches seem to have maintained a more extensive, or more recent influence, than in Eskdale. It is not long since the system of bribery, alluded to in the next stanza, was carried on in that part of the country. The rowan-tree, or mountain-ash, is well known to be a sure preservative against the power of witchcraft.

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And Maggie, ere eight days were past,
  Got mair nor ae new gown.

Then Archie turn'd him on his heel,
  And gamesomelie did say,—
"I didna think that half sae weel
  The nourice I could play."

And Archie didna break his aith,
  He ate the cradled sheep;
I trow he wasna very laith
  Siccan a vow to keep.

And aft sinsyne to England's King,
  The story he has told;
And aye when he gan rock and sing,
  Charlie his sides wad hold.

END OF MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

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